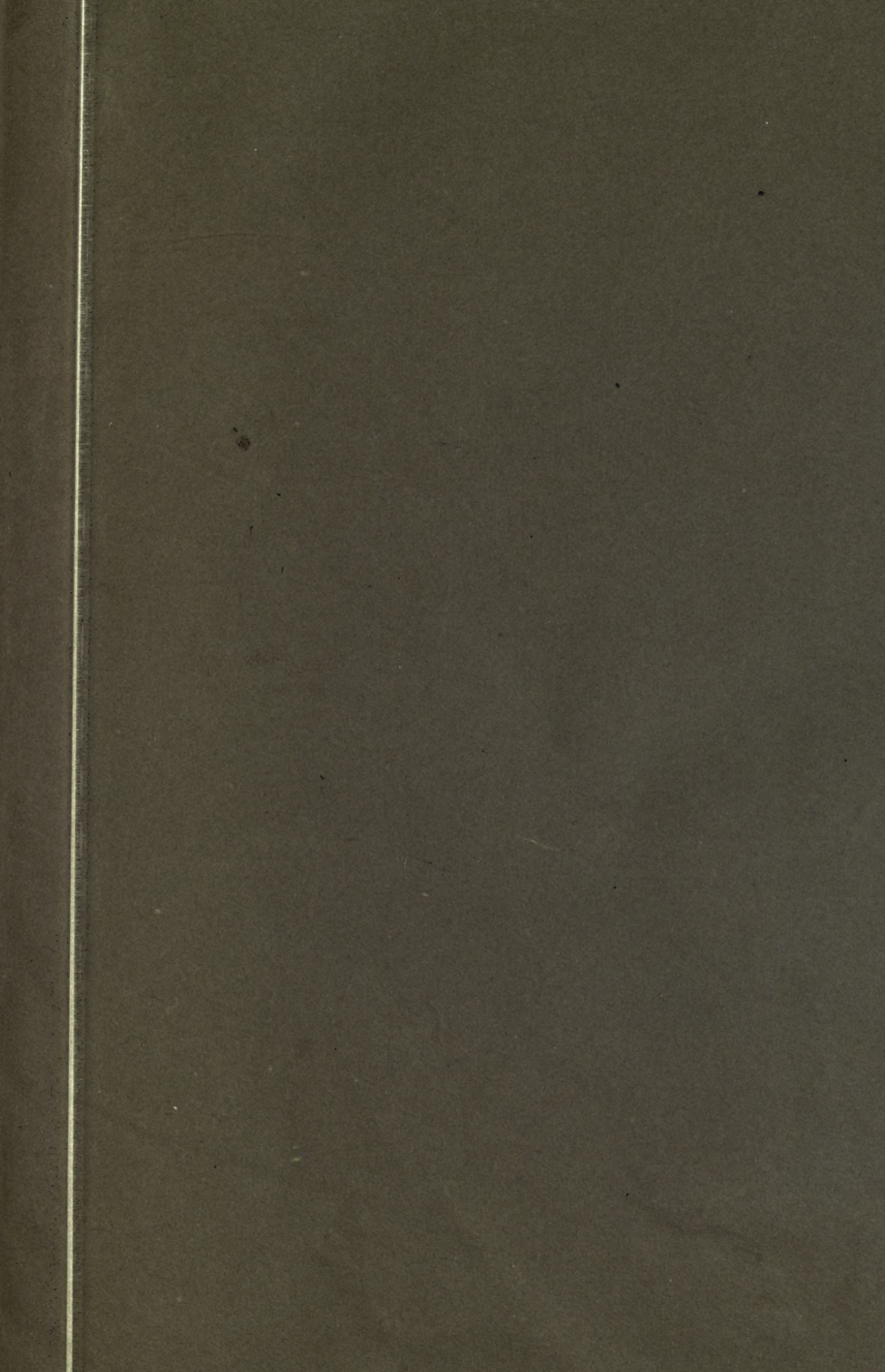




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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1891.

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SAMELA.

A TRAGEDY IN THE LIFE OF A BOOK-HUNTER.

I.

SOME ten or twelve years ago—the date is of no importance or the exact place—an Englishman wandered down to the north of Scotland and invested some of his superfluous capital in a salmon river. Such an adventurer is often but poorly repaid for his enterprise. He generally finds that the water, which was low on his arrival, becomes lower during his first week, while for the remainder of his stay it is merely sufficient to keep the bed of the stream moist, and give the grouse something to drink. Or there is too much water; the river is running too big, and the fish make their way to quieter stretches above. And it now and then happens, when everything else seems right, that the fish are not up, or, if up, are able to find more profitable occupation for their spare time than taking artificial flies. In such wise the honest angler often makes his complaint. But this fisherman was more fortunate. During his month it rained a little almost every night, while four out of the five Sundays were regular specimens of Scotch downpours. It was very soothing, when lying awake at night, to listen to the drip of water on the roof, or the gurgle of a choked-up pipe in the yard—a lullaby to a fisherman on the dry north-east coast. On Sundays, too, clad in rain-proof gar-

ments, it was pleasant to splash across the hill to the little church, and listen to the minister holding forth to his small congregation of keepers and shepherds, translating as he went passages from the psalms and lessons for the benefit of his southern hearer.

This paper has nothing to do with salmon fishing, or it would be a pleasant task for us to give a minute and detailed account of the good sport which this Englishman—Mr. John Gibbs—enjoyed; to describe with accurate pen the skill with which he chose the temptations he offered to the fish, and the courage and coolness he displayed in the struggles which ensued. There is however something monotonous in continuous success, and it is just possible that the reader, after devouring with avidity the description of the first twenty or thirty battles, might then become a little wearied, a little sated, and wish for a blank day.

Gibbs eat salmon till he hated the sight of it, and he sent fish away to his friends to an extent which almost made the landlord think that the next dividend of the Highland Railway would be affected; four, five, six,—even eight fish in a day. “What slaughter!” some would say, who perhaps get their supplies by nets. But his honest soul was never vexed by such a thought. He knew over how many blank days that white month should rightly be

spread to get a fair average, and he abated not a whit of his skill, or let off one single fish if he could help it.

The recipient of one of these salmon—a friend in the south—was the innocent cause of the adventure which shortly after befell Gibbs. After thanking him for the fish the letter went on to say: “I see by the *Courier* that there is to be a sale at Stratham, so I suppose that old MacIntyre is dead. The old boy was very kind to me years ago when I had your water, and used often to give me a day on his pools, which were very good. He had some wonderful books, and as you are fond of such things you should go over and have a look at them. He said they were worth a lot of money. There was one—of Shakespeare’s—Hamlet, or the Merry Wives, or one of those, which he used to sit and look at as if it was alive. I thought it was an inferior old article myself, but then perhaps I wasn’t a very good judge.”

Our fisherman was very fond of books, though so far as the great science of Bibliomania went he was uneducated; a man who knew ever so much less about such matters than Mr. Quaritch might know a very great deal more than he did. But there must have been something of the blood of the old collectors in his veins. He could at any time spend a pleasant morning in poking about a second-hand bookseller’s shop, and regarded with indifference the dust which settled on him in the course of his examinations. He loved the touch and feel of books, their backs and sides and edges, even the smell which hangs about the more ancient, seldom-opened specimens. A catalogue had a charm for him which he would not have found it very easy to give a reason for,—certainly not one which would have satisfied any of his friends, who were for the most part of the pure sportsmen breed, and who would have as soon occupied their time in reading a grocer’s or an ironmonger’s list as a second-hand bookseller’s. Gibbs did not parade his little weakness before these friends; he found them unsympathetic, with souls above the arrangement of

type and the width of margins. A large-paper copy, or one with the headlines and the edges mercilessly cropped, was to them a book and nothing more; they cared nothing for the work of the old printers, and you might call over the names of all the famous binders without arousing any enthusiasm in their minds.

“Hamlet, or the Merry Wives of Windsor, or one of those!”—what possibilities were opened up by these random words! Gibbs knew that the sale was to take place the next day, for his gillie (who was on the eve of being married) wished to attend it, to pick up something for his house, and another man had been engaged to take his place. Now the Englishman resolved not to fish at all but to go also himself.

The sale was advertised to begin at twelve, but it was well before that time when the intending purchasers were deposited at the scene of action, but a short time ago the home of the head of one of the most ancient clans in Scotland. Stratham, as he was universally called, had been an embarrassed man. He had never been able to take in the world the position which was certainly his by birth. His wife had long been dead, he had no children, and for years he had led almost the life of a hermit, seeing few people except his bailiff and house servants. Then he died, and a great concourse of people came together from far and wide to attend him to his grave. He had been poor and little known and of little power in the world; but he was the chief of a great clan, and hundreds of men of his name came together to do him empty honour.

The house had the usual desolate appearance which houses have at such times. People were going in and out, poking and measuring furniture, and laughing and joking as if a sale was the best fun in the world. The lawn in front of the house was littered with odds and ends; it seemed as if the rubbish of half the county had been collected there that day. Gibbs went

into the principal sitting-room, a dingy faded place; some of the bedroom furniture had been brought in to sell there, and half filled it up; the carpet was rolled up in a corner, and near the door the chocolate-coloured paper was hanging on the walls, where careless people had banged it when bringing things in. There had probably not been a fire in the room for weeks, and the air was heavy and mildewy. But Gibbs had no thought for furniture or colour, or even smells that day. Up against one side of the room was a long low bookcase, and as he walked across to it his heart began to jump a little at the possibilities which lay therein.

The collection was quite a small one. Perhaps there were five or six hundred books in the room, the majority of which were unspeakably uninteresting. There were many old works on agriculture, a great number of theological treatises, Hume and Smollett's Histories, a broken set of Rees' Encyclopædia, and a common edition of the earlier poets; the bulk of the shelves were filled up with material such as this. But here and there in the last shelf examined were some books of quite a different kind, shining out from among their worthless companions as gold dust does in sand. It was plain that while the majority had stood their ground there for many years—perhaps ever since they were bought by their first owner—that the few had been well cared for, and had not till quite recently been in the bookcase at all. Some one, looking through the old man's effects, had found them in a drawer or cupboard, and had stuck them at random into the nearest shelf where there was room. There were several books illustrated by Rowlandson, the *Three Tours of Dr. Syntax*, the *Cries of London*, a fine copy of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. Some of Cruikshank's rarest works were there; the first edition of *German Popular Stories*,—what a dealer would call a spotless copy, in the original boards, as fresh and crisp as if it had just been sent

out from the publisher's office. There was his *Hans in Iceland* with its strange wild etchings, his *Life in Paris*, a large-paper edition in the salmon-coloured wrappers just as it was issued. Interested and excited as Gibbs would have been at these discoveries at any other time he had no thought now but for the quarto. It was not among the illustrated books, and he searched again below among the larger volumes in the bottom shelf. There stood Penn's *Quakers*, as it had stood for perhaps a hundred years, defying dust and damp and draughts in its massive binding. There were old French and Spanish dictionaries, a good edition of Tacitus in several volumes, the Genuine Works of Josephus, and Gerarde's *Herbal*. What was this dingy calf-covered thing lying on the top of the rest, more in folio than in quarto size? Gibbs drew it out, and when he had opened it he gave a kind of gasp, and looked round to the door to see if he was alone. The quarto was merely loosely stitched into the calf-binding which had evidently been made for a larger book; it had been kept with the greatest care, and seemed without a flaw or blemish; it was quite untouched by the knife, and some leaves at the end were still unopened,—left so probably to show the perfect virginity of its state. It was not the History of the Merry Wives which lay imbedded in its pages, nor yet that of the Danish Prince, but—*A Pleasant and Conceited Comedie called Loues Labors Lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere.*

It was manifest to Gibbs that those who had the management of the sale knew nothing of the value of this book or of the few other treasures in the room; they were all to be placed on the same footing as Josephus, or Dickinson's Agriculture, and sold for what they would fetch. He had been hoping and trusting that this would be the case ever since he heard of the quarto, but now, when his wishes were

fulfilled, and he found himself, so far as could be seen, the master of the situation, certain qualms began to pass over his mind. The casuistical question of what was the right thing to do troubled him a little. If he had come across the quarto on a stall and the bookseller in charge,—presumably a man who knew at least the elements of his trade—had asked a ridiculously small price for it,—well, Gibbs would not have thought it necessary to enlighten another man as to his business ; he would have pocketed the volume and gone home with it rejoicing. But if on a casual call on a poor and infirm widow he had espied it lying on a shelf, and had gathered that, if he gave the owner half a sovereign, he would not only rejoice her heart but be held up to the neighbours as a man who had done a kind and generous deed for the sake of the poor, the question would have presented itself in a much more difficult light. Gibbs hoped in this case that he would have the courage to tell the old lady that her book was a great deal more valuable than she imagined, and that he would give her at any rate a fair proportion of what it was worth. But here was quite a different affair. The old laird had left no family ; his property went to a distant relation whom he had cared little about ; he of course must have known the value of his treasures, but he had left no will, no paper saying how they were to be disposed of. Could it be possible (thought Gibbs with a shudder which ran all through him) that it was his bounden duty to go to the manager of the sale and say, “Here is a priceless edition of Shakespeare, of whose value you are evidently ignorant ; it is worth £200, £300, for aught I know, £500 ; it is absolutely unique. Take it to Sotheby’s,—and let my reward be the consciousness that I have put a large sum of money into the pocket of a perfect stranger.” If this were so, then Gibbs felt that on this occasion he would not do his duty ; he felt so sure that the attempt would be a failure that it seemed to him better not to make it,

and he could moreover always make the graceful speech and hand the book over after the sale. So he put the quarto carefully back and went off in search of the auctioneer. As he left the room a thrill of virtuous self-satisfaction suddenly came over him, which went far towards allaying the qualms he had felt before. He might have put the Grimms into one pocket, and *Hans of Iceland* into the other, and buttoned the quarto under his coat, and it was ninety-nine to one hundred that no one would be the wiser or feel the poorer. And he knew that many men would have done this without thinking twice about it, and in some queer way or other have soothed their consciences for the wicked act. It was with a swelling heart that Gibbs thought of his trustworthiness and honesty. But lest there should be others about with hands not so much under control as his, he resolved to take up his quarters in the room, or at any rate never be very far from it, so as to be in a position to counteract possible felonies.

The auctioneer was a stout moon-faced man, with no doubt a fair knowledge of cattle and sheep and the cheaper kinds of furniture. His resonant voice could be heard all over the house : “For this fine mahogany table—the best in the sale—with cover and extra leaves complete—will dine twelve people—thirty shillings, thirty-five shillings, thirty-seven and six ! Who says the twa nots ?” And when he had coaxed the “twa nots” out of the reluctant pocket of the Free Church minister he quite unblushingly produced another table superior to the first, which was bought by the doctor for five shillings less, and which was the means of causing a slight coolness between the two worthy men for a week or two. There are few more dreary ways of spending a day than in attending a sale of furniture when you don’t want to buy any.

At last the books were reached. The bedsteads, the chairs, the kitchen things, the bits of carpet on the stairs and landing were all disposed of, and

the auctioneer seated himself on a table in front of the shelves, while his assistant handed him a great parcel just as they had stood in line. Gibbs had satisfied himself that everything that was of any value to him was in the furthest corner of one of the lowest shelves; but now at the last moment a fear crept over him that his examination had been too casual and hurried, that lurking in some cover, or bound up perhaps in some worthless volume, there might be something too good to risk the loss of. Some books too had been taken out by the country people, and might not have been put back in the same places. So he decided that for his future peace of mind it was necessary to buy the whole assortment.

It is related in the account of the ever memorable sale of the Valdarfer Boccaccio that, "the honour of firing the first shot was due to a gentleman of Shropshire . . . who seemed to recoil from the reverberation of the report himself had made." No such feeling seemed to possess the mind of the individual who first lifted up his voice in that room. He was a short, stout, red-faced man, the "merchant" of the "toun," as the half-dozen houses in the neighbourhood were called, and being also the postmaster and the registrar for the district, he had something of a literary reputation to keep up. In a measured and determined voice he started the bidding. "I'll gie ye—ninepence," and then he glared all round the room as if to say, "Let him overtop that who dares!" "A shilling," said Gibbs. "And—threepence," retorted the merchant, turning with rather an injured face to have a good look at his opponent. "Half a crown," went on Gibbs—how he longed to shout out, "Twenty pounds for the lot!" But he feared to do anything which would make the audience, and still more the auctioneer, suspicious. This hundred per cent. of an advance secured him the first lot, and the young clerk pushed over to him a collection which a hurried examination showed to be three odd volumes

of the Annual Register, three volumes of Chambers's Miscellany, and the third volume of *The Fairchild Family*.

The second lot were by this time laid on the table; there seemed to be something more of the Register in it, and a dull green octavo gave some promise of a continuation of Mrs. Sherwood's excellent romance. The postmaster again began the fray with the same offer as before. "I'll not bid for that trash," said Gibbs to himself, and it seemed as if the government official was to have his way this time. But just as the auctioneer's pencil, which he used as a hammer, was falling, Gibbs was seized with a sudden fright at the bare possibility of something valuable being concealed somewhere in the unpromising heap; "Half a crown!" he called out in a great hurry, and the spoil was again his own. His surmise as to the Register was correct, but the green covers enclosed the *History of Little Henry and his Bearer*—a work also by the amiable Mrs. Sherwood. When the next lot of books were put up the postmaster wheeled round and faced Gibbs, deserting the auctioneer, and as our friend saw that various neighbours were poking his opponent and whispering encouragement to him, he anticipated that the fight was to become warmer as it grew older.

"Ninepence," said the local champion, fixing a stern eye on Gibbs. "Five shillings!" replied the latter, thinking to choke him off. "Six!" cried the merchant, the word escaping him almost before he knew what he was about. "Ten!" called out Gibbs. Then there was a pause. It was evidently the wish of the audience that their representative should carry off the prize this time, and show the haughty stranger that he could not have it all his own way, that they too, even in Ross-shire, knew something of the value of books. All those who were near enough to Mr. MacFadyen, the postmaster, to nudge him and whisper encouragement to him, did so. With a frowning medi-

tative face the old warrior, trying to keep one eye on Gibbs and the other on the auctioneer and squinting frightfully in consequence, stood, revolving no doubt many things in his blameless mind. "And—threepence!" he gasped out at last, and there went a "sough" through the assembly, and some almost held their breath for a time, so awed were they at his persistence, and at the magnitude of his offer. Gibbs, staring at the dusty heap, thought he would risk the loss of it,—a more hopeless looking collection he had never seen. And it was perhaps advisable to let this old man have something, or he might grow desperate when desperation would be dangerous. So he smiled a bland refusal to the auctioneer, and that worthy, after trying in vain for about five minutes to get another threepence of an advance, had to let the heap go. The postmaster was at once surrounded by an eager circle of friends, and each book was carefully examined and criticised. They were for the most part old sermons, but an odd volume of Molière having got by chance in among them was at once pounced upon, and Gibbs could hardly keep from laughing outright at the reverence with which it was treated. "It's Latin!" whispered one. "Ay, or Greek!" suggested another. "If it's no Gaelic!" interposed a snuffy-faced old shepherd, who had arrived very early in the day with three dogs, and had examined and criticised everything in the house without the faintest intention of spending a farthing.

"Here is an elegant work," said the auctioneer, after he had allowed a long interval to give time for the inspection of the Gaelic treasure; "an elegant work by William Shakespeare"—Gibbs looked sharply up—"adorned with cuts—most suitable, with other beautiful and interesting volumes. Shall I say ten shillings again?" But no, he need not—at any rate no one would corroborate him, and the whole collection became the property of John Gibbs for the sum of one shil-

ling. And so it went on—sometimes there was competition, sometimes not; the postmaster was inclined to rest on his laurels, and nearly every lot was knocked down to the Englishman. They worked along the shelves and at last reached the Cruikshanks. But by these happy country folk the drawings of the great artist were set on a level with those in the Penny Encyclopædia; the Grimms attracted no attention; a little more respect was paid to the *Thrift* and the *Life of Napoleon* owing to the gaudy colouring, but yet Gibbs became the possessor of them for a few shillings, uncut spotless copies as they were. Then they had to work along the last bottom shelf, but here, as the books were mostly folios and quartos and fat to boot, they were got quickly through. Gibbs let go Penn's *Quakers*, for he could read the title, and a Latin dictionary, and some old theological works. When the quarto on which his eyes had been glued so long was reached, his heart was beating so he felt afraid his neighbours would hear it. "Love's Labor's Lost," slowly spelt out the auctioneer, "a Comedy by William Shakespeare; a most"—he was at a loss for a suitable adjective, and fell back on the old one—"a most—elegant work,—by William Shakespeare."

Then there was a pause and a hush. Perhaps the people were tired; the excitement of the sale was over,—for them. But to one man present there it almost seemed as if the quiet which fell for a little while over the crowd in that shabby room was due to something more than this, was in some way an act of homage paid unconsciously and involuntarily to the greatest of all the sons of men. It seemed a profanation to offer for that book the fraction of a shilling or a pound. It was the last, and, before the merchant could get out his offer, Gibbs made it his own and electrified the room. "Five pounds!" he cried out in so loud a voice that his next neighbour,—a meek old woman in a

mutch,—jumped as if a snake had bitten her. Some question as to the perfect sanity of the fisherman had found place in the minds of the wiser and more experienced people in the room as they listened to his rash offers, and thought of the perfect impossibility of any one wanting to have so many books all at the same time. But all doubts were now dispelled, and three good-looking girls who had edged up close to Gibbs to have a quiet examination of him now shrunk away in obvious alarm. The moon-faced auctioneer was visibly affected,—during his long experience he had never seen a book sold for the fifth part of such a price. And what sort of a man was this to offer it when, if he had waited half a minute longer, he would have secured what he wanted for a couple of shillings? But Gibbs cared for nothing of this now,—they might call him and think him what they pleased—and he pushed up to the table and claimed the precious volume. He soon set the auctioneer's mind at rest, "I will wait," he said, "till you make out my account." Then he stood there,—perhaps at that moment the happiest of all mankind.

"I should like to have had that fine volume of Shakespeare for my daughters," said the auctioneer, as he handed Gibbs the receipt, "but you are such a determined bidder there is no standing against you. A London gentleman, I presume—might you be from London?"

"You are welcome to the Shakespeare," replied Gibbs ignoring the question. "It is—an elegant volume. And it is a family edition, which adds to its value. You may safely trust it to your daughters." Profuse were the happy father's thanks for the gracious present.

An old lady had in the earlier part of the day purchased a large and substantial box for eighteenpence; Gibbs now hunted her out and offered her a sovereign for it. The old person was flustered almost out of her life at such a premium, and it evidently aroused some suspicion in her mind that the

stranger might know more about its value than she did. It was not until she had herself examined every corner of it many times over, and taken counsel with all the friends and relations she could get hold of, that she consented to part with it—even then following it up stairs for one more search for possibly hidden gold. Into this box Gibbs put first his prizes, and then the most respectable part of the remainder of his library. But the Annual Registers and the Miscellanies and the green-backed works by Mrs. Sherwood he strewed recklessly about the room, and astonished the people who from time to time cautiously came in to have a look at him, by telling them that they could take what they liked away. With a wary eye on the donor the books were removed, and many a happy home in that remote district is even now indebted to his generosity for the solid collection of works which adorn its humble shelves. If the constant perusal of *L'Industrie Française*, the *Géographie Ancienne Abrégée*, the *Grammaire Espagnole Raisonnée*, or the *Histoire de Henri le Grand*, have in any way soothed the sorrows, lightened the labours, and improved the morals of the crofters in this part of the north of Scotland the praise and the reward is due to John Gibbs the fisherman, and to no one else. If, as the old story books say, the books have never been removed, there they are still.

Then the two men started on their way home. We said just now that Gibbs was perhaps for a short time the happiest man in the world; in making that remark we did not take into consideration Archie's feelings. He had bought a flaming yellow-red mahogany horse-hair sofa, three chairs, a clock-case, and an umbrella-stand, and above all a bed,—a real old-fashioned seven feet by five-and-a-half erection, with a sort of pagoda on the top. That he had only a "but and ben," with stone and mud floors, twelve by fourteen feet each, and a door leading to them little more than two feet wide, had not yet

caused him any anxiety. But we believe that before that seven-foot bedstead was got through that two-foot door the good-looking young woman, to whom half of it might be said to belong, expressed her opinion of his judgment in a way which made him shake in his shoes, strong and able man as he was.

When Gibbs reached the inn with his precious cargo he came in for the end of what had evidently been a serious disturbance. The landlord was undergoing with what patience he might the angry reproaches of a little old man, who with uplifted finger emphasised every word he uttered. The stranger had his back to the doorway, as had also his companion, a tall lady in a grey tweed dress.

"It's most provoking and annoying," cried the old man. "I took particular care to write the name of your infernal place plainly!—I believe you got the letter!"

"I got no letter," replied the landlord, "or I should have sent the machine."

"But you should have got it!" cried the old man furiously, "and I'll find out who is responsible! It's scandalous!—it's—" he stuttered with rage at a loss for a word.

"You've lost a good day's fishing, Mr. Gibbs, I doubt," said the landlord, looking as if he would rather like to get out of the corner in which the new comers had caught him; they had cut him off coming down stairs and blocked the lower step.

"And I'll see that whoever is responsible suffers for it," went on the old gentleman in a very threatening way; "I'll show you——"

"Oh, man!" said the landlord at last, roused to retaliate, "I got no letter. And I do not care the crack of my thumb for you or your letter, or your threats, or your responsibilities! Here's a gentleman who has just come from the sale and he'll tell you there was naething in it but a wheen sticks and books and rubbish,—a wheen auld chairs and pots!"

The strangers turned round at once to see who was appealed to. The man had a little red, angry face and a long beard,—you will see fifty like him in any town in a day's walk. His companion would have attracted some attention anywhere; Gibbs got to know her face pretty well in the course of time, but though he felt it was what is called a striking one he never knew exactly why. He would have said that her hair was neither dark nor light, that her eyes were grey, her mouth and nose both perhaps rather large, and that she had full red lips—a commonplace description enough which would answer perhaps for three or four out of every dozen girls you meet. She was very tall,—she stood a head and shoulders over her companion—and her figure, though it would have been large for a smaller woman, was in just proportion to her height. She put her hand on the old man's arm, as if to check his impetuosity, and threw oil on the troubled waters as it is befitting a woman should do.

"It is really of little consequence," she said, "though it was provoking at the time. We only wished to have got some remembrance—of an old friend. I have no doubt that there was some mistake at the post-office. Come!" and with a pretty air of authority she led the old grumbler into the sitting-room.

Gibbs was by no means what is called a classical scholar. He had wasted—so it seemed to him—a good many years of his life in turning Shakespeare and Milton into very inferior Greek and Latin verse, and since he left Oxford had never opened a book connected with either of the languages—unless it was to see who the printer was. But he had a misty recollection of some passage which described how a mortal woman walked like a goddess, and he thought that then for the first time he understood what the old writer meant,—he knew then for the first time how a goddess moved.

If a traveller had passed by that lonely inn at midnight, he would have

seen a bright light burning in one of its windows. And if he had returned two, or three, or even four hours later, he would have seen it still burning, shiring out like a beacon over the wild moors. The salmon-fisher had forgotten his craft, the politician his newspaper, the admirer of goddesses that such creatures ever existed upon the earth. It was very late, or early, before Gibbs had finished his investigations and retired to his bed, and then his sleep was not a pleasant or a restful one. Unless it is pleasant to have hundreds of other people's poor relations standing in endless ranks, holding out thin and empty hands for help; unless it is restful to have to drive a huge wheelbarrow along in front of them, heavy at the commencement of the journey with first editions, uncut, of the quartos, but gradually growing lighter and lighter as they one by one slipped down the pile, and fell off on to the muddy roadway.

II.

Two parties cannot be long together in a small country inn without getting to some extent to know each other. Gibbs began by the little services which a man can always render to a lady, opening doors, lending newspapers, and so forth. A dog, too, often acts as a sort of introduction to two people who are fond of that animal; and the fisherman was the possessor of a small, short-legged, crust-coloured, hairy creature, answering to the name of Growley, which soon twined itself round the lady's heart, as it did round all with whom it came in contact.

The travellers' name was Prendergast. They had evidently not intended to make a stay in Ross-shire, having brought little with them, but in a few days a considerable addition to their baggage arrived. The old man seemed to be something of a naturalist. He wandered about the moors with a green tin-box kind of knapsack on his back, but he said little about his captures,

and Gibbs taking no interest in such pursuits never asked leave to see what was in it. He also wrote a good deal. The daughter, who rejoiced in the quaint and uncommon name of Samela, spent most of her time sketching; whenever it was fine she was out of doors, and even pretty damp weather did not discourage her if she was in the humour. Clad in a short grey homespun dress, shod with strong but shapely boots, with an immense umbrella over her head, she was able to defy the elements if they were not very unpropitious. She met Gibbs's little civilities frankly and pleasantly, but never seemed to look for them; he rarely saw her when he was on the river, and, when they did by chance meet, a nod and a smile were often all that were vouchsafed to him. Gibbs was perhaps a sufficiently susceptible young man, but just now fishing was his object, and he had no leisure for flirting even if he had found any one willing to meet him half way. But still at spare times he caught himself thinking about the lady more than he did about her father or the innkeeper, or any one else about the place. At lunch-time, and when smoking his evening pipe, sometimes even when changing a fly to give a pool another cast over, her fair image rose up before him. Dinner had hitherto been a somewhat comfortless meal, hastily consumed, with one eye on *The Scotsman* and the other on a mutton chop. But now he was sure of meeting one pleasant face at any rate, and he enjoyed relating his adventures on the river, and looking at Miss Samela's sketches afterwards. Her father was no acquisition to the party; he was generally in a bad temper, and he seemed for some reason to have taken a dislike to Gibbs. An old man with a good-looking daughter is sure of attention and politeness on the part of a young man, but in this case the civilities seemed thrown away—there was little friendly response. Still Samela was always pleasant, and so Gibbs minded the less the somewhat

brusque behaviour of the old collector of curiosities.

One afternoon the former, who had been fishing near the inn, went in there to get something he wanted, and on his way back overtook Samela, sauntering along with a large sketching-block under her arm.

"Will you come and draw a fight with a salmon, Miss Prendergast?" he asked. "There are a lot of fish up to-day, and I think I'm sure to get hold of one pretty quickly. I'm not a very elegant figure," he added, laughing as he looked at his waders; "but Archie is very smart, and, at any rate, you will have a good background in the rocks on the other side."

Miss Prendergast said she was quite willing, and they went down to the pool. As a rule, when a lady comes near a salmon river and you want to show off your skill before her the fish sulk, and Gibbs was a rash man to give the undertaking he did. But fortune had hitherto been wonderfully kind to him, and did not desert him now. He had barely gone over half the water before up came a good fish and took him. For the next ten minutes he was kept pretty busy. The fish was a strong one and showed plenty of fight; but it was at last gaffed and laid on the bank, and the lady came down from the rock she had settled on to inspect it. She did not say, "Oh! how cruel to stick that horrid thing into it!" or, "How could you kill such a beautiful creature?" or, "I wish it had got away!" as some ladies would have done. On the contrary, she gave the salmon—a bright twelve-pounder—a little poke with her foot, and said she was very glad it had been captured. Then Gibbs went up to look at her sketch and was honestly amazed at it. We once had the privilege of watching Mr. Ruskin draw a swallow on a black board,—half a dozen lines, and then you saw the bird flying at you out of a black sky. So it was here; there was no weak or wasted stroke; the strain on the rod, Archie's

symmetrical figure, the more concealed elegance of the fisherman were shown, as the former said, to the life.

"Well," said Gibbs, staring at it, "I think it is lovely."

Its author looked at it with her head on one side, as ladies often do look at their handiwork, and promised that when it was finished she would give it to him. Then she wrote down "dun" for the waders, and "grey" for the rocks, and "dark" where the water ran under the cliff, and a little "red" just in a line with the admiring Archie's nose, and went back to the inn. Gibbs fished out the afternoon, but he thought more about the lady and less about the fish than he had done yet. He pondered a good deal, too, about the sketch, and racked his brains to think if there was any way in which he could make a nice return to Samela for it. She had declined to have anything to do with the fish, which he had at once offered to her, saying there was no one she particularly wished to send it to, or she might have been squared in that way. He might give her a book,—he remembered her saying, the first day they met, that she and her father had come up for the sale to get some remembrance of an old friend. Gibbs was pleased at this idea until he thought him what book he should give her, and then he was puzzled. Of course, as a mere remembrance, *Josephus*, or *The Fairchild Family*, or even a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* would do as well as another; but then—there would not be much generosity in handing one of those works over. Plainly the lady must be asked to choose for herself. Then Gibbs at once resolved that the quarto should be eliminated from the collection—the sketch would be purchased too dearly by its loss. As to any others, they must take their chance. On second thoughts, however, he concluded to conceal the works of Grimm—all the rest were to run the gauntlet of her pretty eyes.

A day or two passed before he was able to put his little scheme into execu-

tion. It will easily be understood—as has already been hinted—that a man on a salmon river is not—when the water is in good order—quite his own master. Business must be attended to before pleasure here as elsewhere. A start has to be made as soon after nine as possible, and if nothing untoward occurs, a certain pool should be reached at two for lunch. A rest of an hour is allowed here, but the angler would have good reason to be dissatisfied with himself if he did not devote the time between three and seven to steady fishing. This would take Gibbs to the end of his beat, and so far up it as to be back near the inn in time to change before dinner. But he was getting into a somewhat restless state—a little impatient of all such salutary regulations,—and one fine day instead of beginning a mile above the inn he began opposite it—to Archie's great disapproval—and so timed himself as to be back there soon after four o'clock. He knew that Samela would be thereabouts—she had told him that it would take her a day to finish her sketch.

"Miss Prendergast," said Gibbs rather shyly, feeling as if his little manœuvre was probably being seen through, "you said the night you came up that you wanted to have some little thing from the Strathamat sale, and I thought, perhaps, you would like a book. I got a good many books there, and any that you would care to have you are most welcome to." There was something of a conventional falsehood in this statement; there were a good many books he would have been very sorry to see her walk off with.

Samela looked up in his face, and Gibbs was quite sure she *was* beautiful; Venus was her prototype after all, and not Juno; he had been a little puzzled as to which deity favoured her the most. "It is very good of you," she said, more warmly than she had spoken yet. "I *should* like to have something." "It was horrid of me not to have thought of it sooner," said Gibbs. "Well now, will you come and choose for yourself? And may I tell

them to take some tea into my room? I am sure you must want some after your long day here." This second invitation was quite an after-thought, given on the spur of the moment, and he hardly thought it would be accepted. He was on the point of including her father in it when the lady fortunately stopped him, and said she thought she would also like some tea. "But may I stop ten minutes to finish this bit while the light is on it? Then I will come in."

Gibbs went in and ordered the tea, and then opened his old box and took out the quarto which he embedded for the time being in his portmanteau; he had previously removed it from the old cover in order to keep it flatter in the box. It was a hard struggle for him to leave the Grimms, but at last he tore himself away from them. The maid brought up the tea-things, and then, peeping out of the window, he saw the tall form of his visitor disappearing through at the front door. He had a few seconds to spare, and he occupied them (we are sorry to say), in rushing at his box, tearing out the Grimms, and slipping one into each coat pocket. He had barely time to get to the fireplace, looking as self-possessed, or rather as little self-conscious as he could, when Samela came in. She made herself quite comfortable in an arm-chair by the fire, and *she* appeared as unself-conscious and innocent as a lady could be—as no doubt she was. There were three cups on the tea-table, and this caused a little further embarrassment to the host. "Your father—would he—shall I ask him if he will come up?" he inquired.

"Oh, please don't trouble," said the daughter. "I know he wouldn't come if he is in; he never takes tea."

So there was no more to be said, and Gibbs did the honours as gracefully as a man in wading-stockings could be expected to do them, but some little part of his usual complacency was destroyed by an uneasy feeling that while he was so employed Samela's

eyes were fixed on the side-pockets of his coat where the books were deposited, which he was persuaded bulged out shockingly. In the course of time he found himself sitting in another easy chair, on the other side of the fire, opposite Samela—just as a young husband might be supposed to sit opposite a young wife in, say, the third week of the honeymoon. Gibbs began to feel as if he was married, and, what with this sensation and the knowledge of his bit of deceit, somewhat uncomfortable,—for a moment or two he almost wished that the old Professor would make his appearance.

Samela had never looked so bright and fresh and comely as she did that afternoon. There was just something in her position which would have made some girls feel the least bit embarrassed; they would have shown their feelings by little nervousnesses—have laughed or talked too much; after all she was only the chance acquaintance of a few days. But she sat there perfectly at ease, absolutely mistress of herself.

"I have brought you your picture," she said, and she gave it to him. It was a most masterly work in grey and yellow and brown, Archie's nose supplying just the little bit of warm colour that was wanting. "I think you have been a little hard on my waist," said Gibbs after he had sufficiently admired it. "And now will you please put your name to it; some day when you are a great artist I shall be envied for having it."

She laughed at the somewhat awkward compliment, and then in bold firm letters she wrote her signature.

"You have a very uncommon Christian name," he said. "I never saw it before. Is it one that belongs to your family?"

"My father used to be very fond of the old dramatists," replied the maiden—and at the word "dramatists" the guilty Gibbs gave a little start and knocked one of the Grimms against the arm of his chair. "He found it

in an out-of-the-way song in some old play."

"It is a very pretty name," said the criminal.

"I liked the song," said Samela; "I read it once a long time ago. But I think it is not very wise to give a child names of that kind. There is so much risk in it. If I had grown up crooked or ugly my name would have been an injury to me." "It was pretty," as Mr. Pepys used to say, to see how naturally she assumed her good looks. We may mention that before many days had passed Mr. Gibbs's bookseller received an order (by telegraph) to supply him with the works of Robert Greene, out of which he hunted with some difficulty the very charming lyric the name of which stands at the head of this paper.

"And now for your books," said Gibbs, when his visitor declined to have any more tea. He showed her first a great carefully arranged pile in a corner of the sitting-room. There have been exceptions—those who collect fine bindings will at once recall some famous names—but as a rule women do not care for books as men care for them. Probably a large proportion out of the hundred would prefer—if the choice was given them and a book-rest thrown in—the *édition de luxe* of Thackeray to a rather dingy and commonplace looking set of the original issues. Samela was one of the exceptions; she showed a quite evident, almost an eager, interest in the pile. The fashion for big volumes, for great folios and thick quartos has died out,—so the men who deal chiefly in such merchandise tell you; but this lady seemed to be of the old school in this respect, and left the octavos to the last. When he considered he had given her sufficient time for a rapid examination, Gibbs—with something of the feeling with which a schoolboy opens his playbox crammed with forbidden fruit before his master—prepared to show her his treasures. "What an ass I am!" he thought, as he turned the key. "I have done

nothing wrong; and if I had, how could this girl know anything about it, unless she is a very witch!"

"Ah!" said Samela as the lifted lid showed her the inside of the box; then she swooped down and picked up the brown calf covering in which the quarto had hitherto had its home. She opened it; it was of course empty, and she asked the question—why?—with her eyes, looking just then—so it seemed to the uneasy man—just a little like a schoolmistress who was not quite satisfied with his conduct. "Yes," he silently repeated, "I am a fool—and now I shall have to tell a lie about that book."

"Ah!" he replied in a sort of echo to her exclamation. "An old cover; it would do to bind something in." For the life of him he could think of nothing better to say.

Samela looked at the thread by which the quarto had been held in its place and which Gibbs had cut, and then she put the cover gently down. And then he took courage, and did the honours of his box. He expatiated on the beauty and interest of Cruikshank's etchings; he pointed out how much the fine condition of the books added to their value; he enlarged on the spirit and colouring of Rowlandson's plates, and waxed eloquent on the exceeding rarity of the salmon-coloured wrappers. Samela listened patiently to his oration, and when he had finished she made him stand and hearken to a lecture from her.

"I don't agree with what you say about Cruikshank," said the fair mistress. "I know it is the fashion to collect his books, and of course there are some of his etchings that are wonderfully spirited and perfect. I like some of those to Sir Walter's *Demology*, and there is another book of his which I don't see here"—looking about her—"his pictures in Grimm's *Fairy Tales*,"—Gibbs nearly fell backwards into the box—"which are quite marvellous bits of work; I mean those that Mr. Ruskin praised. But I always think his women are disgraceful; and

when he means them to be pretty and ladylike he is at his worst; he must *sometimes* have meant to have drawn a lady. And Rowlandson too—isn't what is called spirit in him often only vulgarity? Look at that dreadful horse—there is no drawing in it—a child eight years old ought to be whipped if it couldn't do better. And look at that man! Certainly his women have sometimes pretty faces, or rather prettier faces than Cruikshank's, but *he* never drew a lady either. And I can't admire your salmon-coloured wrappers!"

"I dare say you are right," said Gibbs very meekly; he saw the cherished traditions of years overturned in a moment, without daring to fight for them.

"And now, may I really take any book I like for myself?" she asked.

"Any one," replied Gibbs, who began to wish himself down the river with Archie.

"But some of them are too valuable."

"I wish they were more valuable," said Gibbs, feeling rather faint.

"Well," said Samela, "I shall not trouble Messrs. Cruikshank or Rowlandson." She went back to the large pile and picked up one of the books she had looked at before. It was a medium sized square vellum-covered volume, *De Instituendo Sapientia Animo*, by Mathew Bossus, printed at Bologna in the year 1495. "May I have this one?" she asked. "I like it for its beautiful paper and type, and its old, old date."

Gibbs with more truth than when he had last spoken vowed that he was delighted that she should have it; and he begged her to choose another, but this she declined to do. Before carrying off her prize she looked again at the old chest. It had evidently been made to hold valuables in; it was lined with tin and had a very curious lock, which shut with a spring. But the queer thing about it was that the lock would not act when the key was in it, and Gibbs showed her how he

had nearly put himself in a fix by laying the key inside the chest when he was shutting it. "I was just on the point of snapping the lock," he explained, "when I remembered. I don't suppose any smith about here could pick that lock."

"Well," said Samela as she prepared to march off, "I am very much obliged to you—for the tea, and for this charming book, which I shall value very much, and I am sure my father will too." She added laughing, "I am afraid I read you a terrible lecture, but you must forgive me. I dare say I was all wrong. You know a woman never knows anything about books."

After dinner Gibbs lit a big cigar and strolled slowly down the glen in a meditative mood. In some ten days his month would be up and he would have to leave his pleasant quarters. A week ago he did not know that such a person as Miss Prendergast existed in the world, and now he was beginning to debate within himself whether, before he went away, it would be wise for him to ask her to be his companion for the rest of his days. He had liked her for so easily accepting his invitation, and it had been pleasant to him to look at her as she sat so comely and at home in the arm-chair by his fire. He thought in many ways,—if she said "yes"—that they would get on well together. Of the likelihood of her saying it he could form no opinion. She might be already engaged; or she might be—for all he knew—a great heiress who would look with contempt on his moderate fortune. But as there are more indifferently well-to-do people in the world than wealthy ones Gibbs sagaciously concluded that the chances were that she was not a great heiress. He thought that probably the Prendergasts were not very much burdened with riches; she had no maid with her, and, manlike, he perhaps judged a little by the plainness and simplicity of her dress. But the father and daughter might be criminals flying from justice for all he knew. An attempt he had made to find out from which quarter

of the globe the old man came from had been at once nipped in the bud. In the event of success that old man would be a drawback. Then Gibbs looked into the future. He saw a comfortable house on a northern coast sheltered with windswept trees. He saw a sort of double-barrelled perambulator in the outer hall, and a tall figure emerging from the drawing-room, with her hand to her lips,—as if some one was asleep. Then he looked and looked, but he could see no place for that old man; he did not see his shabby wideawake hanging up anywhere, nor his spiky stick in the place where sticks were wont to be; he could not anywhere get a glimpse of the green japanned knapsack. "If such things should come to pass," thought Gibbs, "I wonder if that old man would care—when he was relieved of the responsibility of looking after his charming daughter—I wonder if he would care to make an expedition to Honduras or Sierra Leone, and collect specimens of his things in those parts. He would have then a fine field for his energies." Then he thought of himself. Did he in reality wish for this change, or was it merely a passing gleam of light which shone on him, and which would pass away as similar lights had done before, and be little thought of afterwards? He was well past the romantic age as it is called, and he was very comfortable as he was. Marriage, unless the bride had some fair dower, meant giving up a good many pleasures—perhaps some little comforts; salmon-fishing for instance might have to become a thing of the past. "It's a devil of a thing to make up one's mind about," said Gibbs with a sort of a groan. So the man argued with himself; now he found a reason why he should try and win Samela, now another why he should get away to his native land as quickly as he could.

These reveries had carried him a couple of miles down the strath. He had just turned when he heard voices before him, and soon in the deeper one recognised that of his faithful gillie,

Archie. Gibbs was in no mood to stop and talk to the lovers ;—he felt sure that the weaker vessel would turn out to be Jane,—and he stood off the road, in the deep shadow of some trees, to let them pass. The pair were sauntering slowly along in very loverlike guise.

"He's after her—he's aye after her," said Archie as they came within hearing. "He's talking wi' her, and laughing wi' her, and painting wi' her, whenever he gets a chance, but whether he'll get her or no is a matter aboot which I shouldna like to say. And I'm nauch mistaken if he isna *smoking* wi' her ! If I didna see a cigar in her mouth the very day we lost yon big fish at the General's Rock, I'm no Archie Macrae but some ither body !" This scurrilous observation was founded on the fact that on the afternoon in question, after being nearly devoured by midges, Samela had, at Gibbs's suggestion, tried to defend herself with a cigarette. "Tobacco ! wheu ! filthy stuff ! it's bad enouch in a man, but in a wummin— ! You'd better no let me catch you at the likes of yon, Jean, ma lass !"

"And do you think I'm going to ask *your* leave when I want to do aught ?" inquired the shrill voice of Jane. "For if you do you're wrang !—and how'll you stop me ?" Then there was a slight scuffle and a slap and the two happy ones passed on.

"You old scoundrel !" muttered the indignant master as he emerged from his place and continued on his way. "See if I don't sort you for that some day, you sanctimonious old beast ! I hope she'll comb your hair for you—what there's left of it—you long-legged old ruffian !" So the old saying was once more justified. Then Gibbs went home with a lot of resolutions and arguments so jumbled up in his brain together that he was quite unequal to the work of laying hold of any particular one and getting it out by itself.

Much to his surprise our fisherman had a good night, and came down to breakfast with quite an appetite. The

old Professor had nearly finished—he was an early bird—and he was just off on an expedition in charge of a keeper to a loch some miles away, where a remarkably fine specimen of the *Belladonna Campanulista* was said to have its habitation. Never had he shown himself so crabbed and unsociable as he did that morning. "Really," thought Gibbs, as he dug a spoon into his egg, "one would think I had done the old gentleman some personal injury by the way he treats me. But you had better be careful, my old cock ! You little know what sort of a bomb-shell may be bursting inside your dearest feelings in the course of a day or two. When you find yourself, with a steerage-ticket in your pocket, on board a P. and O. *en route* for foreign parts, you will perhaps be sorry that you didn't treat your new relation that was to be rather better." The old cock took this oration (which was delivered *in camera*) very quietly, and shortly after started for his loch. "It might clear the way if he got into a bog—with no bottom to it," thought Gibbs, as he watched him slowly climbing up the hill opposite. "He is probably beetle-catcher in general to some college—he *would* be a father-in-law to have !"

On the whole he took a rather less roseate view of matters in the cold daylight. "There is no doubt it would be a horribly rash thing to do," said he as he began to fish his first pool, "knowing nothing about them ; I think I'll——" then up came a fish and the line ran out and the reverie was ended.

III.

FORTY miles away over the hills was another river, rented by a man whom Gibbs knew. Had sport been good, nothing short of an order from the War Office would have torn this man away from his water ; but his fishing had been poor, and he had announced his intention of taking a holiday from Saturday to Monday and spending it

with his old friend. In due time this gentleman, Captain Martingale, arrived, full to overflowing with grumbles and pity for himself.

"I never saw such a place," he exclaimed as soon as they had shaken hands. "It used to be a good river, but it's gone all to grass now."

"Haven't you plenty of water?" inquired Gibbs.

"Water! that's the mischief of it, there's far too much! You wouldn't think a big stream like that would be affected by every shower, but it is—everlastingly jumping up and down! You get to a pool and think it is in pretty good order; you turn round to light a pipe, or tie a lace, or something, and when you look again it's half a foot higher, and rising still! And when I ask my gillie the reason, he points to a small cloud away in the middle of Caithness and says that's it! Of course, nothing will take; and indeed there is nothing to take; those infernal nets get everything; they got over a hundred last Tuesday—several over thirty pounds! I saw the factor the other day and told him what a shame it was, and he just laughed! The last time I was there, when old Newton had it, we used to get our four or five fish a day, and here have I been slaving away from morning to midnight, nearly, for a fortnight, and only got fifteen!"

"Oh, come!" said Gibbs, "that's not so very bad, after all."

"Oh! that's all very well for you!" retorted the grumbler. "Look what you've done. In my opinion Scotland is played out for fishing. I shall go to Norway next year; and I don't know that Norway is not as bad."

Martingale picked up a couple of good fish that evening and so became a little more cheerful. He had been shut up by himself for his two weeks and was consequently very full of conversation, which was all about the great object of his life—sport. Before dinner ended he had nearly driven old Mr. Prendergast frantic.

"Seems a queer old gentleman," he

said the next morning, as Gibbs and he started on a smoking constitutional down the strath. "Not much of a sportsman I fancy." Gibbs thought he was not much of a sportsman.

"The daughter is a fine-looking girl, though she doesn't look as if she *was* his daughter. I say, old chap, you had better be careful what you are doing; these are rather dangerous quarters for a susceptible man like you!"

When Gibbs learnt that his friend was to honour him with a visit he resolved to be most careful in not giving him a hint as to the state of his—Gibbs's—feelings. Good fellow as Johnny Martingale was, he was hardly a sympathetic person to confide in when the question at issue concerned a woman. As Quakers have been held to be incapable judges as to the morality of any particular war because they are against *all* wars, so Martingale's opinions as to any particular woman were worthless, for he was against *all* women—so far as matrimony was concerned. So Gibbs made this resolve. But instead of fighting shy altogether of the subject and confining the conversation entirely to sport—which he might very easily have done—he allowed himself to hang about on the borderland, as it were, of the matter, and before dinner time that Sunday the soldier knew pretty well what there was to know. In a solemn voice, and with many shakes of his curly head, he pointed out to his friend the danger of the path which lay before him. He explained,—and really to listen to him one would have thought he had been married himself half a dozen times—all the disadvantages of matrimony.

"Marriage," said this philosopher, climbing on to the top of a stone gate-pillar, and emphasising his remarks with many waves of his pipe, "is a most serious matter." Gibbs climbed on to the top of the other pillar, and, facing his mentor, acknowledged the fact.

"You see," said Martingale, "so

long as a man is a bachelor he knows pretty well how he stands ; but it is quite a different thing when he's married. He doesn't know then what his income is or which are his own friends and which are his wife's. He can't go off at a moment's notice—as we do—whenever he wants ; he has to consider this and that and everything. Look at old Bullfinch ! I assure you he'd no more dare to pack up his things and come here or go to town for a fortnight without his wife than he dared jump off London Bridge."

"Well, but," objected Gibbs, "Lady Bullfinch is such a caution ! You don't often come across a woman like that."

"Don't you be too sure of that ! She's married ; they all lie low till they're married, and then they make up for lost time."

"I don't think Miss Prendergast would ever be like Lady Bullfinch," said Gibbs.

"I'm not so sure of that—you never can tell. She's the son of her father—she's the daughter of her father I mean—and look at him ! How would you like to have that old customer about your house for the next twenty years?"

"Ah," said Gibbs, glad to be able now to defend his conduct from the charge of rashness ; "I've thought about that ! You know he's a great beetle-hunter and ornithologist ? Well, I would try and get him some appointment in an out-of-the-way part of the world to collect them, and write home reports about them. The Government are always glad to get hold of a scientific man ; and lots of people would help me, I know. I dare say your brother would?"

"Well, I dare say Bill would do what he could," said Martingale. "And where would you send him to?"

"Oh, I thought of some hot country at first ; but any out-of-the-way place would do. Oonalaska is a fine healthy distant hunting-ground, I believe ; I was reading about it lately."

"Oona— what?" inquired Martingale.

"Oonalaska—where the wolves are."

"Wolves—what wolves?"

"Oh ! you know—"the wolf's long howl"—that place."

"Oh !" said Martingale. "And why do you send him there,—to be eaten up?"

"No, no," said Gibbs. "But when Samela and I are married—I mean *if* Samela and I are married—it would be a great nuisance to have him trotting in and out whenever he liked ; and I believe this place is pretty hard to get away from when you are once there."

"Is there anything for him to hunt?" inquired Martingale.

"Sure to be—in the summer ; of course in the winter he would have to vegetate—and write his reports."

"Well, there may be something in it," said the soldier, pondering over this summary way of getting rid of a possible father-in-law. "If the old boy is willing to go, it is all right ; but I rather think you mayn't find it so easy to pack him off to such a place—he mayn't care about wolves and vegetation."

"He may not," said Gibbs with rather a downcast face.

"I say, my dear fellow," cried Martingale, nearly falling off his pedestal in his eagerness, "don't you be led into this ! You don't know what it is ! She has no money, you think ? You won't be able to get away from home at all, and what will you do all the time ? Go out walks with Samela, eh ? You'll get tired of that in time."

"Oh, hang it !" interposed Gibbs, "other people do it and seem fairly happy. I think there's something in a domestic——"

"Oh, I know what you mean !" interrupted Martingale. "The curtains drawn, and the kettle boiling over, and the cat sitting on the hob, and you and Samela in one arm-chair in front of it. You can't always be doing that ; and what will you do when all kinds of things break out in the house at the same time ?—measles, chicken-pox, small-pox——"

"You had better add scarlet fever and cholera. People don't have those sort of things all at the same time."

"Don't they? You ask my old aunt; she'll tell you. She had scarlet fever and measles and whooping-cough and erysipelas when she was seven years old—all at the same time. Think of your doctor's bills! Think of all the servants giving notice at once! Think of the cold mutton and the rice pudding at two o'clock! And not being able to smoke in the house! And your horses sold! And a donkey-cart for the kids! And think of all their clothes! Oh, Gibbs, my dear fellow, for goodness' sake don't be so rash!"

Gibbs shifted uneasily on his gate-post. "It sounds an awful prospect," he murmured, with a very uneasy countenance.

"Nothing to what the reality would be," retorted the philosopher. Then there was a long pause, the two worthies sat in silence on their pillars, disconsolately swinging their legs.

"Come, I say, Johnny," said the would-be wooer at last, a sudden light breaking in upon him. "It's all very well for you to sit and preach away like that; how do you know so much about women?"

"Because I've studied them," replied his mentor sententiously.

"I should like to know when. You fish all the spring; you shoot four days a week from August to February, and then hunt till the fishing begins again. I'm sure I don't know how you square your colonel. When do you find time to study them?"

"Ah, that's it," said Martingale looking very wise. "There's a good gap between the hunting and fishing time, and then there are two days a week over, not counting Sundays; and all the time you devote to those musty books I occupy in studying the female woman."

"Then you've studied a bad sample. I know a lot of men who have married, and I can't at this moment think of one who has had all those diseases

you reckoned up, or who eats cold mutton, or who doesn't smoke in the house if he wants to."

"Can't you? Look at old Framshaw."

"Well,—but Mrs. Framshaw is a perfect Gorgon."

"They nearly all turn out Gorgons when they've got you; and it doesn't follow that when a man says he doesn't care about smoking that he is telling the truth; the wives make them say that. I'll tell you what, Gibbs, if I was you I'd be off."

"Do you mean at once?"

"I do," said the counsellor, looking very solemn.

"Oh, hang it!" exclaimed Gibbs, "I can't go till the end of my month."

"Look here," said his friend, earnestly considering, "why not go to my place?"

"But your water won't carry two rods."

"No, it won't. Well, now, supposing I came over here?"

"What! in my place?"

"Well, it would let you away."

"You abominable old humbug!" cried Gibbs, jamming his stick into the other's waistcoat, and nearly sending him over backwards. "I see what you're after! You want Samela for yourself, and my fishing as a little amusement into the bargain! I'll see you somewhere first!"

When these two debaters on matrimony came in to dinner, they found that they were to be deprived of the society of their only lady—Samela had a headache and was not visible. Perhaps Mr. Prendergast had not looked forward with much pleasure to his dinner that night, but if he had known what he was to go through while it was taking place, we think he would have followed the example of his daughter without so good a reason. The conversation soon turned on sport, as it was sure to do when Martingale made one of the party. If it had been earlier, hunting would have been the topic to be discussed; if it had

been later, shooting—now fishing held the field.

"Ever fished in Sutherland?" inquired Martingale of the Professor.

"No, sir, I have not," replied he.

"Fishing is getting played out in Scotland, I think," went on Johnny.

"It is possible," said the old gentleman. "The fact is of the less moment to me as I never intend to fish in Scotland."

"Ah," said the other, who could hardly conceive of any one not wishing to fish somewhere. "I dare say you are right; Norway is better, but Norway is not what it used to be."

"Probably not," grunted the tormented one.

"Oh, no. Newfoundland is better, but the mosquitoes are very bad there—eat you up; and then there's that place—" looking at Gibbs—"Oonoolooloo—what is it?"

"Oonalaska," supplied Gibbs, wishing his friend would be quiet.

"Oh, yes. Oonalaska, a fine place for sport that!" thinking he would do the latter a good turn. "Fine place for—beetle-hunting"—suddenly remembering more about the old man's proclivities.

"I never heard of the place," said the old man, staring across the table at Martingale.

"Where the wolves are," said Johnny, trying to help him out of a difficulty.

"Wolves!" ejaculated the Professor.

"Long wolves, you know," explained Johnny.

"What do you mean by long wolves, sir?" demanded Mr. Prendergast.

"Faith, I don't quite know myself," confessed the other. "Easier to shoot, I suppose. Some one once complained of rabbits being too short—eight inches too short. Now, these wolves are of the long breed, they——"

Mr. Prendergast looked at Gibbs as much as to say, "You are responsible for the introduction of this lunatic," and then glared savagely at his *vis-à-vis*. But the soldier sat with an im-

perturbable look on his handsome face, twisting his moustache, and quite unconscious of having said anything out of the way.

Here Gibbs interposed. "He's mixing a lot of things up. You great owl," he said, glaring angrily at his friend, "what are you talking about? There's no fishing in Oonalaska, and no beetles—and no wolves, either," he added in desperation. Then the conversation drifted in another direction, and, as soon as he could, Mr. Prendergast made his escape.

"You played it rather rough on me, old man," said the soldier afterwards, "about that place."

"The old boy was getting angry," said Gibbs, "and besides, what I said was true. There *are* no beetles in Oonalaska, I have been looking up the authorities, it's too cold for them."

"Then you won't send your father-in-law there?"

"I think not," said Gibbs. "We'll try and find a warmer place for him."

"Well, old chap," said Martingale as he got into the dogcart the next morning, "if I can be of any help to you I will. You may rely on me; but if you have a crisis try and have it on a Saturday. I can always get away that day or Sunday; but I believe that the fish run better about this part of the month, and it might be difficult for me to leave them in the middle of the week, though, of course, if it was very important I would try and manage it." Then with a few last warnings the soldier climbed into his seat and drove off, having performed what he considered to be his mission.

The following day Samela was still invisible, and Gibbs spent his whole time on the river, fishing and communing with himself. The water was as usual in order, and there were plenty of fish up; a man had, as it were, only to put forth his hand and take them. But even a clean-run, inexperienced salmon will become uneasy when the fly and all the casting line fall in a lump on to his nose; and the best gut will go if the whole force of a powerful

greenheart is used to rip it up from a rising fish. "He was thinking he was fishing for a shairk, maist of the day," said Archie grimly on his return to the inn that night. Gibbs lost fish and broke gut, and finally, when trying furiously to lash out an impossible line, got his hook fast in an alder behind him and broke the middle joint of his rod. Then he gave up his paraphernalia to the disgusted Archie, and slowly sauntered home by himself. Out of chaos he had at last evolved order, and his mind was made up. He would *not* make any attempt to woo Samela, *not* watch her sketching, or ask her to tea; above all, *not* give her an opportunity of sitting and looking fascinating in his arm-chair. In coming to this conclusion he was influenced by the facts, that he knew nothing about her and her father, that he could not afford to marry, and, finally, that he was not at all sure that he was in love with her. A good deal of what Martingale had said he knew to be nonsense; but still, if a man will talk enough nonsense some of it will find a home for itself, especially if it is poured forth on a Sunday morning by a man, looking as wise as Solomon and Rhadamanthus combined, perched on a gate-post.

"Of course I will be perfectly pleasant and courteous to her," thought Gibbs; "but I'll take care it doesn't go beyond that; I am sure it is the right thing to do." And having so determined his course he became cool and almost comfortable again.

Samela joined her father at dinner. Her paleness might be attributed to her indisposition; but was it due also to her headache that she seemed disinclined to talk to Gibbs, disinclined to laugh as she used to laugh, to inquire about his sport, and to ask what funny speeches Archie might have made that day? Had she too been making up her mind?

Gibbs had been looking forward to quite another meeting than this. He had anticipated some difficulty in gradually withdrawing the light of his

countenance from Miss Prendergast; he had thought it quite possible that his courage might be rather put to the test when he had to meet her pleasant smile with one just a little less pleasant, and show her, gently but firmly, that he only looked upon her as a casual acquaintance. It was only a strong confidence in his moral capabilities which enabled him to prepare for the contest he expected. But now it was *she* who was cool, *she* who seemed indifferent, *she* who appeared resolved to treat him as she might treat a gentleman, whom she had met yesterday, and to-morrow was going to say "good-bye" to. Never a whit had Gibbs calculated on all this; and when he tried some small blandishments—for the strong determined man was already beginning to find the ground weak below him, and his moral courage slowly oozing out—it was still the same, they had no effect at all.

Before dinner was half over Gibbs abandoned himself to gloomy forebodings. He forgot all about his good resolves—they became to him as if they had never been—thin phantoms which had never really occupied his mind. He cast about for some cause for this change. Had some bird of the air brought to her ears the somewhat free conversation which had been carried on about herself and her parent the day before? Had those sagacious looking black-faced sheep, or some roe crouching in the fern close at hand, delivered a message to her as the modern representative of their old mistress Diana? No; he thought it was more likely that Martingale was the cause. He was a fine-looking man; he was rich; moreover, his brother was a peer, and Johnny bore the little prefix to his name which is sometimes supposed to carry weight with some girls. What a viper! thought Gibbs; and how indecent of the girl to show her feelings so soon!

The dinner crawled along, and at last Samela rose, and with a little bow to Gibbs left the room. And then another astonishing thing happened! The old

man became—not genial, for that was not perhaps in his nature, but—as little disagreeable as he could manage to be. He pulled up his chair to the fire, asked Gibbs if he was not going to have a little more whisky, and said it was a cold night in quite a friendly tone.

“Can it be possible,” thought Gibbs, as he abstractedly poured out for himself a very strong glass of Clynleish, “that this ancient antiquarian knows his daughter’s feelings, and is showing his compassion for me in this way!” And he looked with the greatest abhorrence at the Professor, who forthwith began to give a disjointed account of his adventures on the hill that day. Night brought no comfort to Gibbs. He anticipated a sleepless one; but perhaps his hard day’s fishing in the high wind, perhaps the agitation in his mind, perhaps even the glass of whisky aforesaid stood his friends. After tossing about in a restless way for twenty minutes he dropped into a deep and dreamless sleep.

The following day things were as they had been, only worse. Samela avoided him, and the day after they were no better. The only ray of light thrown on Gibbs was from the corrugated countenance of the old Professor, whose friendship seemed to increase every hour. Then Gibbs became unhappy, he lost half the fish he hooked, and he jumped upon Archie in a way that made that worthy’s hair stand on end.

“She’s heuked him,” the latter whispered to Jane (he had acquired somehow an exaggerated idea of his master’s wealth and importance), “and now she’s playing him, and he’s gey sick wi’t, I can tell you; but whether he will stand the strain o’t, I canna say.” Archie was nothing if not cautious. “I’d like fine to see you trying that game on wi’ me, Jean, ma lass!” and then the colloquy ended in the usual way.

Now it happened one night, after dressing for dinner, that Gibbs was going down the passage, when, as he was passing Mr. Prendergast’s room,

he heard two words spoken in a low passionate voice. They were only two words—“I cannot;” but there was an intensity in the way Samela uttered them which bit itself, as it were, into the brain of the hearer. Our fisherman had felt little scruple when chance put him in a position to listen for a moment to Archie’s plainly expressed opinions, but he was no eavesdropper; he would have cut off his right hand sooner than have stood to try and hear what followed. He hurried down into the dining-room, marvelling what could cause the somewhat proud and independent girl to speak in such a fashion,—the horror and despair in her voice rang in his ears still. Mr. Prendergast soon followed, and announced that his daughter was again too unwell to come to dinner; then as had been his habit lately he inquired with some interest about his companion’s sport, and proceeded to give a long description of the difference which exists between a moth and a butterfly.

After the old man had disappeared Gibbs put on a cape and went out down the glen. It was a wild wet night; the water was running here and there over the road, and he had to splash through it; the wind howled over the unsheltered moor and drove the rain smartly in his face; but the turmoil suited his humour, and he was glad it was not calm and fine. For he saw now—he seemed to see plainly, and he wondered how before he could have been so blind—that the piteous “I cannot” referred to himself. That old Professor had no doubt been making inquiries as to his—Gibbs’s—means, had found them satisfactory, and now discovered that the girl was the obstacle, and he was showing her that she would have to follow his judgment in the matter and not her own wishes.

Poor Gibbs! Never till that night had his pride received so great a shock. He was not a man who in any way plumed himself on his influence with women, he had never in the smallest degree considered himself to be a lady-

killer ; but so far his acquaintance and experience with the gentler sex had been pleasant and easy. He had made many friends among women, hardly, he thought, any enemies. And now, without his having anything to say in the matter, he was being thrust on an unwilling girl ; *how* unwilling he was to some extent able to measure by the exceeding bitterness of the cry he had heard. If spoken words have any significance, then her feelings against him must be strong indeed.

The following morning Gibbs received a telegram, asking him to go that night to Inverness. The affairs of a minor for whom he was a trustee were in a somewhat complicated state ; it was a question whether they ought not to be thrown into the Court of Chancery, and the matter had to be decided one way or the other at once. The London lawyer happened to be in Scotland at the time, and so offered to come as far as Inverness ; indeed, was on his way there when the message was sent, and Gibbs felt there was no course open to him but to go there also.

There was a wedding in the strath that day and all horses were in great demand ; so to suit the convenience of his landlord he sent his portmanteau down early in the day to the station, saying that he himself would walk. As he came down ready for the journey and passed the door of the sitting-room, Mr. Prendergast and his daughter came out, the latter in her hat and jacket.

"I am sure," said the old man, "that you will be kind enough to escort my daughter so far as the post-office. I have a foreign telegram to send of great importance which I cannot trust to a messenger and some inquiries will have to be made about the place it is going to. I can't go myself owing to my sprain" (got on the hill the previous day), "and Mr. MacDonald tells me that a trap will be calling at the post-office in an hour's time which will bring her back."

Gibbs listened to this long harangue

without believing in it. It seemed to him to be an obvious excuse for forcing on a *tête-à-tête* walk between Samela and himself. If a telegram really had to be sent, it could be sealed up, and the inquiry made by letter. He looked, while the father was speaking, at the girl, and he was greatly struck by the change in her face and manner. She was very pale, and seemed nervous and hesitating, as if she wished to say something and did not dare ; a great contrast to the blithe lady of a week ago. Gibbs looked inquiringly at her, thinking she might make some excuse herself, but she kept her eyes fixed on her father ; so he had no alternative but to say that he should be only too happy to be of any service ; and then the two passed out of the lighted room into the twilight road.

His first feeling was one of hot anger towards Mr. Prendergast. "What a brute he must really be," he thought, "to force the girl to take this walk with me to-night when it is quite plain she doesn't want to come. How hateful it must be to her !" A week ago he would have been delighted to have had the opportunity of such a walk : he could have at any rate chatted away in a natural manner and amused his companion ; and now he racked his brains to think of commonplaces with which to pass the time.

But it was hard for him to think of such things in the state of mind he was in. For what had been at first mere admiration had grown into love ; it had thriven on opposition ; the more hopeless it had seemed the more it had flourished, and the deeper it had struck into his heart. It gave a sore shock to his honest pride to think that he should so soon have become an object of aversion to the girl. Mingled with this feeling was one of intense pity for his unwilling companion, and he swore to himself that he would bite his tongue out before he would say one word to her of what he felt.

Gibbs made some remark about the night, and then the two went on in silence. Daylight was gone, and the

moon was peeping up above the fir wood which covered the hill in front of them. The air was warm and moist, and the larches and the primroses, which grew here close up to the heather, made it sweet. It was such a night as night well draw out the boldness of a shy lover or the eloquence of a silent one. Thousands such would be abroad at that time, in crowded cities and fresh country lanes ; some in hope, some in fear, some with happiness before them, some, as he was, miserable. The man could hardly realise that only a few days before his greatest anxiety had been about the weather, his greatest trouble, a fish getting away. He had since then conjured up for himself many vivid pictures of possible happiness. A week ago, if the realisation of the brightest of them had been a matter for himself to decide, he would have hesitated to confirm it ; and now, some cold fate had cut the string on which he found too late his happiness had been secured.

Samela answered his remarks with monosyllables. He thought it was useless to try and force on a conversation, and for a long time they walked on in silence ; but at last this silence became oppressive to him and almost unbearable. They had come to a woody bit of the road which lay in deep shadow, the moonbeams not yet being strong enough to force themselves through the firs. Here Samela stopped suddenly. Gibbs thought she must have dropped something. "What is it?" he asked going close to her. It is not often that one person can plainly hear the beating of another's heart ; he heard it then. A feeling of tenderness and sympathy such as he had never known before came over him, and—without taking a thought of what he was doing—he put his arm round her waist. "Samela!" he whispered.

For one moment—for one moment—and the remembrance of that short passage of time will thrill him till he dies—he believed that the pressure was returned. Then she started from his grasp, and sprang from him half

across the road ; her breath came short and quick, and she seemed to shake as a patient does in an ague-fit.

"Samela!" he cried again, frightened at her intense agitation. But she could not speak, and the thought ran through his brain that he had been ungenerous in taking advantage of her as he had done.

"You will forgive me?" he asked gently. "I will never offend you so again. I did not know that you disliked me—so much."

"Oh no! no! no!" cried the girl, and her wailing voice would have told him, if there had been any need of telling, whose cry it was he had heard in the room at the inn. "It is not that. Go on! go on! You must go on! I must go back!" She pointed forwards and then herself turned back.

"You cannot go back alone," exclaimed Gibbs ; "I must go with you. Nay," he went on as she shook her head and quickened her step, "I will not speak a word, but just walk behind you. You will trust me to do that?" But still she waved him off ; he advanced towards her and then she began to run.

"Good Heavens!" cried Gibbs in an agony of despair, "what have I done to frighten her like this!"

"Do not follow me!" she implored ; "I beg you!" Then John Gibbs stood still in the middle of the road and watched the shadowy figure till it was lost in the blackness beyond.

Our fisherman was in a poor state to consider an intricate business matter the next day. The lawyer wondered at his absence of mind, that such a one should have been chosen for so important a trust. But at last what had to be settled was settled, and the afternoon found him hurrying back as fast as the Highland Railway would carry him. He experienced in Inverness one of those minor calamities which are not very much in themselves, but which, when great misfortunes happen to be absent, come and do their best to embitter our lives. In a word, he lost his bunch of keys and

had to have his portmanteau cut open. The loss was to him inexplicable. He always carried them in his coat pocket, and he had felt them there after leaving the inn, rattling against his pipe. Now, as may easily be imagined, his mind was too heavily burdened with a real sorrow to give more than a passing thought to this minor trouble.

Gibbs looked forward with great apprehension to his return to the inn. He dreaded meeting Samela; he could not imagine on what footing they could be now; he thought that she must have resented his conduct to her the more because he was as it were her guardian that night; perhaps she imagined that the whole affair had been arranged between her father and himself. At all events he felt it would be very difficult to know how to carry himself before her. And still, at the bottom of his heart, the man had some kind of a feeling that all might come right yet.

The landlord was waiting for him at the station, and as they drove up the glen was eloquent on the glory of the wedding which had taken place the previous day. Such a feast! so many carriages! so many presents! and such a good-looking bride!

"How is the Professor's foot?" asked Gibbs, who could take no interest in brides that day, and was anxious to find out if the landlord had noticed anything wrong.

"There's no muckle the matter with his foot, I'm thinking," replied the landlord; "at any rate he's gone."

"Gone!" cried Gibbs.

"Ay," replied the landlord, "he is that. He went off in a great hurry to catch the first train this morning."

"And his daughter, is she gone?" gasped Gibbs.

"Gone too," answered the driver cheerfully, evidently enjoying the sensation he was causing. "Indeed, I understand it was on her account they went; he told me that she was not well, and that she must see a London doctor at once." And as the worthy man said

this he turned round and looked hard at his companion.

This intelligence was a terrible blow to Gibbs. How gladly now would he have gone through the meeting he had dreaded so much! Gone, without a word for him! He might have explained things somehow. What must she have thought of him? What had she told her father? Of course the illness was a blind. He thought it possible that there might be a note left for him, from the Professor; he did not expect anything from Samela—but there was nothing.

The place looked sadly deserted and lonely. He could not fish that evening; he went to the rock where Samela had made her sketch and stared long at the pool; then he went back to the house and took out her handiwork; he felt some queer sort of satisfaction in touching things that she had touched. So short a time had passed since her joyous presence had lighted up that room; how different it seemed then! He could not bear the sight of his books.

The next day he fished, and came to a resolution, which was to go south at once; his month was nearly up, and he had lost all pleasure in the river. The landlord understood something of the cause which lost him his guest, and indeed far and wide the gossips were at work. Accounts varied, but all agreed that Gibbs had behaved extremely badly and had lost his bride.

He had left some money in the big chest, and it was necessary to get it out. It was then for the first time that he remembered the loss of his keys. He tried to pick the lock but failed, and Archie, who was called in, had no greater success; so they had to force the lid. Gibbs put the money in his pocket, and then stood gazing at the little collection of volumes which had given him so much pleasure; now it pained him to look at them.

Of a sudden he saw something which made him start, and for a moment disbelieve the sight of his eyes. There,

on the top of a book, lay his bunch of keys, the keys which he had had in his hand the night he walked down to the station! He picked them up and examined them, as if they could tell him something themselves. They were quite bright and fresh. By what legerdemain or *diablerie* had those keys found a resting-place there? It was an unfathomable mystery—a mystery which it seemed to him could never be explained.

Abstractedly he took up the calf binding, remembering as he did so whose hands had touched it last. It seemed strangely light; he quickly opened it, and then as quickly let it fall—the quarto was gone!

Some five years after the events we have been at so much pains to relate, John Gibbs was sitting alone in the reading-room of a northern county club; he was just putting down the *Times*, when the heading of a paragraph in a corner caught his eye. It was as follows:

HIGH PRICES FOR BOOKS IN AMERICA.—On Friday last the library of the late John Palmer of New York was disposed of by public auction. This collection was especially rich in early works relating to America, in histories of the English Counties, and in early dramatic works. Mr. Palmer was well known for his enterprise and energy. In company with his daughter, and travelling often under assumed names, he searched all over Europe for rare books; no journey was too long for him, or price too high, if anything he wished to add to his collection

had to be secured. . . . Under a somewhat acrid exterior lay a kind and sympathetic core. By his death many of the great booksellers of London and Paris lose a munificent customer. . . . There were fine copies of the second, third, and fourth folios—curiously enough the first was wanting. But the great glory of the collection were the quartos, which have been allowed to be, by those best qualified to judge, by far the finest in America—perhaps, barring those in the British Museum, and at Chatsworth and Althorp—the finest in the world. [Then followed a long list of prices.] The greatest excitement was reached when a copy of *Love's Labour's Lost* was produced by the auctioneer. No one seems to have known of the existence of this copy, which was strange, as it is without the slightest question the most perfect copy in the world. Not only was it in beautiful condition and perfectly uncut, but the last ten leaves were *unopened*—a state which is, we believe, quite unique. It measures [so many inches.] It was enclosed in a magnificent crimson morocco case, without lettering on it, made for another work by the English Bedford. This most precious volume was sold for \$3,900, and was bought by Mr. Cornelius Van der Hagen, of Chicago.

After reading this paragraph Gibbs sat for a long time in his chair quite motionless. The day had faded away outside, and the only light in the room was the warm glow of the fire. He sat for many minutes staring into it. At length he got up to go. "It was for him, not for herself," he muttered, —and something very like a tear rolled down his cheek on to the crisp paper below.

GILFRID W. HARTLEY.

ENGLISH WAR-SONGS.

It has been admitted by a rather reluctant world,—at least since the days of Marmontel who gave three particularly exquisite reasons for the fact—that the English excel in poetry; and it is most scholastically true that he who excels in a subject shows his excellence best in treating the best parts thereof. Now of ancient times it has been laid down in various fashions that the two things best worth doing in this world are fighting and love-making; and though the curious little sectarian heresy which calls itself the Modern Spirit no doubt regards the doctrine as a barbarous and exploded crudity, it is not at all improbable that it may see many Modern Spirits out. Therefore poetry being, as we have all learnt, a criticism of life, and these two things being at least among the most notable and interesting things of life, it will follow that poetry will busy itself best with them. Further yet, I have been told that the natives of India, who have had some opportunity of observing us, declare that an Englishman is never happy unless he is doing either one or the other,—sport being included as partaking of both. Therefore, yet once more, we shall conclude that English poetry ought to sing well about them. As a matter of fact it does. With the one branch we have nothing here to do, and indeed no human being could discuss it in the compass of a single article. The War-song or War-poem, however, is by no means so unmanageable, and with it I may attempt to deal. And let it be stated at the outset that, if I do not begin at what some excellent persons think the beginning, it is not out of any intention to insult them. There is good fighting in Beowulf; but the average Englishman (I think

not thereby forfeiting his national claim to good sense) absolutely declines to regard as English a language scarcely a word of which he can understand. For my own part, I cannot see why if I am to draw on this Jutish Saga (or whatever it is) I may not equally well reach my hand to the shelf behind me, take down my *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, and draw on that; of which things there were no end. Therefore let these matters, and the Song of Brunanburh, and all the rest of it, be uncontentiously declined, and let us start from what the plain man does recognise as English, that is to say from Chaucer.

I have before now ventured to question the wisdom of making pretty philosophical explanations of literary phenomena, and I do not purpose to spend much time in asking why in the earliest English poetry (as just defined) there is hardly anything that comes within our subject. Five very simple and indisputable facts,—that our Norse ancestors fought and sang of fighting, both in the most admirable fashion; that the great heroes of the Hundred Years War did not apparently care to sing about fighting at all; that Elizabeth's wars gave us indirectly one of the few war-songs of the first class, Drayton's *Ballad of Agincourt*; that the English Tyrtæus during the desperate and glorious War of the Spanish Succession could get no further than Addison's *Campaign*, and that the Revolutionary struggle drew from a poet, not of the first rank, three such masterpieces as *Hohenlinden*, *Ye Mariners of England*, and *The Battle of the Baltic*—five such facts as these, I think, should deter any one who has not a mere mania for reason-making from indulging in that process on this subject. The facts are

the facts. There is much excellent literary description of fighting in Chaucer, but it is distinctly literary ; there is nothing of the personal joy of battle in it. Eustache Deschamps was an infinitely inferior poet to Master Geoffrey, yet there is far more of the real thing in this particular way in *Ou temps jadis estoit-cy Angleterre*, than in any poetical compatriot and contemporary of the conquerors of Cressy. In the next century we have, so far as I know, nothing at all to match the admirable anonymous *War-song of Ferrand de Vaudemont*. The Scotch literary poets are a little better, though not very much ; but if we could attach any definite date to most of the Border and other ballads, we should be able to say when some of the most admirable fighting poetry in the world was written. Most of them, however, are so thoroughly shot and veined with modern touches that no man can tell where to have them. For the actual spirit of mortal combat it is probably impossible to surpass the two stanzas in *Fair Helen*.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide
On fair Kirkconnell Lea ;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hachéd him in pieces sma',
I hachéd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me !

There is real *Berserk-gang* there ; and yet the poem, and even the passage, distinctly shows the influence of the eighteenth century, to say no more. In its present cast and shape the whole of this ballad-question is a mere labyrinth. I do not know a more disheartening study than that of Professor Child's magnificent volumes, with their endless variants which make a canonical text impossible. Therefore, despite the admirable fighting that there is in them, they will help us little.

Skelton Skeltonises in this as in other styles ; but the *Ballad of the Doughty Duke of Albany and his Hundred Thousand Scots* is a mere piece of doggerel brag, utterly unworthy

of the singer of *My Maiden Isabel* or even of the author of *Elinor Rummung*. The honour of composing the first modern English war-song has been recently, and I think rightly, given to Humphrey Giffard, whose *Posy of Gilloflowers*, published in 1580, just before the overture of the "melodious bursts that fill the spacious times of great Elizabeth," contains a quaint and rough but really spirited piece, *To Soldiers*, in this remarkable measure :

The time of war is come, prepare your
corslets, spear and shield ;
Methinks I hear the drum strike doleful
marches to the field,
Tantara, tantara the trumpets sound, which
makes men's hearts with joy abound :

The warning guns are heard afar and
every thing announces war.
Serve God, stand stout : bold courage
brings this gear about ;
Fear not, forth run : faint heart fair lady
never won.

This, it must be admitted needs a good deal of licking into shape as regards form,—as regards spirit it has the root of the matter in it. Nor does the quaint prosaic alloy which so frequently affects the English as compared with the Scotch ballad prevent *The Brave Lord Willoughby* from being a most satisfactory document. The businesslike statement how, after that unluxurious meal of dead horses and puddle-water,

Then turning to the Spaniards
A thousand more they slew,

is no doubt destitute enough of the last indefinable touch which can transform words quite as simple and inornate into perfect poetry. But it-misses it very narrowly, and almost provides a substitute by its directness and force.

I do not know, however, that the real joy of the thing is to be found anywhere before that wondrous *Battle of Agincourt to the brave Cambro-Britons and their Harp*, which Michael Drayton, an Englishman of Englishmen and a poet whose wonderful versatility and copiousness have caused him to be rated rather too low than too high,

produced in the early years of the seventeenth century. With the very first lines of it the fit reader must feel that there is no mistake possible about this fellow :

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer would tarry :
But putting to the main,
At Caux the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry.

There is no precedent for that dash and rush of metre ; and if we look for followers it will bear the contrast as happily. The most graceful and scholarly poet of America, the greatest master of harmonies born in England during the present century, have both imitated it. If *The Skeleton in Armour* is delightful, and *The Charge of the Light Brigade* (with its slight change of centre of gravity in the rhythm) consummate, what shall be said of this original of both ? I know an enthusiast who declared that he would have rather written the single line *Lopped the French lilies* than any even in English poetry except a few of Shakespeare's. This was doubtless delirium, though not of the worst kind. But the intoxication of the whole piece is almost unmatched. The blood stirs all through as you read :

With Spanish yew so strong
Arrows a cloth-yard long
That like to serpents stung
Piercing the weather :
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

I always privately wish that he had written *Shot close together*, but why gild the lily ? Still better is that gorgeous stanza of names :

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made
Still as they ran up :
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

For some time it seemed as though the question with which the poem closes :

Oh ! when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen ?

was to be answered rather by the acts than by the pen. As few songs as triumphs wait on a civil war, and though Montrose might have done the thing he did not. The dishonest combats of the seventeenth century had to wait a couple of hundred years for their laureate and then he appeared on the wrong side. For even Mr. Browning's *Cavalier Tunes* are not as good as *The Battle of Naseby* which, cavalier as I am, I wish I could think was "pinchbeck." No man perhaps ever lived who had more of the stuff of a Tyrtæus in him than Dryden ; but his time gave him absolutely no subjects of an inspiring nature and did not encourage him to try any others. The *Annus Mirabilis* is fine enough in all conscience ; but *Come if you dare*, and parts of *Alexander's Feast* show what might have been if the course of events had been more favourable. To tell the honest truth, the cause was generally too bad in those fights with the Dutch, and the fights themselves (though we very properly call them victories) were too near being defeats, to breathe much vigour into the sacred bard ; while for some fifty years of Glorious John's manhood, from the battle of the Dunes to his death, there was no land fighting that could at once cheer an Englishman and commend itself to a Jacobite. In luckier circumstances Dryden was the very man to have bettered Drayton and anticipated Campbell.

When he was dead there was no more question of anything of the kind for a very long time. The passage about the Angel in Mr. Addison's poem is undoubtedly a very fine one. But the essence of a war-song or even a war-poem is that it should stir the blood ; and this stirs it just to the extent that is necessary to secure a mild *very good ! very clever !* It was really

a pity. Cutts is not such a pretty name as Ferrers or Fanhope; but the Salamander did deeds of arms of which not the greatest of bards need have disdained to be laureate. Blenheim was most undoubtedly a famous victory: the battle, such as there was of it, at Ramillies was of the best kind; and as for Malplaquet, it ranks for sheer dingdong fighting, and on a far larger scale, with Albuera or Inkerman. But sing these things our good fathers could not. Yet they tried in all conscience. It is a rough, but very sufficient test to take the copious anthology of anthologies which Mr. Bullen has recently edited in half-a-dozen volumes for the beginning of the seventeenth century and the last years of the sixteenth, the collections variously called *Musarum Deliciæ* and the *State Poems* for the middle of the seventeenth, and the odd sweeping together of poetry, sculduddery, music, doggerel verse of society and what-not which Tom D'Urfey made out of the songs of his time for the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth. In the first and second divisions we shall find hardly any warlike verse; the third bristles with it. The six volumes of the *Pills to Purge Melancholy* lie beside me as I write, plumed with paper slips which I have put in them to mark pieces of this sort. The badness of them (a few lines of Dryden's, and one or two not his, excepted) is simply astounding, even to those who have pretty well fathomed already the poetic depths of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. They cover the whole period of William of Orange's stout if not successful fights, and of the almost unparalleled triumphs of Marlborough; yet there is never a touch of inspiration. The following is on the whole a really brilliant specimen:

Health to the Queen! then straight begin
To Marlborough the Great and to brave
Eugene,
With them let valiant Webb come in,
Who lately performed a wonder.
Then to the ocean an offering make,

And boldly carouse to brave Sir John
Leak,
Who with mortar and cannon Mahon did
take
And made the Pope knock under.

Here is an effort on Oudenarde:

Sing mighty Marlborough's story!
Mars of the field,
He passes the Scheldt,
And to increase his glory,
The French all fly or yield.
Vendosme drew out to spite him
Th' Household troops to fright him,
Princes o' the blood
Got off as best they cou'd
And ne'er durst return to fight him.

Malplaquet inspires a yet nobler strain:

Mounsieur! Mounsieur! Leave off Spain!
To think to hold it is in vain,
Thy warriors are too few.
Thy Martials must be new,
Worse losses will ensue,
Then without more ado
Be wise and call home petite Anjou!

At a still earlier period "The two Glorious Victories at Donawert and Hochstet" had stirred up somebody to write, to a tune by Mr. Corbet, Pindaricks to this effect:

Old Lewis, must thy frantic riot
Still all Europe vex?
Methinks 'tis high time to be quiet
Now at sixty-six.

There is a little more spirit in a ditty beginning:

From Dunkirk one night they stole out in
a fright—

but it is political rather than bat-tailous; and for a purely and wholly deplorable failure of combined loyal and Bacchanalian verse, I hardly know the equal of the following:

Then welcome from Vigo
And cudgelling Don Diego,
With ——— rapscaillon
And plundering the galleons.
Each brisk valiant fellow
Fought at Redondellow,
And those who did meet
With the Newfoundland fleet.

Then for late successes
Which Europe confesses
At land by our gallant Commanders,
The Dutch in strong beer
Should be drunk for one year
With their Generals' health in Flanders !

I do not know how long the reader's patience will hold out against this appalling doggerel, which represents the efforts of the countrymen of Shakespeare and Shelley under the influence of victories which might have made a Campbell of "hoarse Fitzgerald." There is plenty more if any one likes it. I can tell him how the victory over the Turks proved that,

Christians thus with conquest crowned,
Conquest with the glass goes round,
Weak coffee can't keep its ground
Against the force of claret.

How,

The Duke then to the wood did come
In hopes Vendosme to meet,
When lo ! the Prince of Carignan
Fell at his Grace's feet.
Oh, gentle Duke, forbear ! forbear !
Into that wood to shoot,
If ever pity moved your Grace
But turn your eyes and look !

This is an extract taken from a delightful ballad in which the historical facts of Oudenarde are blended quaintly with the Babes in the Wood. Then we hear how,

The conquering genius of our isle returns,
Inspired by Ann the godlike hero burns.

We are told of Marlborough himself,

Thus as his sprightly infancy was still
inured to harms,
So was his noble figure still adorned with
double charms.

While the selection may be appropriately finished by the exordium of an indignant bard who cries—

Ulm is gone,
But basely won,
And treacherous Bavaria there has buried
his renown :
That stroling Prince
Who few years since
Was crammed with William's gold !

Macaulay, who read everything at some time or other, had probably not read these when he wrote on Addison, or he would have selected some of them to point still further the contrast of *The Campaign*. The poor man who wrote about the "capering beast" was a genius compared to most of the known or unknown authors of these marvellous exertions, which would seem to have been compassed after the effusion of liquor they generally recommend.

Few glories attended the British arms, on land and in Europe, from the setting of Corporal John's star to the rising of that of the Duke ; but the true singer, if he had been anywhere about, might have found plenty of employment with the Navy. Unfortunately he was not, and his substitutes preferred to write *Admiral Hosier's Ghost*, or else melancholy lines like those of Langhorne, which no human being would now remember if Scott had not as a boy remembered them in the presence of Burns.

The last name brings us to a poet who ought to have sung of war even better than he did. As it is, there is as little mistake as possible about *Scots Wha Hae*, as about *Agincourt*, or *Ye Mariners of England* ; while for compressed and undiluted fire it has the advantage of both. It is characteristic, however, of the unlucky rant about freedom which Burns had got into his head, that the "chains and slavery" (which really were very little ones) play an even more prominent part than that pure and generous desire to thrash the person opposed to you, because he is opposed to you, because he is not "your side," which is the true motive of all the best war-songs. This (though in neither example is there equal poetical merit) is more perceptible in the light but capital "I am a Son of Mars" of the *Jolly Beggars*, and in those delightful verses of "Scotch Drink," which so did shock the delicate nerves of Mr. Matthew Arnold, and so do shock still the sensitive conscience of the modern

Liberal, who thinks war a dreadful thing and carnage anything but God's daughter.

Our chief writer of war-songs, however (for Dibdin's capital songs are not quite such capital poetry), is beyond doubt or question Thomas Campbell; and a very hard nut is the said Thomas for "scientific" criticism to crack. He certainly belonged to a warlike family of a warlike nation; but he shared this advantage with some millions of other Scotchmen, and some thousands of other Campbells. The "esthopsychological" (Heaven save us!) determining cause of his temperament is not precisely or eminently apparent. He was not, as Burns was, of a romantic or adventurous disposition, being all his life a quiet literary gentleman. He was tolerably prosperous, despite his being an excessively bad arithmetician and husband of his money. He had, after early struggles, a nice little pension, a nicer little legacy, some lucrative appointments and commissions. He lived chiefly at Sydenham and Boulogne, though on his travels in Germany he did hear, and even perhaps see, shots fired in anger. He also possessed at one period three hundred pounds in bank-notes rolled up in his slippers. He was not ungenerously devoted to port wine, was somewhat less generously *not* devoted to his poetical rivals, was well looked after by his wife while she lived, and afterwards by a niece, and died on the verge of three score years and ten, if not an exceedingly happy or contented, yet on the whole a sufficiently fortunate man. He was especially fortunate in this, that probably no man ever gained so early and kept so long such high literary rank on the strength of so small a literary performance. In the very year of his reaching man's estate, the *Pleasures of Hope* seated him at once on the Treasury Bench in the contemporary session of the Poets, and unlike most occupants of Treasury Benches, he was never turned off. Many far greater poets appeared during the nearly fifty

years which passed between that time and his death; but they were greater in perfectly different fashions. That what may be called his official, and what may be called his real titles to his position were not the same, may be very freely granted. But he had real titles. The curious thing is that even the official titles were so very modest in volume. Setting his *Specimens of the British Poets* aside, all his literary work (which is not in itself very large outside the covers of his Poems) is as nearly as possible valueless. The Poems themselves, the work of a long lifetime, do not fill three hundred small pages, and those of them which are really worth much, would not, I think, be very tightly packed in thirty. The *Pleasures of Hope* itself is beyond doubt the best of that which I should not include. It is one of the very best school exercises ever written; it has touches which only a school-boy of genius could achieve. But higher than a school exercise it cannot be ranked. The other longer poems are far below it. *Gertrude of Wyoming* has several famous and a smaller number of excellent lines; but it is as much of an artificial conglomerate, and as little of an original organism as the *Pleasures of Hope*, and the choice of the Spenserian stanza is simply disastrous. "Iberian seemed his boot,"—the boot of the hero to the eyes of the heroine. To think that a man should, in a stanza consecrated to the very quintessence of poetical poetry—a stanza in which, far out of its own period and in mid-eighteenth century, Thomson had written the *Castle of Indolence*, in which, before Campbell's own death, Mr. Tennyson was to write the *Lotus Eaters*,—deliver himself of the phrase, "Iberian seemed his boot"!

But by so much as *Gertrude of Wyoming* is worse than the *Pleasures of Hope*, by as much is *Theodric* worse than *Gertrude of Wyoming* and the *Pilgrim of Glencoe* worse again than *Theodric*. There are not more than five or six hundred lines, including as

usual some good ones, in the last-named poem; but though I have just re-read it before writing this I have not the dimmest idea of what really happens. Theodric makes love to two young women, a most reprehensible though not uncommon practice, and they both die. One is named Constance and the other Julia; and the last lines of Constance's last letter to Theodric are rather pretty. She bids him not despair:

I ask you by our love to promise this
And kiss these words, where I have left a
kiss;
The latest from my living lips to yours.

But they are quite the best in the poem, which is too short to have any narrative interest, and too long to possess any other. Of the *Pilgrim of Glencoe* it is enough to say that the most enthusiastic Campbellites have seldom been able to say a word for it, that it is rather in Crabbe's style than in the author's own, and that Crabbe has not to my knowledge ever written anything so bad as a whole.

Even when we come to the shorter poems almost endless exclusions and allowances have to be made. Campbell has left some exceedingly pretty love-songs, not I think very generally known, the best of which are "Withdraw not yet those Lips and Fingers," and "How Delicious is the Winning." But there is no great originality about them, and they are such things as almost any man with a good ear and an extensive knowledge of English poetry could write nearly as well. Almost everything (I think everything) of his that is really characteristic and really great is comprised in the dozen poems as his works are usually arranged (I quote the Aldine Edition) between *O'Connor's Child* and the *Soldier's Dream*, with the addition of the translated song of Hybrias the Cretan and, if anybody likes, *The Last Man*. Even here the non-war-like poems cannot approach the war-like ones in merit. The fighting pass-

ages of *O'Connor's Child* itself are much the best. *Glenara* (which by the way ends with a line of extraordinary imbecility) is not a very great thing except in the single touch,

Each mantle unfolding a dagger displayed.

The Exile of Erin is again merely pretty, and I should not myself care to preserve a line of *Lord Ullin's Daughter* except the really magnificent phrase,

And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

As a whole the *Lines written on revisiting a Scene in Argyleshire*, with their admirable picture of the forsaken garden, seem to me the best thing Campbell did out of the fighting vein.

But in that vein how different a man he was! As a mere boy he had tried it, or something like it, feebly enough in *The Wounded Hussar*; and he showed what he could do in it, even when the subject did not directly touch his imagination, by his spirited paraphrase of the Hybrias fragment. His devotion to the style (which appears even in pieces ostensibly devoted to quite different subjects such as the *Ode to Winter*) is all the more remarkable that Campbell was a staunch member of that political party in England which hated the war. But it was a clear case of over-mastering idiosyncrasy. It is an odd criticism of the late Mr. Allingham's (to be matched, however, with several others in his remarks on Campbell) that his selection of Thomas Penrose's poem beginning,

Faintly brayed the battle's roar,
Distant down the hollow wind,
Panting terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind,

shows "how tolerant a true poet like Campbell could be of the most frigid and stilted conventionality of diction." Most certainly he could be so tolerant; but his tolerance here had clearly nothing to do with the style. He was led away, as nearly everybody is, by his sympathy with the matter.

Indeed before long Mr. Allingham recollects himself, and says, "Battle subjects always took hold on him." They certainly did.

I do not care much for *The Soldier's Dream* as a whole. Most of it is trivial and there is an astonishing disregard of quantity throughout, any three syllables being apparently thought good enough to make an anapaest. But the opening stanza is grand :

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud
had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in
the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground
overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to
lie.

Pictorially and poetically both, that is about as good as it can be. *Lochiel's Warning* has no single passage as good : but it is far better as a whole, despite some of the same metrical shortcomings. The immortal "Field of the dead rushing red on the sight," the steed that "fled frantic and far" (and inspired thereby one of the finest passages of another Thomas), the hackneyed but admirable "All plaided and plumed in their tartan array," the "coming events" that a man may admire but hardly now quote—these and other things would save any copy of verses.

But still nothing can touch the immortal Three—*Hohenlinden*, *The Battle of the Baltic*, and *Ye Mariners of England*. What does it matter that no one of them is without a blemish, that *Ye Mariners* is almost a paraphrase of a good old ballad by good old Martin Parker, king of the ballad-mongers of England, that (as a certain kind of critic is never tired of telling us) there is not so much as a vestige of a wild and stormy steep at Elsinore, that to say "sepulchree" as we evidently must in *Hohenlinden* is trying if not impossible? Campbell, who is in prose a little old-fashioned perhaps and slightly stilted, but on stilts with the blood in them if I may say so, who gave his

reasons for thinking the launch of a line-of-battle ship "one of the sublime objects of artificial life," deserved to write *The Battle of the Baltic*. And he did more, Sempronius, he wrote it. There is not a stanza of it in which you may not pick out something to laugh or to cavil at if you choose. There is not one, at least in its final form, which does not stir the blood to fever-heat. *Ye Mariners of England* is much stronger in the negative sense of freedom from faults, only the last stanza being in any serious degree vulnerable ; and the felicity of the rhythm is extraordinary. The second and third stanzas are as nearly as possible faultless. Matter and manner could not be better wedded, nor could the whole fire and force of English patriotism be better managed so as to inform and vivify metrical language.

But I am not certain that if I were not an Englishman I should not put *Hohenlinden* highest of the three. It is less important "to us," it appeals less directly to our thought and sentiment, it might have been written by a man of any country,—always provided that his country had such a language to write in. Also it has a few of Campbell's besetting slips. "Scenery" is weak in the second stanza, and I could witness the deletion of the seventh altogether with some relief and satisfaction. "Sepulchre" is so exceedingly good in itself that the sense that we ought to call it "sepulchree," as aforesaid, is additionally annoying,—though by the way Glorious John would have called upon us to do the same thing without the slightest hesitation. But the poem is imitated from nothing and so stands above *Ye Mariners* ; its blemishes are trifling in comparison with the terrible

Then the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene,

(where the last line except with much good will to help it is sheer and utter nonsense) and other things in *The Battle of the Baltic*. Moreover the concerted music of its rolling metre is

unsurpassed. The triplets of each stanza catch up and carry on the sweep of the fourth line of the preceding in a quite miraculous manner; and that mixed poetic and pictorial touch which has been noted in Campbell appears nowhere so well. Although to me, as to everybody, it has been familiar ever since I was about seven years old, I never can get over my surprise at the effect of so hackneyed a word as "artillery." Indeed I knew a paradoxer once who maintained that this was due to the inspiration which made Campbell prefix "red"; "For," said he, "we are accustomed to see the Artillery in blue."

Nearly a hundred years, more fertile in good poetry and bad verse than any similar period in the history even of England, have passed since in the course of a few months Campbell sketched, if he did not finish, all his three masterpieces. The poetry and the verse both have done their share of battle-writing. Of the great poets who were Campbell's contemporaries and superiors none quite equalled him in this way; though Scott ran him hard, and Byron, never perhaps writing a war-song of the first merit, abounded in war-poetry of a very high excellence. Scott could do it better than he could do almost anything else in verse; and if volume and degrees of merit are taken together the prize must be his. Nothing can beat the last canto of *Marmion* as narrative of the kind; few things can equal the regular lyrics, of which *Bonnie Dundee* if not the best is the best known, and the scores of battle-snatches of which Elspeth Cheyne's version of the battle of Harlaw may rank first. The Lakers were by temperament rather than by principle unfitted for the style; though if Coleridge, in the days of *The Ancient Mariner*, had tried it we should have had some great thing. Shelley, though a very pugnacious person, thought fighting wicked; and Keats, though he demolished the butcher, did not sing of war. Moore is not at his best in such things. In

fact they have a knack of being written by poets otherwise quite minor, such as Wolfe of the not undeservedly famous *Burial of Sir John Moore*, a battle-piece surely rather than a mere dirge. The Epigoni of the great school of 1800—1830 have been on the whole more fruitful than that school itself, though nothing that they have done can quite touch Campbell in fire, and though they have never surpassed Drayton in a sort of buoyant and unforced originality which excludes all idea of the mere literary copy of verses. One of the earliest and certainly one of the best of them in this kind (for Peacock's immortal *War Song of Dinas Vawr* is too openly satirical) was Macaulay. I wish I had space here to destroy once for all (it could easily be done to the satisfaction of any competent tribunal) the silly prejudice against Macaulay's verse which, as a result of an exaggerated following of the late Mr. Arnold by criticsasters, is still, among criticsasters, common. In Mr. Arnold himself I suspect the prejudice to have been partly mere crotchet (for great critic as he was on his day he was full of crotchets), partly perhaps due to some mere personal dislike of the kind which Macaulay very often excited in clever and touchy young men, but partly and also perhaps principally to the fact that Mr. Arnold belonged to a generation which affected to look on war as a thing barbarous and outworn, and that he himself had no liking for and was absolutely unskilled in war-verse. *Sohrab and Rustum* is in parts, and especially in its famous close, a very fine poem indeed; but of the actual fighting part I can only say "its tameness is shocking to me." Still if Mr. Arnold really disliked the *Lays of Ancient Rome* he was quite right to say so; it is not easy to be equally complimentary to those who affect to dislike them because they think it the right thing to do. Tried by the standard of impartial criticism Macaulay is certainly not a great poet, nor except in

this one line a poet at all. Even in this line his greatness is of the second not of the first order, for the simple reason that it is clearly derivative. "No Sir Walter, no Lays" is not a critical opinion; it is a demonstrable fact. Granting so much, I do not see how sane criticism can refuse high, very high, rank to the said Lays, and the smaller pieces of the same kind such as *Ivry* and *Naseby*, and those much less known but admirable verses which tell darkly what happened

When the crew with eyes of flame brought
the ship without a name
Alongside the Last Buccaneer.

For the test of this kind of verse is much simpler and more unerring than that of any other. If in the case of a considerable number of persons of different ages, educations, ranks, and so forth, it induces a desire to walk up and down the room, to shout, to send their fists into somebody else's face, then it is good and there is no more to be said. That it does not cause these sensations in others is no more proof of its badness than it is a proof that a match is bad because it does not light when you rub it on cotton wool.

The still common heresy on the subject has made it necessary to dwell a little thereon. The great mass of Victorian war-poetry it is only possible to pass as it were in review by way rather of showing how much there is and how good than of criticising it in detail. Aytoun's *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, admirable in spirit, too often fall, so far as expression goes, into one or other of two great pit-falls,—sing-song and false notes. Moreover they are deeply in debt, not merely to Scott, but to Macaulay himself. Yet should *The Heart of the Bruce*, and *The Island of the Scots* not pass unnoticed here. Lord Tennyson, whose future critics will be at least as much struck by the variety as by the intensity of his poetical talent, is excellent at it. Some otherwise fervent admirers of his are, I believe, dubious about *The Charge of the Light Brigade*; I have myself no

doubt whatever, though it is unequal. Still more unequal are *The Revenge* and *Lucknow*. But the quasi-refrain of the latter,

And ever upon the topmost roof our
banner of England blew,

is surpassed for the special merit of the kind by no line in the language, though it is run hard by the passage in the former beginning

And the sun went down, and the stars
came out far over the summer sea.

There are flashes and sparks of the same fire all over the Laureate's poems, as in the splendid

Clashed with his fiery few and won

of the Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, or the still finer distich,

And drunk delight of battle with my peers
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy,

and the first stanza of *Sir Galahad* and a score of others. Of Mr. Browning's famous Cavalier Tunes already mentioned, "Give a Rouse" is the only one I care much for; the two others are artificial with anything but cavalier artificiality. *Hervé Riel* is not quite a war-song (albeit the art of judicious running away is no small part of war) but has more of the true spirit, *Through the Metidja* more still (for all its mannerism, it is the only successful attempt I know to give the very sound and rhythm of cymbals in English verse), and perhaps *Prospice*, though only metaphorically a fighting-piece, most of all. For, let it be once more repeated, it is the power of exciting the combative spirit in the reader that makes a war-song.

We shall find this power present abundantly in many poets during these last days. In hardly any department perhaps is Mr. Swinburne's too great facility in allowing himself to be mastered by instead of mastering words more to be regretted, for no one has ever excelled him in command both of the rhythms and the language necessary for the style. Even as it is

the *Song in Time of Order* hits the perfectly right note in respect of form and spirit. There is plenty of excellent stuff of the sort in a book which some affect to despise,—Mr. William Morris' *Defence of Guinevere*—plenty more in his later work. Charles Kingsley ought to have left us something perfect in the manner, and though he never exactly did, *The Last Buccaneer*, that excellent ballad where

They wrestled up, they wrestled down,
They wrestled still and sore,

the opening of

Evil sped the battle-play
On the Pope Calixtus' day,

and the last lines of the *Ode to the North-East Wind* have all the right touch, the touch which has guided us through this review. That touch is to be found again in Sir Francis Doyle's *Return of the Guards*, his *Private of the Buffs*, and most of all in his *Red Thread of Honour*, one of the most lofty, insolent and passionate things concerning this matter that our time has produced.

But here we are reaching dangerous ground, the ground occupied, and sometimes very well occupied, by younger living writers. It is better to decline this and close the survey. It has shown us some excellent, and even super-excellent things, some of surpassing and gigantic badness, a very great deal that is good and very good. I do not think any other language can show anything at all approaching it, excluding of course Spanish and other ballads. Despite the excellence of Old French in this kind, and despite the abundant military triumphs of the modern nation, the modern language of France has given next to nothing of merit in it. The *Marseillaise* itself, really remarkable for the way in which it marries itself to a magnificent tune is, when divorced from that tune, chiefly rubbish. The Germans,—with one imperishable thing in the pure style, Körner's *Schwertlied* (sometimes sneered at by the same class of persons

who sneer at Macaulay), and a few others, such as Heine's *Die Grenadiere* in the precincts of it—have little that is very remarkable. In these and other European languages, so far as I know, you often get war-pictures rendered in verse not ill, but seldom the war-spirit rendered thoroughly in song or snatch. Certain unpleasant ones will tell us that as the fighting power dies down, so the power of singing increases, that "poets succeed better in fiction than in fact," as Mr. Waller, both speaker and hearer being persons of humour, observed to his Majesty Charles II. on a celebrated occasion. Luckily, however, that *Ballad to the Brave Cambro-Britons and their Harp* and *The Battle of the Baltic* will settle this suggestion. It will hardly be contended that the countrymen and contemporaries of Drayton, that the contemporaries and countrymen of Campbell, had lost the trick of fighting. Look too at Le Brun (Pindare) and his poem on the *Vengeur*, a very few years earlier than *The Battle of the Baltic* itself. Le Brun belonged to very much the same school of poetry as the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, and I do not know that on the whole he was a very much worse poet. The fictitious story of the *Vengeur* on which he wrote, and which he not at all improbably believed (as most Frenchmen do to this day) was even fresher than Copenhagen to Campbell, and far more exciting. Yet scarcely even those woful contemporaries of Corporal John, from whom I have unfilially drawn the veil, made a more hopeless mess of it than Le Brun. The spirit of all poetry blows where it listeth, but the spirit of none more than of the poetry of war. Let us hold up our hands and be thankful that it has seen fit to blow to us in England such things as *Agnicourt*, as *Scots Wha Hae*, as *Ye Mariners of England*, and a hundred others not so far inferior to them.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE CENTENARY OF BOSWELL.

ON the sixteenth day of May, 1791, was given to the world a work that was not only admirable in itself, but which marks the beginning of a new era in the art of the biographer. For Boswell has stripped biography of its formal solemnity and has torn off its full-bottomed wig, its robes, and its furred gowns, beneath which all was hidden. He has done for it the same great service which nearly fifty years earlier his friend Garrick had done for the stage. Richard Cumberland, the play-writer, has described for us the scene which he witnessed one night at Drury Lane Theatre, when from the front row of the gallery he, a young Westminster scholar, saw the old order and the new meet in opposition. "Upon the rising of the curtain Quin presented himself in a green velvet-coat embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled, square-toed shoes. With very little variation of cadence, and in a deep full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the senate than of the stage in it, he rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference, that seemed to disdain the plaudits that were bestowed upon him.

But when after long and eager expectation I first beheld little Garrick, then young and light and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage—heavens! what a transition!—it seemed as if a whole century had been stepped over in the transition of a single scene." The new order did not at once gain the day; that night Quin was more loudly clapped than Garrick.

So the new method of biography was not at once triumphant. Dr. Parr swelled with pride at the very thought of his own *Life of Johnson*,

had he ever written it. "I once intended," he said, "to write Johnson's life; and I had read through three shelves of books to prepare myself for it. It would have been the third most learned work that has ever yet appeared. It would have come next to Bentley on the Epistles of Phalaris and Salmasius on the Hellenistic Language. Mine should have been not the droppings of Johnson's lips, but the history of his mind." It would have been so uniform in its stately ponderosity, that even the famous stamp would most certainly have been passed over in silence, which he gave that evening when he argued with Johnson about the liberty of the press. "Whilst Johnson was arguing, I observed that he stamped. Upon this I stamped. Dr. Johnson said, 'Why did you stamp, Dr. Parr?' I replied, 'Because you stamped; and I was resolved not to give you the advantage even of a stamp in the argument.'" It would have added one, or perhaps two more, to that pile of eight thick volumes in which Parr's learning has been buried past all hopes of a resurrection by the piety of his friend and executor.

But what Parr had planned for Johnson, other writers did for their heroes. Biography was still, for a brief time, to keep its wonted state, and flow with majestic train. Dugald Stewart, a man whose name was received with as much respect as Boswell's was with ridicule, in spite of the new example so lately set him by a brother Scot, treated Adam Smith, Robertson, and Reid with the old-fashioned solemnity, and instead of raising to them a memorial buried them beneath a monument. In many other lives dull dignity solemnly struggled on, but struggled in vain. Henceforth a man's biography was no

longer to be like one of Kneller's portraits, and do for anybody. A new school sprang into existence, but though many skilful writers have since worked in it, Boswell remains the head as well as the founder. Boswell has not only, as he boasted, Johnsonised the land, but he has Boswellised the biographers. He does not, it is true, claim for himself the merit of the invention of this new style. He is, he says, enlarging upon the excellent plan of Mr. Mason in his memoirs of Gray. Horace Walpole had been struck with the novelty of Mason's method. "You have fixed," he said, "the method of biography, and whoever will write a life well must imitate you." Boswell did imitate him as he acknowledges, when, instead of "melting down his materials into one mass, and constantly speaking in his own person," he followed "the chronological series of Johnson's life," and introduced year by year his minutes or letters. But he went far beyond him, not only by the conversations which are the crowning glory of his work, but by the dramatic art with which in a few touches he sketches a character or brings before us a scene. Mason wrote dramas, but he knew nothing of dramatic biography. In fact it is not to him but to Boswell that we justly look as the founder of the new school. No one reads Mason, every one reads Boswell. He had mastered that secret which Lord Chancellor Thurlow asked him for, when he had finished reading the *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*. "Could you," he said, "give a rule how to write a book that a man must read?" If he could not give the rule at all events he knew how to work by it himself. He was not one of those careless geniuses who strike out a great thing at a single heat. He had long thought over his method. His prentice hand he had tried in his *Tour to Corsica*, and his journeyman's hand in his *Tour to the Hebrides*. In both cases the workman was mocked, and his workmanship admired, or at least enjoyed. When

he came to his *magnum opus*, as he delighted to call it, the immortal *Life*, he had no doubt about the method he should pursue. More than three years before it was published he wrote to his friend Temple:—"I am absolutely certain that my mode of biography, which gives not only a *history* of Johnson's *visible* progress through the world, and of his publications, but a *view* of his mind in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be more of a *Life* than any work that has ever yet appeared." Two years later he recounted the labour, the perplexity, the vexation he had endured in his long task, and continued:—"Though I shall be uneasily sensible of its many deficiencies, it will certainly be to the world a very valuable and peculiar volume of biography, full of literary and characteristic anecdotes, told with authenticity and in a lively manner." He might have said of his book what Johnson said of the great dictionary:—"Yes, sir, I knew very well what I was undertaking—and very well how to do it—and have done it very well."

It was with a proud boast that he brought his preface to a close. "I have," he said, "largely provided for the instruction and entertainment of mankind." A hundred years have passed by, and each year has added its silent witness to the reasonableness of his boast. Each thirteenth day of December, the anniversary of Johnson's death, the Club of Johnsonians still gather together and bear their testimony too. They have set up their shrine in that Fleet Street which Johnson loved so well, where the ear of fancy still seems at times to catch the echo of his heavy tread, of his hearty laugh, and of his strong, deep voice. But if he is the hero whom they celebrate with their worship, it is Boswell who is the real founder of their religion. It is he who wrote their sacred book.

It was on Monday, May 16th, 1791, that the great work was given to the world. When a short while ago I dis-

covered this fact in the bookseller's advertisement in a newspaper of the time, I saw at once that it was not by chance that the day of publication had been selected. The choice, no doubt, was due to that strain of sentiment which in an odd way ran through Boswell's character. The dedication to his account of Corsica bears the date of October 29th, and so does the preface to the third edition. It was his birthday. Next to his birthday, perhaps, he reckoned as the greatest festival in his calendar Monday the 16th of May, for it was on that day of the month, and that day of the week, that eight and twenty years earlier he had first met Johnson. These touches of sentiment he kept, it seems, to himself; certainly he did not make them public. Perhaps I am the first to discover them.

Two or three weeks before the *Life* was brought out, Gibbon wrote from Lausanne to his publisher Cadell:—"Boswell's book will be curious, or at least whimsical; his hero, who can so long detain the public curiosity, must be no common animal." Johnson was indeed no common animal, and Boswell was no common biographer. To his genius testimony is borne by the very name by which we speak of his book. The *Life of Scott* we do not know as Lockhart, or the *Life of Macaulay* as Trevelyan, or the *Life of Carlyle*, as Froude; but the *Life of Johnson* is Boswell. It is Boswell that we read, Boswell that we talk of. Strongly and deeply marked as was the character of the hero, nevertheless the biographer has set his mark so deeply, too, that it is his name that the work bears.

Johnson, in language that has moved men to tears, has told how the Dictionary of the English Language was written "with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers; but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow." Gibbon in his stately prose has recounted the progress of his

History, from the day when he "sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter," to that calm June night three-and-twenty years later, when between "the hours of eleven and twelve I wrote the last line of the last page in a summer-house in my garden," and stepped out upon his terrace above the gleaming waters of the Lake of Geneva. In his long and laborious path he had had few outside obstacles to overcome. "The eight sessions that he sat in Parliament," instead of being a hindrance, "were," he says, "a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian."

Far different was the story which Boswell had to tell. If a good man struggling with adversity is a spectacle for the gods, what must be the prince of biographers struggling with drink? His great work ran, as it were, a race with the bottle. Long it hung doubtful in the golden scales of fate whether Boswell would first finish his book, or drink would finish Boswell. Happily his strong constitution, aided by occasional fits of comparative temperance, carried the day. For many a year he had been too much given to drink. In the *Life of Johnson* he owns himself a lover of wine. His countrymen might have died of the dropsies which they contracted in trying to get drunk on claret. He, more fortunate, succeeded in getting drunk long before he died. He had not yielded to his intemperance without many a struggle. So early as the spring of 1775, under a venerable yew-tree in a Devonshire parsonage, he had given his friend, the vicar, a promise which kept him sober for a time. Three months later he wrote to him:—"My promise under the solemn yew I have observed wonderfully, having never infringed it till the other day, a very jovial company of us dined at a tavern, and I unwarily exceeded my bottle of old hock; and having once broke over the pale, I run wild; but I did not get drunk. I was, however, intoxicated,

and very ill next day." Early in the next year we find him again supporting his failing resolution by vows. This time he made them not to a parson, but to his hero of Corsica. "General Paoli," he wrote, "has taken my word of honour that I shall not taste fermented liquor for a year, that I may recover sobriety; I have kept this promise now about three weeks; I was really growing a drunkard." The following year we find Johnson recommending him to drink water only; "for," said he, "you are then sure not to get drunk; whereas if you drink wine you are never sure." In the spring of 1778 he was "a water-drinker, upon trial, by Johnson's recommendation." Twelve years later, when he was carrying his book through the press, he was satisfied with less heroic remedies. To his friend Malone, who had helped him in the revision of the proofs, and who was uneasy at the slow progress, he wrote on December 4th, 1790:—"On the day after your departure that most friendly fellow, Courtenay, called on me, and took my word and honour that, till the first of March, my allowance of wine *per diem* should not exceed four good glasses at dinner, and a pint after it; and this I have kept, though I have dined with Jack Wilkes at the London Tavern after the launch of an Indiaman. This *regulation*, I assure you, is of essential advantage in many respects. The *Magnum Opus* advances. I have revised page 216."

Johnson had been dead more than six years before the *Life* was published. With water-drinking and industry it might, I well believe, have been finished in two. It had been long in hand. Boswell had begun to write it on the evening of that 16th day of May, 1763, when, in the back-parlour of the house in Russell Street, Covent Garden, he first met the great Lexicographer, and cried out to him: "Mr. Johnson, I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." With many a break he had gone on with it till that last day in June, one and twenty years later, when in Sir Joshua Reynolds's

coach he accompanied his old and fast-failing friend to the entry of Bolt Court, and heard him call out for the last time, "'Fare you well,' as without looking back he sprang away with a kind of pathetic briskness." With so much already done, two years should have sufficed to bring the work to its completion.

But there were other hindrances besides the bottle. That same ambition for distinction to which we owe the *Life* of Johnson—which, to use his own words, "had ever raged in his veins like a fever"—had often, by a miserable misdirection, robbed him of much of its just fruits. It had led him to struggle, too often by unworthy means, for an eminence of life for which he was wholly unfit. In what he called "the great wheel of the metropolis" he was ever hoping "to draw a capital prize." He looked with envy on such men as Wedderburn and Dundas. "Harry Dundas," he wrote, "is going to be made King's Advocate—Lord Advocate at thirty-three. I cannot help being angry and somewhat fretful at this; he has, to be sure, strong parts, but he is a coarse, unlettered, unfanciful dog." He was ever hoping for distinction by some sudden stroke of fortune or the favour of some great man. He joined the English bar. "I am sadly discouraged," he wrote, "by having no practice, nor probable prospect of it. Yet the delusion of Westminster Hall, of brilliant reputation and splendid fortune as a barrister, still weighs upon my imagination." He longed for a seat in Parliament, and, in the hope of winning one, fawned on the brutal Earl of Lonsdale. It was in vain that he had courted Pitt. From him he met with the coldest neglect. To borrow Johnson's words, he was always "paying a shilling's worth of court for sixpenceworth of good." That he was not blind to his own folly is shown by passages in his letters such as the following: "*Feb. 24, 1788*, I have been wretchedly dissipated, so that I have not written a line for a fortnight.

Nov. 28, 1789, Malone's hospitality, and my other invitations, and particularly my attendance at Lord Lonsdale's, have lost us many evenings. *June 21, 1790*, How unfortunate to be obliged to interrupt my work. Never was a poor ambitious projector more mortified. I am suffering without any prospect of reward, and only from my own folly."

As if all these idle longings were not enough, the progress of the work, which was destined to be read "beyond the Mississippi and under the Southern Cross, and as long as the English exists either as a living or as a dead language,"—I borrow Lord Macaulay's swelling diction—the progress of this great work was still further retarded by the matrimonial projects of the author. His first wife, to whom he had been much attached, "a true Mongomerie," as he boasted—whatever may be the exact force of that epithet of praise—had lately died. Over his bereavement he shed many tears—none the less sincere because they were mingled with some drink. Two years passed by, and then we find the still disconsolate widower speaking of having "had of late several matrimonial schemes." At the house of Sir William Scott, the King's Advocate at the Commons, he was to meet "his lady's sister, who may probably have six or seven hundred a year. She is about seven and twenty, and he tells me lively and gay—a Ranelagh girl—but of excellent principles, insomuch that she reads prayers to the servants in her father's family every Sunday evening. 'Let me see such a woman,' cried I, and accordingly I am to see her." We know nothing more but that she did not become Mrs. Boswell.

As if there were not obstacles enough in the biographer's path, one more was added by the embarrassment of debt. In his pride of lineage he had raised on mortgage a large sum for the purchase of an estate which had been imprudently given by one of his ancestors to a younger son, and so had been lost

to the main line. He had borrowed another sum of £500 to lend to an unlucky first cousin, and now the creditor was pressing him for repayment. He bought a lottery-ticket for £16. 8s. 0d., and lost the prize for £5,000 only by the two *last figures*, "which, alas! were 48, whereas those of the fortunate one were 33." He was depressed about the success of his forthcoming book by his "damned good-natured friends," who "shook their heads at the *two quartos and two guineas*. George Steevens," he writes, "kindly tells me that I have over-printed, and that the curiosity about Johnson is *now* only in our own circle." At a time when he should, like Johnson, have been "delivering his book to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well," he feels "a continual uneasiness, all the prospect before me for the rest of life seeming gloomy and hopeless."

In how feverish a bustle of life was one of the most restful of books brought to its close! As we turn to it from "vexing thoughts," and the restlessness of modern days, how few are the traces which we discover of all this debt, drink, tears, penitence, matrimonial projects, and idle longings for preferment, for a seat in Parliament, for a brilliant career in Westminster Hall! Still more are we struck with the calm which enfolds it when we think of the huge upheaval that was beginning all around. While the printer's devil was running to Boswell with the last sheet, Mirabeau lay dying, "carrying in his heart the death-dirge of the French Monarchy." In the pages of the *Life of Johnson* not a trace is to be seen of the great Revolution. Its waters are unruffled by the first breath of the coming storm. All the wildness of hope, the extravagance of thought, the uprising against tyranny and bigotry, against custom and common sense, the overthrow of the old optimism and the old self-complacency, the first dawn of the Age of Discontent, the new school of poetry with its depths and its shal-

lows, its realities and its affectations, all the vast changes which, as it were by a great gulf, separate us from the men of the eighteenth century—of these we discover not even a reflection on that calm and land-locked sea. In many a spot the swell had begun to be felt, but neither hero nor biographer was swayed by it.

Could the world, which is often so slow in discovering what is both great and new, have recognised in Boswell the genius which was really his, we should perhaps have traced in his character as little restlessness as in his book. It was the denial of his just share of fame which was for ever stirring him to struggle for eminence. Like Goldsmith he was read, enjoyed, and mocked. To Gray he was a fool who wrote a most valuable book by chance, merely because he told with veracity what he heard and saw. To Horace Walpole Goldsmith was an inspired idiot. Boswell and Goldsmith constantly asserted themselves because they felt their real superiority to men who were ranked far above them. Lord Chancellor Camden took no more notice of Goldsmith than if he had been an ordinary man. While the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* and of *The Deserted Village* still moves our laughter and our tears—*affectuum potens at lenis dominator*—the Lord Chancellor is as dead to us as his wig. Boswell knew, as I have said, that “he had largely provided for the instruction and entertainment of mankind”; while Wedderburn and Dundas had done nothing but largely provide for themselves and their descendants. The *Life of Johnson* we owe, as we owe most great work, to “that last infirmity of noble mind,” the love of fame—the *laudum immensa cupido*. “I have an ardent ambition for literary fame,” wrote Boswell in the preface to his *Corsica*, “a hope of being remembered after death.” To the friend of his youth he had always confided his “towering hopes”; but before long he confided them to a mocking world. Hopes such as his were felt by another

young Scotchman, past whose father’s door, a few months before he was born, was carried poor Boswell’s dead body on the way to its last resting-place in Auchinleck. “Think not,” wrote Thomas Carlyle to a friend, “think not I am careless about literary fame. No; Heaven knows that ever since I have been able to form a wish, the wish of being known has been the foremost.” It was this wish that supplied his genius with that patient endurance of long laborious days, which with the radiance of learning has lighted up the ages of Cromwell, of Frederick, and of the French Revolution. At aspirations such as these, when they are openly avowed, the world mocks, though they are one of the strongest, and by far the cheapest of the motive-powers in the service of mankind. The rewards bestowed on authors are not so great that under pain of ridicule and contempt they are to be deprived of their “immortal longings.” Had Boswell kept his vanity well hidden, or had he turned it into surly pride, he might have nursed it as much as he pleased; but, as old Burton says, “they are the veriest asses that hide their ears the most.” I like to think that there was one great man by whom his merits were liberally allowed. It was no doubt by the influence of Sir Joshua Reynolds that, in the autumn of the year in which the *Life of Johnson* was published, Boswell was appointed Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy. In the list of its honorary officers his name follows those of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Gibbon.

One kind of success was not refused him. His works met with a rapid sale. Both of his *Corsica* and his *Tour to the Hebrides* three editions were called for within the year. Of the *Life of Johnson* 1,200 copies were sold in less than four months. Cowper, who the same spring was receiving subscriptions for his Translation of Homer, complained of “living in days of terrible taxation, when verse not being a necessary of life is accounted

dear, be it what it may, even at the lowest price." In judging of the extent of the sale we must remember too that the English-speaking population of the world is probably five times as numerous as it was then; though there is one large and interesting section of that great host, which, by its peculiar institutions, often manages to buy books and yet not benefit authors. How many editions have been published in all I do not know. In the British Museum there are at least thirty, all printed in Great Britain. The pirates of Dublin certainly printed one, and perhaps more. In the United States no doubt many have appeared—one much against any wish of mine. In both England and America there have been stereotyped editions, so that the number of copies issued must have been vast. The *Tours to Corsica* and the *Hebrides* were quickly translated into foreign languages; but the *Life of Johnson* can only be read by those who understand our tongue. It is, perhaps, as well that this is so. His strong common sense put suddenly into the heads of Frenchmen or Germans might have the same effect on them as it had on Boswell, and cause them a headache.

Of all the editions of his work Boswell saw only the first and second. He was but fifty-four when he died. With his fine constitution he should have lived to four-score, and over his ninth edition have sung his *Nunc dimittis*. Even as it was, his pride in his success was great. There were, no doubt, "cold-blooded and morose mortals," as he called them, "who really disliked his book;" but in his "moments of self-complacency" he "assimilated" it to the *Odyssey*. From "persons eminent for their rank, learning, talents, and accomplishments he was regaled with spontaneous praise, much of which," he writes, "I have under their hands to be repositied in my archives at Auchinleck."

How greatly would he have been delighted could he have known that "Burke affirmed that Boswell's *Life* was a greater monument to Johnson's fame than all his writings put together." But he would, I fear, have been still more pleased had Miss Burney told him that "a GREAT PERSONAGE" was reading his book the very summer it came out, and was applying to her for explanations without end. Nay, the Queen frequently condescended to read over with her passages and anecdotes which perplexed her.

It is the sweetest of all earthly things
To gaze at princes and to talk of kings.

But to be talked of by princes and kings is surely still sweeter.

The book was to spread with the spread of the English-speaking race, and to become the delight of men who agree in scarcely anything else but in their admiration of the immortal *Life*. Leigh Hunt records that when he was living at Genoa with Lord Byron, and not getting on too well with him, "it was a jest between us that the only book that was a thorough favourite on both sides was Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. I used to talk of Johnson when I saw him disturbed, or when I wished to avoid other subjects."

In pious gratitude let all true Johnsonians gather together on Saturday, the sixteenth day of this month of May, and honour the memory of James Boswell, and keep the centenary of his *magnum opus* with joyous festivity. As he wanders with his friend and master through those happy shades "where there is no room for Whiggism," may there reach him some faint echo of the applause with which we express our gratitude towards the greatest of biographers, the author of the immortal *Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson*!

GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL.

SOME OLD GERMAN HUMOURISTS.

"CAN a German have wit?" asked the profane Frenchman, and, like Pilate, did not wait for an answer. A century and more before the birth of Heine the question was not quite so inept in substance as it was impertinent in form. Yet it implied in the questioner even then a certain share of the national gift for coining base metal into epigrams, and cultivating literature with brilliant success on a very thin diet of fact. No doubt foreign wit and humour are especially difficult to assimilate. They have to be besieged behind the entrenchments of a strange idiom; and when the philological barriers have been laboriously beaten down, the subtle genius within, which yields to insight but not to toil, is often found to have apparently disappeared. But the Père Bouhours had not undertaken this siege and was therefore not entitled to plead this defence. The immense and various literature produced in Germany in the century preceding his own was to him, as to his countrymen generally, a region too unknown to arouse even the consciousness that they did not know it. That it was quite as intellectually rich as it was abundant cannot indeed be asserted. It never attained to either the imaginative splendour of the Elizabethans, or the chastened glow of the *Pléiade*, or the romantic charm of Tasso. But within the range of a less ideal and aspiring art it is extraordinarily full of life and vigour. If it is earthy, it has the zest and raciness of the soil. If it knows little of the gracious delicacy of the flower, it is full of the marrow which makes the stability of the stem. And it is very far also from being as predominantly grave as its reputation. On the contrary it is rife with natural humour,—not the humour of the pro-

fessional humourist, as this last unhappy but indispensable word unfortunately suggests, but rather the unsought, homely, half-traditional humour of the people. We propose in the following pages to afford the merest glance, no more, of this almost untrodden region.

We will begin, unpromising as it may sound, with a great preacher. A famous saying of Mephistopheles would suggest that laughter is anything but a divine quality; yet somehow a considerable body of the great and motley tribe of jests claims to have been begotten of very reverend persons, and even in very solemn places. But during the last three centuries ecclesiastical humour, abundant as it has been, has observed certain limits, which the grave and serious spirit of Protestantism has even accentuated. Actual jests, however instructive, have not often been introduced into sermons. No such scruple hampered the typical preacher of the later Middle Ages, whose sense of decorum, otherwise constituted than ours, permitted him an incomparably freer resort to profane material for sacred uses. If there is any spot in Europe which inspires religious awe in the modern traveller, it is under the glorious vault of the Strasbourg Minster; and if in the generation which preceded and prepared for Luther there was any fervid and high-hearted preacher, it was Johann Geiler of Kaisersberg. No finer type of expiring Catholicism exists than he; but his sermons, which daily filled the great nave with a crowd of eager listeners, were also the principal source of the first German book of jests. Buffoonery was completely absent from his nature; but his strong popular intelligence instinctively sought the most effective means of driving home his

moral, and his good stories, though told with keen relish and spirit and without a trace of modern unction, are always followed by the application which they are designed to commend. Possibly the audience may have at times perversely ignored the wholesome doctrine and remembered the unsubstantial illustration, like those ladies of the seventeenth century who, on their first experience of tea, "poured away," we are told, "the dusky brown liquid, and ate the leaves with butter." And the modern reader will not reverse the former preference so decisively as the latter. The solution of the vexed problem of the position of women, for instance, can hardly be said to have been materially advanced by the tragic anecdote of a husband and wife who, as they walked through a newly-cut meadow, fell into dispute whether it had been mown or shorn. The debate grew hot, and the husband at length sought to settle it in favour of the former theory by throwing the obstinate adherent of the wrong side into the river. She continued however to protest, and when she sank under the surface and was on the point of drowning, a hand emerging from the water with two fingers crossed like shears attested her dying fidelity to the faith that it was shorn. It was probably this wife whose body her husband was afterwards found seeking up the stream, on the ground that having been so contrary while she lived, she was likely to have defied the course of nature after death.

It was from morsels such as these, thickly strewn over the pages of the venerable Strasburg preacher, that his disciple, Johann Pauli, principally compiled, as we have already hinted, the first German book of good things, his *Schimpf und Ernst*, which in the language of the sixteenth century is equivalent to Jest and Earnest. Pauli, like his master, was a moralist, and invested his capital of pleasant anecdote with a shrewd eye to a return in improved manners. If his own monastic brethren might be permitted to

read it for recreation, the unruly knights and barons in their savage fastnesses were to find in its pages wholesome instruction and solemn warnings, while the sluggish intellect of well-fed citizens was only to be allured by its appetising bait of jest to approach within easier range of the moralist's lash. But a host of imitators soon followed in Pauli's path, in whose hands the jest-book tacitly dropped its claim to be a kind of preacher's companion, and became simply a book of jests. The splendour and luxury of civic life in the Germany of the sixteenth century, together with a growing refinement of manners and a certain tendency to cultivate talk as an art, which was only less pronounced in the patrician houses of Augsburg and Nuremberg than in the *salons* of Paris and the euphuistic coteries of London, all this created a real need for entertaining literature, and it is not surprising to find that these books bear as a class the stamp of the well-to-do *bourgeois's* tastes, habits, and prejudices. They seek, like the stock novelist of to-day, to assist him in transacting his business without tedium and his amusements without being bored. Most of them enumerate with great precision on their title pages the particular social diseases for which they furnish an unfailing nostrum. One for instance, the *Rollwagenbüchlein* (1555), compiled by the honest town clerk of Burgheim, J. Wickram, describes itself modestly as a "new and unexampled book, wherein be many rare jests and stories, fit to be told in ships and coaches, as likewise in baths and barbers' shops"; while another, the *Gartengesellschaft* (1556), of Jacob Frey, aspires to mitigate the dulness of more solemn occasions, "in fair gardens, by cool fountains, on green meadows, at noble music, and other seemly festivities."

As may be supposed, an extremely large proportion of this mirthful matter was obtained at the cost of the various non-civic classes of society, from which the life of the cities was

in the sixteenth century so sharply cut off. Above all it is the peasants whose weak points are a continual mark for good-humoured ridicule. A countryman, for instance, comes to town to be shaved, and entering a barber's shop learns that the charge is a halfpenny; this strikes him as extortionate, and he insists upon being shaved for a farthing. The barber immediately consents and shaves him to the exact value of a farthing—from one side only. Or again, a company of villagers, desiring a painted figure of Christ, go to a certain painter to give their commission. "Do they wish the figure to be alive or dead?" he asks. They consult together a while, and then reply that they wish him to be alive, "for then if it should not please us we can easily strike him dead." Sometimes we detect the sarcastic flavour of university wit, as in the story of the three students who, desiring to supplement the spare diet of the college dinner, undertook a nocturnal expedition to a neighbouring farm in quest of a goose. All goes well until the critical moment, but just when the goose is safely in the grasp of the leader, an alarm is raised. A rapid whispered dialogue in dog-Latin ensues. "Have you got it?"—"I have it."—"Run off as fast as you can." They escape in safety with their booty, but the owner has overheard and carefully remembered their Latin phrases, and on the following morning, to the delight of the whole university, reports to the authorities as having stolen his goose the three gentlemen called Master *Have you got it*, Master *I have it*, and Master *Run off as fast as you can*. A whole family of stories turn upon the inexhaustible subject of husbands and wives. In a certain town in Essex a fitch of bacon is still awarded to any couple who have never quarrelled. It is said to have been claimed twice in a century. In Germany a like reward was offered to any husband who could show that he was master in his own house. The slightest breath of suspicion that his

domestic relations were not as happy as they might be, sufficed to invalidate his claim. In one town the tempting reward was suspended, a cynosure for marital eyes, over the chief gate. For a long time no one ventured to claim it, until one day (when it was perhaps no longer quite so desirable as at first) an audacious peasant coming by proposed to carry it off. "You must put it under your coat then," rejoins the gate-keeper. "Nay," replies the peasant, "for that would foul my shirt, and I should have a warm welcome at home." After that his case is naturally dismissed without appeal. A variation on this theme is the subject of one of the best Carnival plays of Hans Sachs. Two peasants, aptly named Hans Flegel and Simon Frauenknecht, present themselves at the hostelry *Zum Deutschen Hof* in Nuremberg, where the promised prize is in this instance kept. Their claim is met by a challenge to produce fourteen witnesses in its support. Demurring to this, they are required to bring the wives themselves. This is still more out of the question; and a cross-examination elicits from Hans the confession that though he does just what he pleases in his own house, he has bought this freedom with a great price—that of allowing his wife to do the same. Simon is in still worse case. "Surely thou art master at home?" asks his fellow Hans. "Ay, to be sure; when my wife is out bathing I am lord alone." "But, prythee, good man, tell me, art thou not always master?"—"Ay, ay, she lets me give all the orders—on condition that I ask her first."

Now and then the levels of this merely anecdotic fun are relieved by genuine satiric invention. The solemn platitudes of a rustic jury, for instance, are not badly reproduced in the story of the village elders, who, learning the sudden demise of their neighbour, the wolf, held an inquest upon the body, and after successively pronouncing their opinions upon the cause of death, leave it in the end uncertain whether the deceased had died of a cold caused

by overmuch walking in the snow with bare feet, or of indigestion incurred through a too free indulgence in raw mutton. But the most characteristic and brilliant efforts of satiric humour were those in which the naïvely-imagined Paradise of the popular faith was employed in a fashion only to be paralleled in English by Byron's colossal *Vision of Judgment*. The charming fancy of Eve and her children, half of them good and half naughty, receiving a visit from the Creator (in preparation for which Cain stoutly refuses to have his face washed and his hair combed) was the subject of the most famous of Hans Sachs's numerous plays. So far as this little domestic idyl has any practical purpose, it is apparently only that of impressing upon the juvenile mind the consequences of disobedience to parents, for the untidy and unruly Cain meets with condign chastisement from the august Visitor. A more formidable class of delinquents was occasionally honoured with a discharge of the like genial and well-meant but tolerably harmless railery. The wandering German soldiery (*Landsknecht*) whom princes of every faith and party employed in the civil wars of the sixteenth century, were as fair game as Ancient Pistol or Captain Bobadil for the satirists, with their lawless licence and their immense simplicity, their "hair-starting" oaths and their Teuton heartiness and good nature. In a very quaint and laughable poem Hans Sachs describes how a troop of them contrived one day to enter Paradise, owing to an oversight of St. Peter's wife who had been strictly charged to watch the door, but happened at the critical moment to have turned her back. The unruly intruders at once proceed to make themselves at home, and set up their dice-table in the sacred precincts. The authorities, much concerned, take anxious counsel as to their removal, but without result until an angel, well-acquainted with *Landsknecht* human nature, suddenly raises the cry "To arms!" outside, when the whole troop

instantly starts up and rushes to the fancied fray through the open gate which is promptly closed behind them. But the most celebrated of these stories is that of Hans Pfriem, based on the old fable of the Peasant in Heaven, and turned into a drama as amusing in effect as it is edifying in intention, by the strict Lutheran divine, Martin Hayneck of Grimma. Hans Pfriem was a village carter whose faculty of candid criticism made him the terror of his neighbours. He belonged in fact to the class of persons endowed with a conscience so much in excess of their private requirements that they spontaneously place it at the disposal of every one who needs it. The presence of such a man was evidently not desirable in Paradise, and strict orders were accordingly given that he should on no account be admitted. Nevertheless, by another oversight of the porter's wife, he contrived to slip in. Anxious debate ensues among the saints, but a compromise is finally arrived at, according to which he is permitted to remain on condition of his finding no fault, no matter what he may see. His forbearance is sorely tried, however, for the ways of Paradise are by no means the ways of earth, and at every turn he discovers some stone of offence at which all his terrestrial prejudices cry out. Here he meets women who carry water in leaking vessels; there a pair of woodmen with a beam between them are trying to walk abreast through a narrow passage. All the instincts of the practical man are in revolt, but he holds his tongue, and in fact the leaking vessels somehow always remain full, and the long beam proves somehow compatible with the narrow passage. At length he sees a fellow craftsman of his own, a carter whose cart and four horses have stuck fast in the mire, trying to extricate them by attaching two of the four behind. This is too much, and he indignantly calls out to the dull fellow whose algebra permits him to suppose that two *minus* two make four. Like the heroine of *Lohengrin* he has

spoken the forbidden word, and a peremptory summons to quit speedily arrives. But Hans is not so easily removed. The saints who successively arrive to evict him are reminded of their earthly failings in such vigorous language that they retire in confusion, and the bold carter is left master of the field. As a last resort they send to him the children, who having been taken away by Death before they had ever sinned present no hold for his sarcasm. The professional fault-finder is at a loss, he finds his occupation gone, and his tried weapon of defence useless. But a happy inspiration comes to him. He fills his pockets with apples, pears, and nuts, and scatters them among the hostile forces with such effect that they forget what they were sent to do, and instead of driving away this new and delightful Rip Van Winkle, troop merrily off to play with him in the meadows. The exasperated saints have no alternative but to make peace, and Hans engages to keep his inconvenient tongue in order for the future—a consummation which betrays that the clerical author concealed under the decorous mantle of the moralist a sturdy, uncontrollable love of a good jest. He “smelt a rat” no doubt, and wrote a play to edify the rat off the face of the earth; but the natural genius of the story prevailed over its intended application, and before he reached the climax he had persuaded himself, like the immortal “Candid 8,” that it did not after all “smell very strong.”

In the stories so far dealt with, the town as against the country may be said to have had it all its own way,—a result that needs no explanation in books which, as we have seen, were written, in the main, by citizens for citizens. But the peasant now and then turned and rent his assailants in jest as well as earnest, and the stern tragedy of the Peasants’ Wars had its comic counterpart in literature. The graceless vagabond whose exploits made the name of Owlglass famous in England from Barclay to Ben Jonson, and en-

riched the French language with the only word (*espègle*) by which they can be adequately described, was in a sense the champion of the peasantry; and though he was tolerably impartial in his choice of victims, upon no class did he play his pranks with so much zest as upon the insolent townsmen. This did not prevent the record of them from becoming among the most popular of all the German story-books of the century; and in fact its principal interest to modern readers who cannot digest its crude and saltless obscenities, lies in the inferences which may be drawn about a society which could and did. But more intellectual weapons were not wholly wanting. Here and there in the civic jest-books themselves we meet with genuine traits of rustic shrewdness produced at the cost of social superiors, more often it is true of the priest than the citizen, as in Pauli’s story (which has done duty many a time since) of the parson who, anxious to qualify the native frankness of Teutonic manners, required his parishioners to substitute a low whistle for the candid but too explicit “You lie!” Having to preach on one occasion at very short notice, he committed himself in an account of the Creation to the statement that the Lord after making Adam “leaned him up against a rail.” A low whistle interrupted him. “What, you think I lie?” “No, sir, but I would fain know who made the rail.”

It is not however to the peasantry that we owe the one classical satire upon town life which Germany produced in the sixteenth century. The history of the *Schiltburger*, printed in its last years but based on much older traditions, betrays in every page the caustic humour of a scholar with the literary instinct of a practised writer. Our own *Men of Gotham* can only be compared in tendency, not in effect. The nearest parallel is in truth the immortal caricature of a proverbially weak point in our ancient civic life which relieves the romantic pathos of *Much Ado About Nothing*. The Schiltburgers are in fact a whole townful of

Dogberries and Verges'. Everybody has heard of their plan for saving the expense of windows,—how they built their town-hall with only a single opening, the door, and then when all was finished, introduced the light in a closed bag, taking the utmost care that none should escape by the way. This is merely broad farce, but there are better things in the book. The whole account of the reception of the Emperor, with the wonderful, ultra-municipal verses which his loyal burgesses of Schiltburg perpetrate in his honour, is an irresistibly droll travesty of more famous civic festivities. And the time-honoured difficulty, *what to do with the earth you take out of a hole*, has probably suggested the Schiltburgers' solution to more men than would care to confess it. After long reflection one of them suggested, "Dig another hole and put it in!" They looked at one another and pondered a while. At last one began: "Ay, but where shall we put the earth we get out of *that* hole?" "Why, you foolish fellows," returned the first, "of course you must make the hole so much bigger, to leave room for the earth you take out of it." And when the objectors heard this reply, they slunk away in great humiliation, feeling that their understanding was no match for such a man.

In this world, where kindness is often a little grave, laughter is rarely without a touch of malice; and humour is far oftener found in the service of satire than of eulogy. But among the Teutonic races, in England, Germany, America, the genius of humour has tended to escape this limitation, imposed upon it habitually by the *esprit Gaulois*, and to break into the joyous laughter which springs from the incongruities of things rather than from the eccentricities of men. There is no *arrière-pensée* in Falstaff, nor in Sir Roger, nor in Uncle Toby, nor in Reuter's Onkel Bräsig. And it is pleasant to be able to turn, in conclusion, to an example, unique in its way, of this more kindly and genial humour. Rarely do we escape more

completely from the atmosphere of drastic ridicule which is the breath of that literature, than in turning over the pages of Johann Fischart's poem of *The Fortunate Ship*, composed to celebrate a fantastically grandiose compliment paid by the city of Zürich to Strasburg, in honour of their mutual amity.

It was midsummer of the year 1576, and there was to be a great shooting festival at Strasburg. The whole town made holiday, and the best shots came trooping in from all the Swabian and Alsatian villages around. There was a great fair too, and a lottery, in which the single ticket of a poor servant-girl brought her the first prize of ten thousand *gulden*, while the Duke of Anhalt, who had bought four hundred tickets, got nothing but blanks. And lastly, the students of the Strasburg Academy, then presided over by Johann Sturm the close friend of our Roger Ascham, and the most famous classical school in Europe, performed a play of Sophocles in Greek, and that with such pathos as to draw tears from the spectators who did not understand a word.

Messages of goodwill too, which in our day would have been congratulatory telegrams, were sent from a distance; among them most notable by far was one from Zürich, which took the shape of a cauldron of hot porridge, rowed down by a single crew in a single summer day, a distance of fully one hundred and fifty miles. They had started before dawn, and the midsummer sun was just dipping below the purple peaks of the Vosges as they pulled up the little tributary of the Rhine on which Strasburg stands. Their coming, announced beforehand, had been eagerly expected; the boat was hailed with cheers, children danced along the bank shouting with joy, grave senators came down to receive them as they landed at the point still marked by a monument and a street called *Züricher-strasse* in their honour. A great banquet awaited them at the Rath-haus, and the whole town went wild with enthusiasm when it learned

that the porridge cooked the day before at Zürich had been still so hot that it had burned everybody's mouth. Such was the feat which Fischart, the first German satirist of the day, chose to celebrate. There is in it, in his eyes, nothing puerile or trivial. On the contrary, his robust Protestant heart warms with enthusiasm at the friendship, thus eccentrically attested, of the two great reformed cities, and he even ventures with the light heart of a pre-scientific etymologist to prove that their names are identical. Just as *Jeswiter* in his philology means *Jesu wider* (against Jesus), and *Bischof* is only a variation for *Beiss schaf* (bite-sheep), so Zürich easily becomes under his manipulation *Tsuric*, *Tsrac*, *Tstras*, and finally *Strass-burg*. But these gambols are only preliminary flourishes. His main business is with the voyage itself and he throws about it an air of poetry, blended of enthusiasm and humour, which to confess the truth rarely visited the pen of a German in those days. The stout Zürichers become in his hands second Argonauts, and he himself their second Apollonius. The little incidents and adventures, the brief emergencies and crises of that day's journey down stream, are dwelt on with the same minuteness as though they had been years of weary wandering through unknown seas. All Nature too becomes alive and personal for him. River and sun are for the German as for the Greek rower divine things, to be moved by prayer; and so felicitous is the poet's simple touch that one feels that this is not a mere bit of Hellenic mythology tacked on, but the folklore of his own people welling up from the depth of a thoroughly German heart. How wholly German, for instance, is the account of the embarkation in the first gray of the June morning, while the trumpet-blasts with which

they greet the dawn ring over the still lake under the fading stars, and the morning hymn to the sun rises from the lips of the rowers as they are about to start.

O thou dear Sun ! O thou clear day !
Give us thy light upon our way !
Put forth thy head, ruddy and bright,
That thou hast robbed us of this night.
For our sake rise with glad goodwill,
That we our whole task may fulfil !

And how quick is the sympathy for river-life in what follows ! The boat shoots down the rapid Limmat, the oars rising and falling so fast that it seems some strange bird flying along the water; presently they pass into the Aar which springs from the cloud-capt Gothard, and winds down "tortuous as a fish-hook" to the north; and then they hear the rush of Rhine, and their heart rises in them and they cry, "Now need we thy help, O clear and rushing Rhine, to bring us to the queen of thy cities, Strasburg." And Rhine answers in a voice like the roaring of waters: "Good heart, comrades, *Frisch dran, ihr lieben Eidgenossen !*"

Row, row ahead !
Strain every sinew, and have no dread ;
For labour brings the victor's name,
And to have toiled is to have fame !

With this fine and truly German sentiment we may take leave of our poet and close the present brief study of old German Humour. Nor could it well be closed more fitly than with words which utter the strenuousness, the ardour, which lies at the heart of laughter in the Teuton nature, words which therefore served excellently well in their grave enthusiasm as text and moral to this rhyming Odyssey of a Pot of Porridge.

C. H. HERFORD.

TYPES FOR THE BLIND.

IN the January number of the *Edinburgh Review* there is an article on the blind, one part of which cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. That the writer has the use of his eyes will be obvious; that he is either ignorant of the requirements of the blind for reading and writing, or is wilfully prejudiced with regard to those requirements, is also clear. He sums up his analysis of the various types in this fashion:—

What is really needed is simply this: (1.) An embossed type resembling as nearly as may be that in general use among seeing men, so that the blind scholar may derive every possible help from the remembrance of letters which he may have once seen, or from any sighted reader; both of which advantages are denied to him by Braille and Moon. (2.) All words must be correctly spelt in full, so that when he has learned to write, others may be able to read his written words. (3.) The type must be clear and sharp to the finger of the adult hardened by age or rough work, and to the softer touch of the little child.

Beyond a doubt some modification of the Roman letter must be the foundation of that system; and having mastered that for reading and writing, let the blind scholar take Braille with all his dots as an adjunct for arithmetic, music, or other special subject.

In this way the writer tries to shelve the work of the past thirty years with regard to the education of the blind.

A short retrospect of the various systems devised by philanthropists—who are mainly not blind—to enable the blind to read, is necessary to our purpose. Up to nearly the end of the last century little was done to ameliorate the condition of those who had lost their sight, and no real attempt to enable them to read for themselves by touch seems to have been made till about 1784. In this year M. Valentin Houy, founder of the Institution des

Jeunes Aveugles at Paris, started the idea of a raised letter. He chose the Italic form of the Roman letter. This system was introduced into this country in 1834 by Sir Charles Lowther, but never took root. It was about this time that the attention of philanthropists in the United Kingdom and America, and of other friends of the blind, was stirred to action. In 1834 Mr. Gall, of Edinburgh, printed the Gospel of St. John in a modified Roman type, using serrated lines and replacing curves by angles. Mr. Alston, of Glasgow, adopted the idea of ordinary Roman capitals. Dr. Howe, of Boston, U.S., used small Roman letters, replacing curves by angles as Mr. Gall had done. In 1838 Mr. Dawson Littledale adopted a combination of capitals and small letters. The Bible has been printed at Stuttgart in Roman capitals, the lines being formed of a series of fine dots.

In consequence of the difficulty of feeling these various modifications of the Roman letter other plans have been tried, which may be divided into two classes,—Lines and Dots. Of the former there have been three: the phonetic shorthand system of Frere, the stenographic shorthand of Lucas, and that of Dr. Washington Moon. But even these three could not agree in their arbitrary signs. All these systems can be stereotyped and written in a slow and imperfect way by the aid of wooden cubes, the form of the letter indicated by pin-points projecting from the under surface. This multiplicity of systems, devised for the most part by the seeing to aid the blind, shows how difficult it is to test the touch by the eye. No doubt it was felt that the blind must learn a letter almost identical to that used by the seeing; but one thing seems to have been over-

looked, the convenience of the people it was hoped to benefit.

Of the dotted systems there are two ; that known as the New York, and that which takes its name from its inventor, M. Louis Braille, a blind pupil, and afterwards teacher, in the Institution des Jeunes Aveugles in Paris. The former is not used outside the United States ; the latter, invented in 1829, was scarcely known in this country till 1868. In that year the British and Foreign Association for Promoting the Education and Employment of the Blind was formed by the late Dr. T. R. Armitage. He associated with himself a few other gentlemen, all of whom were, as he was, unable to read except through the finger. After long and careful trial of the various systems, this committee decided in favour of the Braille system, and the association has been ever since its firm advocate. The steady increase in the sale of books and materials for embossing Braille points to the correctness of their decision. The advantages of the dotted system over all others are, that it is (1) easily felt, (2) quickly learned, (3) readily written, (4) adaptable to musical notation. The writer in the *Edinburgh Review* says of the Braille system, that it is "an unknown sea" to the blind boy, and further on of the books at the command of the blind, that they are

few, . . . and these few chiefly of the driest possible flavour—dictionaries, manuals, readers, or, dreariest of all, pages of advice and warning manufactured specially for him as deprived of sight. Books of amusement, such as the sighted now have in abundance, to the blind boy are all but unknown. In school he rarely reads out of any book but the Bible from one end of the week to the other. After mastering the alphabet he was probably set to work at once on one of the Gospels, and in that for, say, six months. Then another Gospel, and so on for three or four years, the final issue being that by dint of sheer repetition he at last reads whole pages of his dreary lesson by rote—faster than his fingers can travel over the words, with little thought of their sacred meaning, and even less of their divine source.

Now what are the facts? Let a blind man speak for the blind. We are not ungrateful for all that has been done for us in the past, but we do claim that we may decide for ourselves the system which isolates us least from the rest of mankind, and enables us to read and write with the greatest fluency. We assert that the blind alone are able to know what system of reading is most adaptable to our wants. It is now almost the universal belief among us that the Braille system is the best for our purposes. It has been adopted by all the institutions in England, by every country in Europe where attention is paid to the blind, in Australia, in British North America, in Brazil, Mexico, Japan, and Egypt. During the last few months it has been adapted to Hebrew and Arabic. Missionaries in China find it of great use, and a lady has lately adopted it for one of the Indian dialects, one of the Gospels being shortly to be printed for her use. This consensus of opinion among those who have lost their sight speaks for itself, and is the best answer to the ironical statement in the *Review* that, "It is said, however, that this complicated system has found advocates, and is liked by many of the blind themselves." It cannot be supposed for a moment that the people who have had the advantage of the Braille system will ever return to a Roman letter, however modified. Moon will still remain for those few whose touch is not keen enough for Braille ; the other systems will die.

That the "unknown sea" is easy to cross may be inferred from the fact that an old lady of seventy-six learnt it, and used it for reading and writing for nearly ten years ; and children have been known to pick up the system in a very short space of time. One can hardly believe that the relations and friends of those who are compelled to use a raised type would grudge the short time it takes to acquire it.

The Reviewer states that the sign

for E in Braille stands also for the note of interrogation. This is not so, as, though the dots are in the same relative position to each other, they are in different lines. The use of contractions in the system is on a uniform basis, and far from being a deterrent to the blind reader and writer they are constantly being added to.

"To the blind," we are then told, "this system has one strong attraction—that it is specially *for them only*; that very few sighted people can make head or tail of it; and, above all, that by means of it they can carry on a correspondence with each other of which nobody else can decipher a single word. This, naturally, is a great charm to a secretive race who hate to have their letters read to them. But that such a system should find any other advocates apart from these is a problem hard to be understood." This is unjust; the writer little knows the class for whom he has so little sympathy. Are pupils created for teachers or teachers for pupils? Should not the teacher learn the method which adapts itself most readily to the requirements of the pupil, rather than the pupil be forced to learn what gives the teacher the least trouble? Why should the blind be called a "secretive race"? Are they to be debarred from receiving private letters? Debarred from communicating with their friends? Debarred from taking notes, and keeping their accounts? Debarred, in short, from what every seeing man, woman, and child has by natural right, because a few managers and teachers of schools for the blind cannot take the trouble to adapt themselves to the wants of the pupils committed to their care? These persons put themselves in opposition to the great mass of the blind, who have realised that the only way to draw themselves nearer and nearer to their fellow-creatures is by making use of a system more serviceable to those who have to depend to a large extent for reading on their touch. If any danger is to

be feared during the school period from the passing of letters (a danger not unknown in schools for seeing children) surely it should be the duty of those in authority to take the necessary steps to counteract it.

Now as to the books obtainable by the blind. Few books there may be in Roman letter, and few, too, in the Moon system beyond the Bible and some other pamphlets of the kind described by our Reviewer. With the Braille the case is different. Writing can be easily and quickly done in an inexpensive frame, and the number of books increases by bounds. Many a private man has a Braille library with selections of his own writing and that of his friends. The British and Foreign Association are constantly employing blind writers to copy works of all descriptions, and some one hundred and sixty seeing people, mostly ladies, give a large portion of their time gratuitously to writing first copies of books in Braille. These books are again copied by indigent blind writers, who are in this way enabled to add to their scanty incomes. Beyond the books in the library at the Royal Normal College at Norwood there are at 33 Cambridge Square (the headquarters of the British and Foreign Association for the Blind), nearly fifteen hundred books of various descriptions and authors. A large lending library which contains all the published works of Moon, and a large assortment of literature (about five hundred books) in Braille, has for some time been open at 114 Belsize Road, N.W., and is constantly being added to. The following letter (in Braille) from the children of a Board School class written to the managers of the library speaks for itself: "We shall all enjoy reading the nice books very much. We look forward to the fresh parcels of library books to read at home in the evenings. They help us with our school-work, and our friends like to hear the pretty stories. Yours respectfully (signed by various members of the class)."

Two magazines—*Progress*, edited by Mr. J. L. Shadwell under the auspices of the British and Foreign Association, which appears six times a year, and *Santa Lucia*, edited by the Misses Hodgkin, of Childwall, Richmond-on-Thames, every month—are published in the Braille type, and both are eagerly read by a large number of blind people.

Authors of all kinds are now within reach of the poorest blind reader; Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Dickens, Scott, Lord Tennyson, Bulwer Lytton, George Eliot, Miss Yonge, Mrs. Gatty, Mrs. Sewell, and Mrs. Ewing, are but a few of those whose works have either been printed or written in this type. Blind pupils, who wish to advance themselves in the higher branches of education, are quickly, and at a fairly moderate cost, supplied with Greek and Latin authors, or with arithmetic and algebra. In the elementary schools the children are taught to read in *Stories from Waverley* and other books of a similar kind, and all Nelson's Primers can be obtained by all the schools. In this way it has been shown that blind children can be taught to read without, as in former days, using the Bible simply as a reading-book; yet they can be at the same time thoroughly instructed in all religious teaching. The British and Foreign Bible Society have printed all the books of the Bible, and are most kind in giving grants to those whose means will not enable them to purchase at the full price. The free libraries also add their testimony to Braille's favour. Twenty books of this system are taken out from the library at Edinburgh to one of Moon, and at Manchester ten to one. It is therefore much to be hoped that increased facilities may be shortly given to blind readers in the various centres where these excellent institutions have been founded. The following testimony of the London School Board needs no comment:

The blind children under the London School Board attend the ordinary school and do the ordinary work of the class to

which they belong; *i.e.*, they read, take dictation, do the sums given to the class as quickly and as correctly as do their seat-mates with slate and pencil. The work of the year is tested, for blind as for sighted, individually and collectively, by Her Majesty's Inspector at the annual examination. But all this would be impossible without a system of tangible characters capable of being *written* as well as *read*, a system by which the reader can copy from his book, and the writer read what he has written, both being done rapidly and surely. Given such a system, and the blind child, without drawing on the busy teacher of a large class for more than his share of attention, can go on from year to year in equal step with brothers, sisters, and playmates, until the time comes for him to enter a special institution, and begin to train for a trade or profession. But no so-called "line" system of tangible print fulfils these conditions. To be sure if the Roman capital, or Alston system, be adopted, it is possible, by the aid of a clumsy and expensive apparatus, for a blind person slowly to stamp out, letter by letter, a short exercise in similar characters, although an hour's hard and painstaking labour would scarcely cover two foolscap pages with the matter that could have been written on one page of note-paper. It is only the "point" system of embossed print which can be both written and read; and only for the "point" systems has it been found practicable to devise a portable and inexpensive writing apparatus available for school-children as for adults. On behalf of the selection of Braille as the most desirable among "point" systems, it can be claimed that it is known, used, and approved by a larger number of blind readers and writers than any other, that it is in fact the only one used in European countries. Its literature is already extensive. Even the blind children of the Board Schools, beside their school-books, have access to many interesting stories by the best writers. Moreover, although the London School Board does not give to blind children special musical instruction, we cannot overlook the great advantage it will be to all such children, when they enter special schools, to be able to read and write the system in which *all* their music is printed, and that system is Braille.

Within the last year a conference of those who have the musical education of the blind at heart, in England and on the continent of Europe, have agreed

to adopt a uniform Braille system of notation. By this means music published in, say, Paris, Berlin, or London, can be interchanged without the necessity of each individual country bearing the expense of printing music which would benefit none but its own blind.

By the latest invention—a type-writing machine brought out by Messrs. Cockburn, Phillips, and Montgomery, of 2 Princes Mansions, Victoria Street, Westminster—it is thought that Braille may be written with much greater rapidity. While engaged on this paper I have been informed that the Gospels of St. Mark and St. Luke in Greek are to be immediately stereotyped to meet the ever-increasing demands of educated readers. Yet we are told in the *Edinburgh Review* that the only chance for the blind to assimilate themselves with their seeing fellows

is a modified Roman type, which no blind man can with any comfort write, and none with any certainty read. Blind people may have been slow, but they have at last found out the system they require to enable them to rise above the slough of degradation that they were kept in by the prejudices of sighted philanthropists. The bonds have at last been broken by the united action of a few educated blind gentlemen roused to a united effort, in this country at any rate, by the energy and forethought of one who, though not entirely void of sight, was yet debarred from the pleasure of ordinary reading; one whom the blind of this country have learned to look up to and respect, the late Dr. T. R. Armitage.

LORANCE W. CARTER.

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

IN Théodore de Banville France has lost one of its most distinguished men of letters—an exquisite lyric poet and a writer of the most delightful lyrical prose. "C'est certainement que cet homme a pour âme la Poésie elle-même," said an eloquent critic, not always so enthusiastic; and the word, in its pardonable exaggeration, is admirably descriptive. Banville, whether he wrote in verse or in prose, was a poet and nothing but a poet. Never was a man more entirely absorbed in the art to which he was devoted. He lived all his life in a state of poetic exaltation, not so much indifferent to external events as unconscious of them—I mean what are called important events, for he was Parisian of the Parisians, and delighted in the little incidents of the hour which could be put into verse. But, though he loved nature and man, he loved art more than either—more than anything in the world, which was nevertheless so bright and satisfying to him. More than any poet of the day, he realised the joy of life, and with him—far more truly than with Gautier, of whom he says it—

L'œuvre fut un hymne en fête
A la vie ivre de soleil.

Among a great company of pessimistic poets Théodore de Banville remained true to the old faith (the old heresy, they call it now) that the poet should be a messenger of joy, a singer of the beautiful. Leconte de Lisle, professing to be impersonal, impassible, has always chanted in his calm verse the dreariest of creeds—a philosophic Nihilism which does but face its consequences with the resignation of despair. It is in his gentlest arraignment of the order of things, in the

poem called "Requies," that he writes of life and death thus:—

"So is life made; needs be that all comply.
The foolish rage, the feeble moan oppressed,
But the wise laugh, knowing that they must die.
Seek the still grave where man at last finds rest,
And there, forgetting all thy hopes and fears,
Repose in peace through the eternal years."

Then at the other end of the scale we have M. Richepin, with his petulant and theatrical *Blasphèmes*—the pessimism of the boulevards, developed into a sort of parody of Lucretius. Everywhere there is pessimism, everywhere a reasoned or assumed system of negation and disapproval. But Banville had no theory of life to propound, except that spring is joyous, spring is fleeting, therefore gather the rose-buds while ye may.

Aimer le vin,
La beauté, le printemps divin,
Cela suffit. Le reste est vain.

His philosophy is a frank, instinctive Epicureanism, a delicious acceptance of all that is charming in the moments as they pass, the utmost joy in them, and the least possible remembrance—if to remember is to regret—when they have gone for ever. It never occurred to him to question whether life was worth living, or whether this was other than the best of all possible worlds. With so ingenuous a faith in things as they are, he laid himself open to the charge of being superficial; and indeed if it is the poet's duty to deal with what are called great questions—the questions that disturb the mind of the modern curate—then Banville

failed in his duty. But if Ronsard—if Herrick—had any conception of the proper province of poetry, then Banville too, in his different, but not radically different way, was a poet.

Théodore de Banville was born at Moulins, March 14th, 1823. His father was a retired naval lieutenant, and it is to him that he dedicated his second book. His first volume, *Les Cariatides*, published when he was nineteen, was inscribed to his mother, for whom, year by year, he made a little collection of birthday verses, finally published, in 1878, under the name of *Roses de Noël*. Banville's life was uneventful; it has a date to mark his birth, a date (sixty-eight years later, almost to a day) to mark his death. He never married, he was not elected to the Academy, he had no special and startling triumphs in a literary career which was long, honoured, and successful. "A poet whose life has been modest and unobserved," he said, "has no biography but his works." *Les Cariatides*, his first volume, was a marvellous achievement for a poet of nineteen. The influence of Hugo—whom Banville never ceased to worship as the poet of poets—was naturally evident. It is quite in the early romantic manner, with stanzas full of proper names, poems addressed to the Venus of Milo, poems about sultanas. But there is also, and already, the soaring lyric flight, and even a certain power of sustaining the flight. The boy has a vocabulary, and if he has not a style, he knows very well, at all events, how to say what he wants to say. And there are *dicains* in the manner of Clément Marot, *rondeaux*, *rondeaux redoublés*, *triolet*s—the old forms that Banville has done so much to bring into use again. *Les Stalactites*, as the author tells us, from the standpoint of twenty-three, are decidedly more mature than *Les Cariatides*. That fundamental characteristic of Banville, lyric joy, had indeed been evident from the first, but here it breaks forth more spontaneously, more effectually.

"An immense appetite for happiness and hope lies at the root of our souls. To reconquer the lost joy, to remount with intrepid foot the azure stairway leading to the skies"—such, Banville tells us in his preface, is the incessant aspiration of modern man—his own aspiration, he should have said. In 1852 appeared a characteristic little play, *Le Feuilletton d'Aristophane*, the first, and perhaps the most famous, of Banville's lyric dramas. It is a sort of *revue de l'année*, done with immense spirit and gaiety, and with a wealth of real poetry instead of a meagre measure of doggerel. It is full of wit and a fantastic, essentially modern kind of poetry, which is yet entirely individual. It was followed by some charming books of prose (*Les Pauvres Saltimbanques*, *La Vie d'une Comédienne*), and then came a little volume of *Odelettes* (1856), a book of spring verses, dedicated by Banville to his friends. Next year appeared anonymously, in a quaint green-covered pamphlet—the book was scarcely more than a pamphlet—the *Odes Funambulesques*.

"The *Odes Funambulesques* have not been signed," said the preface, "because they were not worth the trouble." "Here are fantasies assuredly more than frivolous; they will do nothing to change the constitution of society, and they have not even, like some poems of our time, the excuse of genius. Worse, the ideal boundary which marks the limits of good taste is overstepped at every moment, and, as M. Ponsard judiciously remarks in a line which should survive his works, if the works themselves do not remain immortal:

When that is overstepped, there is no limit left!"

So the author introduces his rope-dancing verses. Their allusiveness renders them difficult reading for us to-day, yet they have the qualities that remain. To be familiar, to be jocular, to burlesque the respectabilities, to overflow into parody, to exhibit every

kind of rhythmical agility—to dance on the tight-rope of verse—and yet to be always poetical, always the lyric poet, is a feat which few have ever accomplished, a feat which Banville has never accomplished so deftly as in these wittily-named *Odes Funambulesques*. There is a series of *Occidentales*, parodies of Hugo's *Orientales*; there are satires in the stately manner, and satires which explode into sparks like fireworks; there are *rondeaux*, *triolet*s, *pantoums*. Juvenal-Pierrot, Boileau-Harlequin, as Barbey d'Aureville called him, Banville has spread a feast of light-hearted gaiety which has even now a certain savour. Here is an untranslatable *triolet*, the whole fun of which depends on the rhymes—preposterously clever rhymes which sing themselves over in one's head through a whole evening:

Mademoiselle Michonnet
Est une actrice folichonne.
Autrefois chacun bichonnait
Mademoiselle Michonnet.
Le public qui la bouchonnait
Dans ses dents aujourd'hui mâchonne :
Mademoiselle Michonnet
Est une actrice folichonne.

In the same year with the *Odes Funambulesques* a collection of some of Banville's most serious and lofty work was printed under the name of *Le Sang de la Coupe*, and in 1866 (after more plays and more books of prose) appeared his finest volume of serious poems, *Les Exilés*, and his finest play, *Gringoire*, well known to English playgoers under the name of *The Ballad-Monger*.

In the preface to *Les Exilés* Banville says: "This book is perhaps the one into which I have put the most of myself and my soul, and if one book of mine is to last, I would desire that it should be this one." This book, into which he tells us he has put the most of himself, is entirely impersonal, and it is characteristic of Banville that this should be so. What was deepest in him was a passion for art, for poetry, which to him was literally, and not figuratively, something in-

spired. "Like the art of antiquity, his art," said Gautier, "expresses only what is beautiful, joyous, noble, grand, rhythmical." The poems in *Les Exilés* are mainly on classic themes; they have always a measure of classic charm—a large, clear outline, a purity of line, a suave colour. There is fire in them as well as grace; some of them are painted with hot flesh-tints, as "Une Femme de Rubens." But the classical note predominates, and in such verse as this—written for "La Source" of Ingres—there is none of the romantic trouble, but a clear silver flow in the sweep of broad and placid rhythms:

Oh ! ne la troublez pas ! La solitude seule
Et le silence ami par son souffle adouci
Ont le droit de savoir pourquoi sourit ainsi
Blanche, oh ! si blanche, avec ses rougeurs
d'églantine,
Debout contre le roc, la Naiade argentine !

In the *Idylles Prussiennes*, published in 1872, Banville returned to the composition of "occasional poems," this time ironical and indignant, and touched with the tragedy of daily events; they were printed Monday by Monday in *Le National* during the siege of Paris. Then, in 1874, he published a charming series of sonnets, *Les Princesses*, on "those great Princesses whose mysterious eyes, and red lips, have been, through all the ages, the desire and delight of all human-kind." More books of prose followed, *Contes, Souvenirs, Esquisses Parisiennes*, with a *Petit Traité de Poésie Française*, the most poetically written of all text-books to poetry, the most dogmatic, by no means the least practical, and altogether the most inspiring. The volume called *Mes Souvenirs*—sketches and anecdotes of most of the Romantics, known and unknown—is simply the most charming book of literary *souvenirs* in the world. In 1884 came another volume of effervescent verse, *Nous Tous*, and only last year a new collection, *Sonnailles et Clochettes*—poems published in newspapers, really journalistic verse, which is really

poetry. It is a new art, which it amused Banville to invent and practise ; for how amusing it is, said he, "to offer people pebbles of Eldorado, pearls and diamonds, saying gaily, Only a penny a-piece !"

For many years Banville was the dramatic critic of *Le National*, where he used to write, every Sunday, a *causerie* full of excellent sense and delicious nonsense. One scarcely knows whether to say that his prose writing was like his conversation, or that his conversation was just the same as his prose. Literature was an art which he had mastered so perfectly that it had become a second nature to him. He talked with the same sparkling ease, the same exquisite surety and harmony of phrase, with which he wrote. Those dramatic criticisms of *Le National*—too ephemeral in subject to be ever reprinted—are still delightful reading if one turns to them ; and it is curious to compare the witty good sense, the silvery paradoxes of Banville with the heavy dogma, the persistent seriousness of the dramatic criticisms which M. Zola, during a part of the same period, was contributing to *Le Voltaire*. M. Zola has never been able to treat anything lightly ; he has always been the prey of his own opinions. And with him an opinion, as he once said in conversation, is like a heavy piece of furniture, which stands in one place and can only be moved with difficulty. M. Zola's dramatic criticism was a campaign ; Banville was content to let poor plays be the excuse for good literature. Not that he was without his convictions, far less without his preferences. His primary conviction was, that nothing in the world is so precious as good poetry, and it followed from this conviction that he cared chiefly in plays for what was poetical. In a number of charming little plays—*Le Beau Léandre*, *Diane au Bois*, *Les Fourberies de Nérine*, *Le Baiser*—he has shown us what he himself conceived as the poetic drama. It is a return to fairyland, the first home of poetry—a way of escape from realism

and the newspapers, into a land of mere impossible romance, the land of Pierrot, of Riquet with the Tuft, of the Sleeping Beauty. This was the real world to Banville, and it needed but a word to set his brain travelling into the country of dreams. One day Antoine, the manager of the Théâtre Libre, came to him with the request for a play—"Something you have in your portfolio, M. de Banville." "No, no," replied Banville, "I never have anything in my portfolio—but sometimes I have an idea !" And *Le Baiser* was written. It was given at the Théâtre Libre, and afterwards at the Français, on the same night as *Le Flibustier* of Jean Richepin. Both plays achieved an equal success with the indiscriminating public of the first night ; but oh ! with what relief one heard the opening lines of Banville's fairy comedy ! M. Richepin's ponderous verse was at last over, the final couplet had been said, and one's mind was free from the irresistible necessity of supplying the rhymes that one knew were coming. Coquelin and Richemberg were on the stage ; it was Pierrot and the fairy, to whom speech was music. The verse was like nothing so much as a flight of birds in all the happy freedom of the sky. In the contrast between the two plays lay all the immeasurable distance between what is poetry by right of birth, and what would fain, by a great price, purchase that birthright.

Banville's poetry astonishes one, first of all, by its virtuosity. He is the greatest master of rhyme who has ever used the French language, a perfect Ingoldsby ; one of the greatest masters of rhythm and poetical technique, a very Swinburne. But he is not merely great by reason of his form. It is true that he has no passion and little that can be called intellectual substance. His verse is nothing but verse, but it is that ; it is sheer poetry, with no other excuse for its existence than this very sufficing reason, its own beauty. Banville sometimes deals with splendid themes, as in the "*Malédiction de Cypris*," but he never sought

very carefully for subjects ; confident of his singing-voice, he sang. And he sang of the eternal commonplaces, eternally poetical—of the nightingale, the night, and the stars, of April and the flowers, of wine and of song, of loves as light and charming as their classic names. He could write—

Ruisseaux ! forêts ! silence !
O mes amours d'enfance !—

and yet turn these trite old themes into poetry. What he wrote was mostly "occasional verse," but he carried it to the verge of sublimity. That has been done before—by Catullus, by Herrick, for example—but whenever it is done it is an achievement, and Banville, alone among modern poets, has won this difficult success.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

SCHOOLMASTERS IN COUNCIL.

THE Schoolmaster is abroad ; he has come to Oxford, and has spoken to us about Greek. The scene in the new schools was one of historical dignity. The fate of Greek, some thought, was being decided in its first home in England (*pace Cantabrigiensium*) where Grocyn and Linacre had taught it four centuries before. There were gathered together, nearly two hundred of them, the head-masters and assistant-masters of some sixty or seventy of the leading public schools ; a multitude of Oxford heads of houses, professors, college tutors, listened in respectful silence, and refrained even from good words however much they thought. They gazed, at least some of them, with an interest not unmingled with awe, on the men who were moulding the future of the twenty thousand boys who are to be our governors, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, schoolmasters. Nor were the speeches unworthy of the occasion. They were, for the most part, short, pointed, earnest, as of men who had something to say on an important subject of which they had the real knowledge which is sometimes lacking in theoretic educationists.

The result was significant. Greek as a compulsory subject for a University degree, what we may call for brevity Pass Greek, was condemned by the head-masters of most of the great public schools. It was approved by a majority of two (thirty-one to twenty-nine) ; by the votes, speaking roughly, of the head-masters of the smaller schools, who seemed to think that when Pass Greek ceased to be compulsory it would cease to exist, except in schools where rich men's sons could afford themselves educational luxuries.

We live in an age of conferences—why should there not be a conference

of parents, for they have an interest in the matter ? We all know the faults of that unhappy class : they are Philistine, fussy, ignorant, unreasonable ; but they are indispensable—if there are to be boys—and have gleams of intelligence. In their poor, half-conscious fashion they sometimes compare the results of education in their boys and girls, and feel dimly that the girls are better educated than the boys. If they went on to ask the reason, and learnt, what Mr. Glazebrook tells us, that three thousand hours of a school-boy's life are spent in acquiring an ignorance of Greek, would they not think unutterable things ?

A conference of boys is perhaps to be deprecated. It is conceivable that they would condemn the whole curriculum of public school education, for oppressed classes seldom discriminate ; the most decisive condemnation would probably be reserved for Greek grammar by all but potential Ireland scholars. There remains a class whose interest in the question is as great, and, let us hope, as intelligent as that of masters, boys, or parents. The classical tutors of colleges and university examiners, owing to their position and not to any special merits of their own, are specially qualified to form a right opinion, or at least an opinion worth considering. They have no personal interest in retaining or abolishing Pass Greek, the teaching of which is but a small portion of their work ; they cannot be accused of undue partiality for mathematics, or natural science, or modern languages, for they are sometimes irritated and alarmed by the insatiable demands of these "daughters of the horse leech." Nor are college tutors as a body either revolutionary or conservative, for old and new ideas live together in the Universities in the

strangest harmony. But, above all, classical tutors and examiners have the advantage of testing the full and perfect results of a passman's Greek education. It is not pretended that opinion as to the character of these results is unanimous, for none but mathematical propositions meet with unanimous acceptance at the Universities—yet the writer ventures to affirm that a large and increasing number of tutors and examiners agree with him that these results are poor. They are seen in Responsions and Pass Moderations; Responsions must be passed by all; Pass Moderations by all except candidates for Honours in certain schools. The Oxford examination system is very intricate, and the reader may be spared details. One point only is worth noting that the same man may be passman and classman in different parts of his University course. Though a passman in classics, he may afterwards read for Honours in the final schools of *Literæ Humaniores*, Mathematics, Natural Science, History, Law, Theology. A passman, therefore, is not necessarily of inferior calibre, for whom, as some appear to think, one subject is as good as another, and whose time may as well be wasted on Pass Greek as on anything else. Even the passman who is a passman to the end has claims to the best education that can be given him. He is no *vile corpus* on whom it is little harm to repeat disastrous experiments; his work on the rational subjects offered to him in the later part of his course is as intelligent and profitable as that of many classmen.

The writer has examined some eighteen hundred or two thousand men in Pass Moderations. The amount of Greek offered was generally one Greek "book," i.e. a portion of some Greek author, two short dialogues of Plato for instance, or three-fourths of Xenophon's *Memorabilia*. This humble modicum of Greek is sometimes accurately known; but the quality often

as well as the quantity of the work is miserably inadequate to the time and labour presumed to have been spent on Greek during five or six years at school and the year at the University which is wasted on *crambe repetita*. The candidates are also required to translate at sight an easy piece from some Greek author. Unhappily no Greek author wrote with Pass Moderations in his mind, and it is difficult to find in Greek literature a passage which would not "pluck" half the candidates if anything like a creditable, even a respectable, translation were exacted. In Responsions the amount required is smaller still. Two plays of Euripides and the elements of Greek grammar, the most "beggarly elements"—of accident rather than syntax—"satisfy the examiners." The advocates of the retention of Pass Greek as a compulsory subject are in a real dilemma; if these results imply, to produce them, a large expenditure of time and labour, they are inadequate; if they imply no such expenditure they are deprived of their best apology, for they cannot then inflict that mortification to no purpose which is said to be good for boys. Some defenders of Pass Greek boldly face the second alternative, and plead that after all a boy wishing to enter the University can master the necessary Greek in six weeks, nine weeks, twelve weeks, and that the loss of time is very trifling. This defence reminds us of the justification of the baby in *Midshipman Easy*.

It cannot be too often repeated that two distinct questions—(1) Is Greek worth teaching? (2) Ought Greek to be taught to every one?—were run into one, if not in the debate at Oxford, certainly in the correspondence which ensued.

No one denies that Greek is the key to literature, history, philosophy, and is an instrument of education equal, if not superior, to any other. But the Greek with which we are concerned is not the Greek acquired by a scholar who can read with profit and enjoy-

ment poetry in Homer, history in Thucydides, philosophy in Plato. We are speaking of the Greek of "Small's" (ominous name!), a kind of "pigeon Greek," without the usefulness of "pigeon English," a Greek for which the best plea is that it helps its possessor to understand scientific nomenclature, an understanding which may be gained from a good English dictionary at the rate of a word per minute by one who does not know Alpha from Omega.

But here we shall be told that a subject—e.g. Pass Greek—may be worth learning if it exercises and strengthens the mental powers, though it be useless in the sense that it gives the pupil no information, or, in the case of a language, no access to information about facts which are necessary to know in order to make or do something.

It is unquestionably true that education has two such sides or ends, that it ought to be (I quote from a letter of Mr. Pridgon Teale) both "a training of the faculties, and instruction in subjects which prepare us for our calling in life." But these ends are not opposed to each other; the false antithesis between them, as the "good" and the "useful," disappears on close inspection. That which strengthens the mental powers enables us to make or do things well; the acquisition of information about "useful" facts strengthens the mental powers of memory and observation, and, it may be added, of inference and imagination in any human being above the level of a parrot. Logic, for instance—at least deductive logic—which may be taught by symbols with hardly a reference to facts, strengthens the mental powers; is it, therefore, "practically useless"? Chemistry is a mass of facts, practically useful in the plainest sense; is it therefore incapable of strengthening the mental powers? On this antithesis between things which are not opposed rest the fallacies in which the "good," or "best," and the "useful" in education, and

the "higher" and "lower" education are set against each other.

It is said to be the duty of the Universities to preserve the "higher" education of the country against the encroachments of the "lower" education; and in the higher education is included Pass Greek, not merely real Greek; while by the lower education is meant apparently an education without Pass Greek, an education, say, in Latin, mathematics, natural science, and modern languages. It may be worth while, therefore, to examine the claims of Pass Greek to be an essential part of the best education the Universities can give. Does it answer both or either of the ends of a good education? Does it give instruction, or training, or both?

The perfect of *βλῶσکو* is *μέμβλωκα*; is it instructive or useful to know that isolated fact? Are all the anomalies of the Greek grammar taken together of any real use to a boy who is to read no Greek except the *Hecuba* and the *Alcestis*? Does Pass Greek train the mind as its advocates assert? Does it strengthen the powers of reasoning and perceiving analogies? To a Greek scholar *μεμβλωκα* has interest and significance; the anomalies of Greek grammar are to him explained by philology, and the study of them is a delightful and profitable exercise of very high, if not the highest, intellectual faculties. But to the average schoolboy and University passman the Greek irregular verbs are the blackness of darkness, something to be learnt by rote and in a few months gladly forgotten. Does Pass Greek cultivate the powers of observation? The question answers itself. Does Pass Greek stimulate the imaginative powers and make the boy or passman glow with poetic and generous emotion, as if he were reading *Hamlet* or *The Idylls of the King*, which many love who hate Greek grammar? It is difficult to think of any emotion excited by *μεμβλωκα* except disgust. These strictures do not of course apply with equal force to every part of the Greek work offered in Re-

sponsions and Pass Moderations. Not all passmen read with pulses unstirred or hearts unmoved the battles in Homer, or the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, or the sorrows of Alcestis—but for most their unfamiliarity with the language, and the dismal associations of the “grammar of the passage” take the edge off their enjoyment. Is, then, Pass Greek an essential part of the highest education if it serves no educational purpose, except, to some degree, that of strengthening the memory—alas! by exercising it on facts not worth remembering?

But even were it shown that Pass Greek has a high educational value, it would not follow that it must be retained as a compulsory subject for a degree, unless it were further shown that there is no other subject of equal value which might be allowed as an alternative to Pass Greek without injury to education. Here is the very gist and centre of the controversy. Those who resist Mr. Welldon’s proposal to allow alternatives are bound to prove: (1) That Pass Greek is a good thing; (2) that there is nothing equally good. It is not too much to say that in the recent controversy no serious attempt has been made to establish either of these propositions. Assertions, which no one contradicts, of the excellence of Greek do not touch the question whether Pass Greek is good. The claims of other subjects to be allowed as alternatives for it have been met by being ignored. If these claims are groundless *cadit questio*, the schools must teach Pass Greek; the Universities, as the centres of the best education, must exact a knowledge of it as indispensable for a degree, if a degree is to be the mark of a well-educated man. All arguments from hardship to candidates, from distastefulness, from loss of time which might have been given to something better, must be ruled out of court, for no one can rightly complain that he has to make sacrifices to get an education worth having.

The supporters of Mr. Welldon pro-

pose alternatives to Pass Greek, and none of the alternatives combine all the disqualifications of Pass Greek as an instrument of education. Logic, mathematics, natural science, modern languages have all of them a value of some sort—they either train or instruct, or do both. Logic is learnt with advantage by Scotch University students of sixteen and seventeen. Why should it not be learnt by school-boys of the same age? It would train the reasoning powers, which in the ordinary school curriculum are left untrained. Modern languages are at present taught under considerable disadvantages; excellence in them does not generally raise a boy’s place in school; they are still parvenus among the subjects of school education, but from them, properly taught, could be gained all the advantages which are said to be gained from the grammatical drill which is given in Pass Greek—for there is a rational grammar and there is an irrational grammar, and both can be and have been used in the teaching of all languages. That teaching is bad or good, whether in Greek or French or German, according as the pupil has been disheartened and confused by being “crammed” in the true sense with long lists of irregular forms in accidence, many of them of rare occurrence, or has been taught the common forms and the simplest principles of syntax, the elementary logic which governs the sequence of moods and tenses, and the nexus of sentences. French or German rationally taught, not as to youths preparing to be couriers, might equally well with Pass Greek give the average pupil all the grammatical instruction which is to him really valuable and comprehensible, if that half conscious contempt for modern languages which has been generated in him by the regulations and sentiment of public schools were removed. Were he taught that modern languages are not merely useful to a tourist travelling on the Continent without the guidance and protection

of Mr. Cook, but are indispensable as being the languages of great literatures and the keys to storehouses of information, scientific and professional, necessary to any man who wishes to know his business,—he would learn them willingly, hopefully, and therefore profitably; they would be for him part of the “higher education.”

There is a real distinction between the “higher” and the “lower” education, but it is not the distinction drawn by the defenders of Pass Greek. It is a distinction not of subjects but of method; the meanest subject rightly, perfectly taught may be part of the “higher” education; the most splendid language and literature wrongly and imperfectly taught is part of the “lower” education. “Higher” and “lower” rightly mean not classical as opposed to scientific or commercial, but intelligent and unintelligent, that which educates, and that which does not. The names and things have been confused because classical education has an immense social and intellectual prestige; it has long been in England the education given to the higher classes; to know, or to have known, a little Greek has for generations been one of the marks of a gentleman, of a man who has been educated at a public school and a university. The classics have long held the field, and have been till recently, when science and modern literature could no longer be ignored, the sole material of the best education known. They will always hold and deserve to hold their place as part of a liberal education. But the belief that they are the whole of it, that other subjects have in it no place, or a far inferior place, that Pass Greek has in it a place at all, can only be explained as the result of that implicit faith in long-standing professional tradition which is at once the strength and weakness of school-mastering as of other callings.

It would be a deplorable result if the abolition of Pass Greek as a compulsory subject led to premature specialisation, for while specialisation

in grown men, though necessary for the advancement of learning and science, has dangers of its own, in boys it would be disastrous and intolerable. But schoolmasters have the right and the power to prevent a boy from reading nothing but mathematics and chemistry, and to make him fill and train his mind with something else besides; we ask only that the something else should not necessarily be Pass Greek. One of the two classical languages may reasonably be demanded as part of the liberal education which ought to be implied by a university degree; that one of them intelligently taught and learnt is worth almost any sacrifice of time, labour, and money is not disputed; but, to quote from an “Oxford Tutor,” writing in *The Times* of December 26th, 1890, whose letter is well worth reading, “given that a fair knowledge of one classical language is of enormous value, a second by reason of being the second is worth not as much as the first, but only a fraction of it.” The one language must be, at least will be, Latin. The question is not a merely academical one, of interest only to theorists, whose disputes are like the quarrels of the Bigendians and Littleendians. It concerns not only our twenty-five thousand public school-boys, but hundreds of young men who, from no fault of their own, have never learnt or have forgotten the Greek alphabet. The writer has known many young men who entered a counting-house or law-office at fifteen or sixteen, and after four or five years changed their plans of life, and wished to take a university degree. They were fit to enter a university, if tried by any test other than the possession of Pass Greek, by the tests of intelligence, of readiness to work, of genuine interest and some acquirements in history, or natural science, or law, and would have been able to pass an entrance examination of a rational kind; they were obliged to waste precious time and money in learning the rudiments of Greek, which are harder than is supposed to master at twenty or twenty-

one, when the parrot-like memory of fifteen or sixteen has passed away; after a lost year they were free to work at what they liked and valued, and they more than held their own. Surely they who came, and others like them who were deterred from coming to the university were hardly used, unless Pass Greek be what its defenders think it to be.

Pass Greek has been defended by two arguments which have an apparent solidity. It is said that boys from the Classical Side of a school show themselves superior to boys from the Modern Side in any examination in which they meet on common ground. This argument is an interesting example of the fallacy of "the cart before the horse." The victors conquer not because they have more Greek than their antagonists, but because they have more brains. They have been devoted to Greek by masters with an eye to classical scholarships because they are the stronger boys; they are not the stronger boys because they have been devoted to Greek. Nor does the superiority shown mainly by boys taught real Greek furnish an argument for the value of Pass Greek.

Again, it is said that the abolition of Greek as necessary for a university degree foreshadows the abolition of all Greek. This is indeed a desperate defence. Those who prophesy that, if Pass Greek be abolished, Greek will become as Arabic, an unknown tongue, betray a strange lack of trust in Greek, in the strength of tradition, in the results of the culture of which they are the professed defenders. Greek is not Arabic, and will hold its own by its own merits. If it has no vitality of its own it will not be, nor does it deserve to be, kept alive by Pass Examinations. Homer and Plato are much to be pitied if their immortality depends on "Little-go" or "Smalls." We might take our opponents' ground, and, assuming that the study of Greek can be preserved only by university examinations, argue that so long as the knowledge of Greek is made the

condition of obtaining Classical Scholarships, Fellowships, and Honours at the Universities, so long will Homer and Plato be read in England. Against a proposal to remove hardships present and acknowledged, prophecies of calamity in an extremely improbable future are arguments of little weight.

The enemies of Pass Greek are the best friends of classical education. When a ship is labouring in the sea and the masts are broken, they are cut away to save the ship. Classical education is now labouring in the sea; the hungry waves are beating on her, seeking to devour her. It would be well to clear her decks of dangerous encumbrances. Is the classical education given in English schools satisfactory? Is it capable of improvement?

The public-school boy is high-spirited, generous, a gentleman in more than the conventional meaning of the word; he has good manners, and hates meanness and cowardice. His bodily training is perfect—perhaps too much is made of it, and his worship of football and cricket is extravagant, but he learns from them to obey and to play fair and not for his own hand—lessons of no small value for political and social life. He is becoming in this respect, perhaps to his own contemptuous surprise, a pattern to our "hereditary enemies," for the French are seeking to introduce into the *lycée* the wholesome illusions and vigorous games of Winchester and Eton. Our schoolboy is so charming and manly a young fellow that we are sorry for him, sorry that while he is so well trained in many ways he should know so little. The average schoolboy—not the prize boy—is worse educated than his sister. He knows a little Latin, less Greek, less French, less German, little history, no logic, no political economy, not even the "use of the globes"—he is intellectually a failure. Yet he is no fool. The boys of the race which governs India and has colonised half the world must be capable of learning something. It would be impertinent to praise the energy and devotion of

those who teach him, and to say that the level of ability and conscientiousness is at least as high among schoolmasters as in any other professional class. The subjects taught need no defence, except on the ground of the relative importance assigned to them. If the fault lies not in the master, nor in the pupil, nor in the subject, it must be in the method.

I am aware that there are considerable differences in the method of teaching languages in different schools; but I believe that it is essentially the same in all or in most—the method from the abstract to the concrete, which begins, if not exclusively, at least mainly, with grammar, and postpones any reasonably extensive reading of Greek or Latin, French or German authors, till the pupil has learnt not merely the necessary elements of grammar, the common forms in accidence, and the simple rules in syntax, but exceptions, anomalies, monstrosities of accidence, subtleties of syntax, without end, useless and unintelligible except to an advanced scholar. This excessive grammatical drill is said to give the pupil that “sound grounding” in languages without which his knowledge would be “slovenly.” Alas! it is a grounding on which a superstructure is seldom raised—a foundation of rubbish and broken bottles, like that on which jerry-builders put the frail suburban cottages of our unlucky artisans.

The sound grounding of education in all languages is the languages themselves—the reading of easy passages with the help of literal translations. I know the prejudice against the use of translations; it has been made a crime, and is supposed to make learning too easy. Yet Locke and Sydney Smith, who combined philosophy and wit with the strongest common sense, saw no harm in using translations nor in making learning easy.

“The recurrence to a translation,”¹

says Sydney Smith, “is treated in our schools as a species of imbecility and meanness; just as if there was any other dignity here than utility, any other object in learning languages than to turn something you do not understand into something you do understand, and as if that was not the best method which effected this object in the shortest and simplest manner.” He quotes from Locke: “The next best method” (after talking Latin to the pupil) “is to have him taught as near this way as may be—which is by taking some easy and pleasant book, such as ‘Æsop’s Fables,’ and writing the English translation (made as literal as it can be) in one line, and the Latin words which answer each of them just over it in another.” The pupil will thus, says Sydney Smith, learn “a prodigious number of words and phrases compared with those which are presented to him by the old plan. As a talkative boy learns French sooner in France than a silent boy, so a translator of books learns sooner to construe the more he translates.” Is difficulty a good thing in itself irrespective of the results obtained? “Abridge intellectual labour by any process you please, there will be sufficient, and infinitely more than sufficient, of laborious occupation for the mind of man.”

Again as to the time and place for grammar in learning languages, Locke says, “If grammar ought to be taught at any time it must be to one that can speak the language already; how else can he be taught the grammar of it?”² And again: “I grant the grammar of a language is sometimes very carefully to be studied: but it is only to be studied by a grown man when he applies himself to the understanding of a language critically, which is seldom the business of any but professed scholars.”

Can languages be profitably learnt by very imperfect grammarians? I think they can; hear Sydney Smith.

² Locke, *Some Thoughts Concerning Education*, Locke’s Works, vol. viii. p. 163.

¹ Sydney Smith’s review of “Hamilton’s Method of Teaching Languages,” *Edinburgh Review*, June, 1826.

"A grocer may learn enough of Latin to taste the sweets of Virgil; a cavalry officer may read and understand Homer without knowing that *ἦμα* comes from *εω* with a smooth breathing, and that it is formed by an improper reduplication."

He adds that by this method grammar is learnt in the right way, by habit; that grammar comes from reading Greek, rather than Greek from grammar; that by mere translation a foundation may be laid for the grammatical scholarship of an Elmsley or a Porson. But space forbids me to quote more. I will add only his explanation of the acquiescence of many fathers, a "sombre acquiescence," as Mr. John Morley would call it, in the atrocities inflicted on their boys. "Have I read through Lilly? Have I learnt by heart that most atrocious monument of absurdity, the Westminster Grammar? Have I been whipt for the substantives? whipt for the verbs? and whipt for and with the interjections? Have I picked the sense slowly and word by word out of Hederick? and shall my son Daniel be exempt from all this misery?"

Sydney Smith's words are as true now as when he wrote; the evils of which he complains may have been diminished, but they still exist. His estimate of Hamilton's system may be too high; that system has not made way; it has had little or no trial in classical edu-

cation, but it is in effect the system by which all languages are learnt except at school. Did we not know how strong professional tradition is, how long John Doe and Richard Roe survived their usefulness at Westminster, we should be surprised that Latin and Greek are taught now nearly as they were taught one hundred years ago. Much has happened since then, and classical education has now formidable competitors. Its supporters can no longer defend it by empty generalities about the "higher education"; they must make it better, more able to hold its own against the modern learning. Classical education has immense advantages in its favour, the advantages of long possession, of association with the best types of English culture and political life, of the suffrages of distinguished men who have emphasised the value of classical studies as "precisely the true corrective for the chief defects of modern life." "If," says Mill (as quoted by Professor Case in *The Times* of January 1st, 1891), and he is no prejudiced witness, "If, as every one must see, the want of affinity of these studies to the modern mind is gradually lowering them in popular estimation, this is but a confirmation of the need of them, and renders it incumbent on those who have the power to do their utmost to aid in preventing their decline."

P. A. WRIGHT HENDERSON.

PETE WARLOW'S END.

A STORY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I.

IT was an unfortunate love-affair which was the prime cause of Peter Warlow's isolated mode of life, a mode for which Nature had not well fitted him. For many years after he left his home in the Eastern States he had been a humble follower at the tail of the crowd, one of that numerous class who have no marked originality either in virtue or vice. He had drifted aimlessly, just as the current set, from gold-field to lumber-camp and from city to wilderness, till he found himself one winter in the busy little town which is the capital of Vancouver Island.

There he met his fate in the shape of a florid young person who provided the music at a drinking-saloon. She was highly-coloured and by no means youthful, but her dashing airs brought her many adorers, whose gifts she never refused. Pete was dazzled, and lavished his gold-dust on her so freely that she viewed him with especial favour, and repaid him with many a wink and smile which the others did not see. Nevertheless in his absence she was always ready to make a joke of Pete's devotion; and when his last dollar was gone and no more gifts were forthcoming, she withdrew the light of her countenance from him. But he was infatuated and confident, and misunderstood her efforts to avoid him. He believed triumphantly that he,—the despised and bullied Pete, the butt of all the swaggering dare-devils about camp—was about to carry off this prize of a woman right out of their hands. So he waited patiently for his chance of an interview alone with her, and then declared his love and his plans.

"Marry *you*? A mean dead-broke devil like *you*?" the lady said. "And go up country, eh, and settle on a ranch? Oh! ain't it just grand! *Me* go on a ranch and spend my days slaving, with a shoal of brats like the rest of 'em, eh? Likely, ain't it? Think I'm a d——d fool like *yourself*?"

And then while Pete was still in helpless confusion she gave him the *coup de grâce*, with a vigour and malice which stung him to the quick.

"But I say now," she laughed. "Ain't it joy to think what fun the boys'll have when I tell 'em!"

Poor Pete! He spoke not a word, but stumbled out of the place dazed and dumbfounded. In an instant his rosy paradise had vanished; and in its place, what a prospect! The consciousness that he had been a terrible fool and had been grossly hoodwinked was enough in itself. But to think that his mates should know it! His courage gave way altogether as he thought of their boisterous laughter and the jokes with which they would salute him; and with a suddenness of resolve quite unusual to him he determined to slip away from the whole trouble while yet there was time.

So from that day his old haunts knew him no more. His disappearance, and the cause of it, served his old companions for the laughter and gossip of a day, but they soon forgot him. In Pete's mind, however, the dreadful sense of shame and abasement remained fresh long enough, and he spent his time on the out-lying frontiers of the settlements, where he rarely met any one except the old trappers and "moss-backs" who led hermit lives in the forest. He was troubled with a vague discontent with

things in general and with the sense of a purposeless future which had never before oppressed him. It might be because of this ; or, more probably, because of one or two chance meetings with his old mates on their travels, whose recollection of his love-adventure was aroused by the sight of him, so that they made some casual playful reference to it, which served to renew Pete's aversion to their society ; but whatever the cause, Pete suddenly determined to turn "moss-back" himself and have a home of his own in some place where he could live unmolested. He had learnt the features of the coast well enough, so that when it came to the choice of a locality he knew where to go to find a place to suit him. An old canoe, bought for a few dollars of the Indians, served as his vehicle, and bore his scanty belongings ; and with this he passed over the still strait waters which separate the northern part of Vancouver Island from the mainland, and headed into a sombre fiord,—one of those narrow rifts by which the sea in so many places in British Columbia gains access into the heart of the Cascade range—and for two whole days toiled steadily along it.

Sometimes he passed through narrows where black rock-walls rose up on either hand and the confined waters foamed and ran with every tide like a swift river, and sometimes through wide lake-like expanses where the dark unruflled surface reflected back every torrent-streaked precipice of the great pine-clad mountains. And always the curves of the channel hid from him all except the little breadth of water which lay before and behind him, and always he seemed to labour on across an enchanted mere whose boundaries were ever receding. Not till the third day did he reach the head of the fiord. Here a little beach of shingle edged a platform of flat land, the product of the river which flowed down from the interior ; and here a few canoes drawn up out of the reach of the tide showed the proximity of an Indian village.

Pete's wandering life had brought him into frequent contact with the coast Indians,—Siwashes, as he called them ; and he had picked up, like all his mates, the simple Chinook jargon which serves as a medium of communication between the races. Therefore now, landing, he made his way to the collection of loose split-plank structures, which formed the *rancherie*, in search of information. The dark-skinned inmates received him with lazy, half-indifferent curiosity, and their transitory interest in him seemed to vanish altogether when they found he had no whisky and did not wish to barter. But they answered his questions willingly enough, and he soon got all the information he wanted.

However he rested there for the remainder of the day, and chose one of the shanties wherein to pass the night. This he entered uninvited, and flung down his belongings with a rude declaration that it was his will to sleep there. The inmates of the place silently acquiesced, and Pete paid no further heed to them. He took the warmest place by the fire, displacing his long-suffering hosts as he stretched himself at full length, and was soon soundly and noisily asleep.

The Indians shuffled aside, and dozed off in their corners,—all except one, whose bright eyes glittered like sparks whenever the fire flickered high enough to light them. The eyes were those of a young girl, and as she crouched against the wall she gazed steadily over her knees at the heavy unconscious form of the guest. Once during the night an old squaw who slept against the opposite wall opened her eyes and watched the girl for a moment, and then asked, in soft gutturals, "Why does my daughter look so long on the gray-face ? Nay, but he is a stupid dog." But the girl gave no reply, nor did she move her eyes from the sleeper.

In the morning when Pete awoke he began to prepare his coffee, clattering his tins noisily. But scarcely had he commenced when the girl stepped

quietly forward, took the kettle from his hands and cooked his morning meal herself. He regarded her with lazy insolence, but was well pleased to be spared this trouble. Then, when he had eaten and gathered together his utensils ready for departure, the girl took up the greater part and bore them down to his canoe. Moreover when she found that the craft was grounded she waded into the stream, and, when he had taken his place, launched it with a vigorous effort into deeper water. For these attentions the only thanks she received was Pete's good-humoured remark as the skiff left the shore.

"Well done, Tawny-hide!" said he. "What's the good of Siwashes anyhow, if a white's got to slush along same as if there warn't any!"

The girl watched him out of sight, and, when she turned to go, found her mother standing beside her.

"Is this he, then?" said the old woman contemptuously, with a wave of her hand in the direction Pete had taken. "My daughter despises our tribe-men and repels them; it is a pale-face she will have then, she is so proud! She would be like her father's sister Chagwint, whom she loves, a white-man's *klooch*!"

But the girl made no answer and went quietly back to the *rancherie*.

Meanwhile Pete was forcing his canoe upward against the strong clear current of the river, driving before him innumerable salmon which furrowed the water in their hasty flight. So long as the rocky bluffs hemmed in the stream he pressed on, but when, after a few hours' hard paddling, he reached a place where the mountains fell back leaving a little bay-like flat of alluvial land between two high spurs which jutted upon the river, he drew up his canoe. Here amid thick-set spruce and pine, just where the flat land touched the rocky slopes, he set to work to make himself a home; and now during the daytime the silence of that forest was broken by the regular tap of his great axe on the trunks,

and at times by the splintering crash of falling trees. Here indeed his isolation seemed complete. Nevertheless not many days had passed before there came a visitor to his camp. It was as he sat eating his rough noon-day meal that the broad smiling face and squat rounded form of the Siwash girl emerged gently from the dusky shadows of the forest in front of him.

"Hello, Si!" said he. "What do you want here?"

"Will you buy salmon?" asked the girl with a laugh, as she threw three or four dried fish at his feet.

Pete's stock of provisions was running low, and he was not sorry for this chance to renew it without the trouble of hunting, and a simple barter was soon arranged. But the girl seemed in no hurry to leave, and even when Pete had resumed his work she stood some time watching him. He, on his part, took no more notice of her; and by and by she was gone.

But this visit was the first of a series, and she brought more fish than Pete could get through. Nor was it her anxiety to trade which brought her, for frequently she would take no payment. Moreover she was always ready to help the man in any task which strained his strength, and he found her aid really invaluable in placing the heavy timbers of his hut. Indeed, Siwash though she was, he had got rather to enjoy her presence in the clearing, for, to tell the truth, he had already begun to find the solitude of the place more profound than he had foreseen.

Whereby it naturally came about that when the hut was finished and rendered habitable, it had two occupants, and one was the Siwash girl.

II.

TEN years in a city is the sixth part of a lifetime; but ten years in a forest of ages,—what is it?

The seasons have come and gone, and the winter snows have crept down over the pines from the mountain tops to

the river, and then have vanished and left no trace. Under the trees a shadowy silence that takes no note of time broods over the earth. But the clearing on the Tukamunk has grown every year a little wider and a little brighter and more homelike; and the man has passed his prime and is growing grizzled and stiffer; and his partner is no longer a round-limbed girl, but a strong-framed, angular, and somewhat ungainly woman. There is live-stock on the clearing too,—some oxen in the pen, and pigs and poultry stalking solemnly about, and a dog stands watching near the door. Altogether the place has become the home of a man; but the forest which hems it in is as savage and intractable as ever.

Pete seems for the most part passively and contentedly to have accepted his fate, and his days go quietly round as in a smooth eddy. He has a vague indefinite pleasure in the knowledge that this place is his home, and beyond that it is only occasionally that there is anything to cross his mind or trouble him. His partner is active and energetic, and he willingly leaves the details of their daily life in her hands. She is full of a wisdom which her people have learnt through ages of hardship, and knows far better than he how to wrest their necessities from forest and flood. It is she, too, who arranges the terms of profitable friendship on which they live with their only neighbours, her tribe at the *rancherie*. She has indeed been to him a protector and preserver, and without her he could scarcely have held ground in this place.

Wherefore no doubt he is grateful? It may be; but he gives no sign of it. He accepts her service thanklessly, as the birthright of his race; he treats her always as though she had neither feeling nor sympathy, a mere domestic animal whose toil he can command at pleasure. But she heeds it not,—is perhaps unconscious of it, since such is the only code she is acquainted with. What she knows, and feels, and rejoices in, is that this man, of a higher

race, is hers, hers by tribal rites that are sacred and binding. The envious and jealous ones at the *rancherie* may boastingly affect to deny his superiority; but she knows that the knowledge of it lies deep in the hearts of them all, and that they look up to her as one who has risen to a higher sphere. Thus her longing ambition has been fulfilled, and she labours on proud and contented. This coarse and awkward man is for her the type of his race.

They have lived all this time alone. Once or twice for a short space the faint cry of a child was heard in the hut, but the conditions did not favour such tender life, and the cry was soon hushed, and the mother silently dug a tiny grave under the huge pines.

Yet Pete's isolation has not been quite unbroken. After a time, as past memories faded, he had felt now and again a little impatient at the monotony of this forest life, and wished for society other than that of his Indian neighbours. Moreover he had secured a small store of pelts which he wished to barter for some needful goods and live-stock. Therefore he undertook a long canoe voyage to the mouth of the fiord, where a solitary lighthouse, standing on an out-lying island, marked the course of the coast-wise navigation. It also in some degree served as a trading-post, being often made a port of call by the sealers and trading schooners which passed it. The two keepers of the place welcomed Pete heartily, glad of the opportunity for companionship and gossip, and they readily arranged to procure for him the things he wanted.

Pete found this change so agreeable, that it was with quite a reluctant feeling that he left the place to return to his home on the Tukamunk. From that time his visits to the lighthouse became periodical, and he made them the medium of a profitable trade in pelts which he collected from the Siwashes. In this way he managed to keep in touch with his old life, hearing at the lighthouse all the news of the coast, and sometimes even meeting there an

old acquaintance returning from some prospecting expedition. In this way, too, Pete's whereabouts and his mode of life became known to his companions of the past, and thus it happened that once or twice they used his house as a convenient resting-place in their adventurous journeys over new ground.

On such occasions the presence of the woman caused no surprise, being indeed no more than they were accustomed to in such places. But, as illustrating their sentiment, it may be mentioned that by a well-understood code she kept quietly in the background so long as the guests remained, cooking and serving for them and Pete, but neither eating nor sitting with them, for had Pete allowed this it would have been counted a serious breach of hospitality, almost amounting to an insult.

After these visits, and also after his voyages to the lighthouse, Pete was always rather unsettled and ill-tempered, and it generally took several placid days on the clearing to restore him to his accustomed state of lazy equanimity.

At first his journeys down the fiord were made alone but he found them very toilsome, and after a time was glad to avail himself of the woman's capable aid. When first she went he left her at the mouth of the fiord before he crossed to the station, disliking that the men should see the nature of his company. But in their rude society this feeling soon wore off, and he no longer sought to conceal his partner's presence till she became well-known to the keepers. Thus they came at last to regard these voyages together as part of their regular life, and undertook them at stated seasons. Both enjoyed them, though from different reasons, Pete because they afforded him change and relief, and Si because not only did she thereby avoid a temporary separation to which she was averse, but also because she was able proudly to display herself in her post of honour in full sight of her

tribe as they passed the *rancherie*. These were, perhaps, her happiest moments.

III.

MANY a voyage up and down the inlet did they make before the event occurred which brought a sudden crisis in their lives.

This event was the arrival at the lighthouse of a letter for Pete. "Revenue-cutter left this last time she called," the lighthouse man said as he handed it to him. "Guess it's from the old folk, eh?" Pete showed no sign of elation at receiving it, and handled it clumsily as one unused to grasping matter so thin. He spelt laboriously through the address *Mr. Peter Warlow*, it read, *living near Indians, Tukamunk River, British Columby; to be left at Ilwattit Lighthouse till he calls*. There was no mistake, the letter was meant for him. He recognised the writing too; it was his mother's, and he wondered uneasily how she had learnt where he was. His recollections of home were not particularly pleasant. After his father's death, which occurred while he was quite young, the management of their farm had passed into the hands of a married elder sister and her husband, with whom he could never agree. He was no favourite, not even with his mother. As he grew up to take his share in the work, whatever went amiss on the place was laid to Pete's account, till he turned sullen and morose under their continual upbraidings; and when at last he rebelled and broke away, he left much ill-will behind. Hence his communications with the home-folk, always rare and unfrequent, had soon dropped altogether. For many years now he had heard nothing from them, and thought, if he thought at all on the matter, that they had forgotten him.

Pete stowed the letter away, and did not touch it again till he and Si were well on the return journey with only the cliffs and forests of the narrow inlet about them. Then, dropping his

paddle, he drew it forth and broke open the wrapper. As he did so a sudden flush came to his face as, half angrily and half-ashamed, he realised how far he had drifted from the ways of his kith and kin. He felt almost as if they were gathering round him again even here to torment him in their old fashion with petulant scoldings and complaints, which this time his conscience told him he deserved.

His embarrassment did not escape the notice of the woman as she sat steadily paddling in the stern, and she asked abruptly, "What is that?"

"A letter," answered her companion in English, for Si had learnt to understand his language and he would not lower himself to use another to her.

"Who sent it?"

"My people—'way East."

She watched him as he slowly worked his way through it and read from his face as he from the paper.

My dear Peter, [the letter began,] I spect you will be serprised to get this but Jim Connell come back this fall to see his folk and tell us he heard you was up country in Columby from a man as had met you at a lighthouse. There has been lots of changes in the township since you left so as you would hardly know it,— and then it went on to tell the gossip of the village and the family, and how times had been hard but they had managed to pull through fairly well, how his sister had lost two of her children in the fever, but had still five left who were strong and healthy and mostly at work now. Then it continued,—*Our Davy is always pesterin us about lettin him come West, havin' foolish idees about fightin' Indians and such but his father and mother and me all says we's rayther die than see it; one in a family is enough disgrace and I must say Peter I never thought it on you with your rearin', Jim says you've taken up with a nasty black Indian squaw, which the same is as low as anything can be and not been done by a Warlow before and I hope never will agin. What a blessin your poor father was took when he was, how he would have took on about it, and*

I do wonder Peter you havent knowed better than disgrace us all like this and that is why I wrote to tell you. It may be all right for you out West but right here its different I can tell you and has ben well talkd about in this township and some people as we hate as took to pityin' us about it and the parson said somethin' at meetin' last week that everybody thought meant you about awful sinners and hell fire, and so hopin you are well as this leaves me no more at present from youre lovin mother — Sara Warlow.

As Pete read this a terrible sense of abasement seized him, as it had seized him once before, and for some time he dared not lift his eyes. When, at last, he glanced uneasily across to the silent woman in the stern, he caught her keen watchful gaze upon him and flinched under it. Then, turning, he took up his paddle, and made the boat leap under the angry vigour of his strokes. Si noticed his behaviour with vague alarm, but she asked no further questions, and they sped along for mile after mile with no sound save the drip of water from the paddles and the swish of wavelets under the prow.

The unpalatable words of that letter had banished for ever the man's peace of mind. The more he ruminated upon them the bitterer they tasted. Moreover they had struck a chord which had been feebly vibrating within him for some time. The feelings which had prompted him to betake himself to the solitude of the Tukamunk had died out, and he knew now that the dullness of the forest had grown irksome to him. And his conscience had never quite accepted the presence of the Siwash woman under his roof, for he knew that he had never intended that the tribal rites he had gone through with her should be binding upon him. He felt that it was only his magnanimity which permitted her presence in his hut so long; and sometimes, when the vague notion that he might some day wish to break away from his present mode of life had presented

itself to him, he had realised, with no little irritation, that the woman's position would be a serious restraint upon him.

Therefore now, after trying in vain to counteract the sting of his mother's reproaches by telling himself that the folk East had nothing to do with him here, where he might live as he best pleased, his resentment blazed out against the woman who was the unconscious cause of his disgrace. All day long he brooded and fumed in silence, and reached the place for their night's encampment in an extremely vicious temper, which he was careless to conceal. But Si, though jealous and distrustful of the letter, was too familiar with his curses and his ill-natured behaviour when things went amiss to be at first seriously disturbed, and she went calmly and phlegmatically about the business of the camp without heeding him. She showed indeed at all times small respect for his moods.

So she prepared food and set it before him, and they ate their evening meal. But when Pete's viciousness continued even after he had eaten, she was alarmed and began reluctantly to recognise in him a tone to which she was a stranger. At last she lost patience and retaliated, and then the man, glad of the excuse, gave full vent to his violence. But she met him with a cool, firm front that maddened him, till, quite beside himself with rage, he raised his arm to strike her. In an instant his wrist was grasped with a restraining grip that he could not shake off, and in the brief wrestle to free himself he found the woman was his equal in strength. Then he foamed and shrieked, and said what in a soberer moment he dared not.

"You black-faced she-wolf!" he shouted. "Ain't it damnation enough to live with you anyhow, without being told by my own flesh and blood that it's a disgrace I am to the family and the township? But I'll have no more of it! You'll go back to your thieving tribe, and that mighty quick; an'

I'll quit! D'ye think I'm goin' to be plagued this way, an' all on account of a d——d Siwash *klooch*?"

She saw he had spoken from his heart. Her hold relaxed and her hands dropped passively to her side. She seemed stunned; but Pete, looking up, saw an expression on her face which checked him even in the full enjoyment of his passion, and he wished he had said less. He turned away suddenly, muttering some words in a softer tone, but she paid no heed, standing motionless and statue-like. She was facing a grave eventuality. She had often vaguely feared it might some day happen, but now, all at once, it was actually threatening her, and close at hand. This man—the one great achievement and glory of her life, who was hers by every right and was acknowledged as hers by all her people, who was bound to her irrevocably, and she to him,—had said he would leave her; and she could not stay him. She had served him faithfully and laboured hard for him, but that mattered not, and she knew it. He would break all pledges and would return to the pale-faces,—perhaps even take a pale-face wife. And she,—she must go back alone to face the jeers and taunts of all her people, as one who had been outwitted and disgraced. Should she suffer this then, at the hands of this man? Though she loved him and honoured him, she had long since discovered that he was her inferior in everything save in race, and had come to think of him as one whom she could sway at will. Yet now, with one sudden bound, he seemed to have passed completely out of her power. And what should she do?

She stood so long motionless that Pete grew quite uneasy and tried to disturb her by fidgeting with the fire. Finding this of no avail, he affected to ignore her. He spread his blankets by the fire and stretched out at full length for his night's rest: he even professed to close his eyes; but it was the merest pretence, and he was in reality watching her anxiously.

Her fierce eyes were bent upon the flame of the fire as though she sought some guidance in it, and it seemed hours before she stirred. But at last she suddenly found the solution she had waited for. Stepping silently nearer to the recumbent man she stooped down, and lightly and deftly took up a handful of glowing embers from the fire. Her eyes were fixed steadily on his, and he started up, thinking for a moment that she was about to revenge herself by throwing the coals upon him. But she drew herself up stiffly to her full height, and slowly and deliberately scattered the burning fragments along her own extended bare left arm. She never flinched nor shifted her eyes from his, while the cinders seared her flesh and her face preserved its expressionless stolidity.

Pete watched this rite, if rite it was, without in the least comprehending it; but he was thoroughly scared, remembering the many strange tales he had heard of the power of Indian medicine, and he wished himself anywhere but in this dark forest with this wild woman before him and the black gurgling water behind. Could it be possible he had lived familiarly for so many years with this ominous figure,—the very incarnation of untameable savagery? The effect of their long companionship had sunk in an instant, and a great gulf,—the gulf of their ancestry—separated them. He wondered what was to follow and nervously awaited her next movements. But when the embers had grown black and cold, she shook them off and sank quietly down by the fire as if to rest. Pete watched her warily for some time, till she had passed into profound sleep, and then he could no longer overcome his own weariness and slept also.

When in the morning they prepared to resume their journey, it seemed as though all memory of the passion of the night had passed away in the daylight. But red scars stood out vividly on the woman's arm.

IV.

WHEN they reached their home on the Tukamunk after this journey, the pair sank back into their accustomed habits, and everything apparently went on in the old groove. But the slender bond which had held them together was snapped; and each knew it though they spoke not of it, and the mind of each was busy with schemes. Pete's indolent negligence of past and future had gone, and in its place had arisen a yearning for civilisation, a consuming desire to get out of the gloomy forest, and away from this savage life. And along with this, the sense of restraint which the presence of the woman caused him grew constantly heavier, and he chafed under it. She on her part saw the evil day swiftly approaching when she might become "*The white-man-departed-klooch*," and have to face the savage malice of the discarded braves and envious women at the *rancherie*. And whenever she looked at the scars on her arm her face grew stony and expressionless.

Pete became conscious that he was suspected and watched, and the knowledge of this was the spur which his irresolute nature required. He determined to break away at once.

But many difficulties arose when he tried to plan how to carry out his purpose. He would vastly have liked to have gone openly and boldly,—to have told the woman of his intention and to have dismissed her to her tribe. Then he could have gone out with as much of his property as was portable. But he flinched at the very thought of having to face her in cold blood with such a declaration, and he knew moreover that he was powerless to assert his will if she defied him. No, not even though he should leave all his possessions behind, and thus make her rich in the eyes of her people, dare he tell her what he was about to do. He was perfectly well aware that hers was not a nature which could be bribed in this way.

The only plan he could hit upon was that of secret flight, and it fretted him to think there was no other way. What! was he a nigger, or a Chinaman, that he should be held and watched by a d——d Siwash, and be obliged to slide like this? When, too, it was a proper thing—a Christian thing—he was going to do! He had no great stock of religion, but it was no use going to hell for certain and knowingly, and yet this d——d *klooch* would hold him and send him there; and he was not to get away as he liked!

But in spite of much blustering soliloquy of this kind, he did prepare to slip secretly away. One route only was open to him, and that was by the river and the inlet, for the woods were pathless and impassable, a tangled mass of undergrowth and windfall, and the mountains around him were desolate and waste. Therefore he must travel by water, and the lighthouse must be his goal. Once there, he could readily find passage to civilised regions, where he could start life afresh. Had it not been for their recent visit he might have gone off easily by strata-gem, under pretence of making the customary journey. But he knew that to suggest so unusual a thing as a second voyage now would be certain to increase the woman's suspicions, and he realised that he was no match for her in craftiness. So, thinking to take her quite unawares, he chose his time, and having ostentatiously proclaimed overnight that he should start early on the morrow for a long day's hunt on the mountain, he arose at grey dawn and went down cautiously to the river-side. Beside his gun and weapons he carried with him only his axe and one or two other easily portable things which he prized, and when his dog tried to follow him he turned savagely upon it, and, kicking it, sent it whimpering back. He soon reached the canoe, embarked, and pushed off with exultation into the swift stream.

But it had also occurred to some one else that the only way of escape for a fugitive was by the river, and that per-

son had taken steps to bar the passage. So that now, before he had gone many yards, Pete found the water pouring in upon him through a gaping chink in the bottom of his craft which had been carefully pegged open and lightly plugged with earth. Before he knew what he was about, the boat had filled and rolled over, and he was struggling for his life in the middle of the deep and rapid river. He was a poor swimmer at the best, and now, encumbered as he was with his hunting-belt and weapons, it is very doubtful whether with his utmost efforts he could have reached the shore. But scarcely had he uttered his first astonished cry for help, when a scantily-clad figure appeared suddenly on the bank, hung poised for an instant over the water, then plunged, and with a few easy strokes was alongside, buoying him up. They soon drifted to the bank and Pete dragged himself out, dazed but uninjured, a wretched dripping spectacle. Then he recognised in his rescuer the woman whom he had left, as he thought, fast asleep in the hut.

She led him back to the hut in silence and stripped off the heaviest of his soaking raiment. When he was seated comfortably before a roaring fire of pine-logs, she asked abruptly, "Where were you going?"

"To the lighthouse," was Pete's surly reply.

"Why? It is not yet your time for it."

At first Pete deigned no answer. His anger was boiling at the whole affair, and especially at the loss of his gun and tools which had vanished in the river, and this questioning was the last straw. But the woman quietly persisted, and repeated her inquiry.

"H——! To please myself," said he savagely, at last.

"Aha!" continued the woman. "How long would you have stayed?"

"Until you were dead! D'ye hear me!—dead,—dead,—you black witch, you!"

That was the answer she got, and those were the only thanks she received for saving his life.

V.

THERE was no help for it now, and no need for concealment. Pete sat sullenly over the fire, a prisoner whose sole hope and aim was to make a speedy escape. And the woman who moved about the hut with hard impassive face was his jailer whose determination it was to prevent him. A stern resolve that he should not go was her one fixed thought. She had vowed it from the first, and the red scars on her arm shone redder in token. Yet how should she hinder him? His boat was gone, but he could steal another from the *rancherie*, or could frame some raft which would float him beyond her reach. He might even in his obstinacy take to the forest, and run the chance of forcing his way through.

There was indeed one way to stop him. "Is it to be?" she muttered as she thought of it. Far better that she should have left him to drown in the river; but that act of hers in saving him was instinctive, she could not help it. Instinctive too was her sudden tenderness when Pete bared his forearm and showed a bleeding wound which he had received from his axe in his struggle to save himself when the canoe upset. He had frequently before had recourse to her skill in healing such hurts, and was glad enough now to let her dress it, which she did carefully and speedily. And she immediately set about to prepare a soothing poultice which should relieve the pain.

Like all the women of her tribe, she was learned in the properties of herbs and shrubs both beneficent and baneful, and she kept a store always by her in the hut. She resorted to this store now, and began to select from among the heap of dried plants. As she did so a sudden impulse struck her which caused her to pause awhile. For a moment she was undecided; then she put aside the herbs she had already taken, and chose others. There was a slight tremor in her hand in doing this, but her face remained fixed and im-

passive as ever. It required dexterous and repeated manipulation to extract the virtues of these herbs, and as she held her pan over the glowing log-fire, with the glint upon her swarthy face, she looked more witch-like than ever.

But when the poultice was at last prepared, and deftly applied, Pete found the relief so immediate and so grateful, that he was constrained to mutter his surly approbation. And this kindness, perhaps because she had long been strange to it, brought quite a spasm of feeling into the woman's face. Indeed at this moment there seemed to be more sympathy between them than at any time since their memorable visit to the light-house.

No doubt it was because of this encouragement that the woman was so assiduous in her attention to Pete's hurt. Several times during the day did she examine it and renew the dressing. Her treatment was so successful that next morning the cut had almost healed. Nevertheless Pete felt dull and oppressed, and he hung heavily about the hut all day. He blamed the chill he had got when in the river, and the woman told him he must take care and keep quiet if he would ward off a more serious attack; no doubt with another day's rest he would be himself again.

But another day found Pete worse instead of better. His wounded limb had suddenly become inflamed and swollen, and gave him intolerable pain. Moreover a high fever was evidently raging in his blood. He sat close over the fire with shivering frame and chattering teeth. His mind was filled with gloomy forebodings. Was it chills and fever, or what was it? Long before night he was too weak to hold up any longer and was glad to lie down in his bunk. There he lay, moaning and tossing restlessly from side to side, feeling his utter powerlessness. His thoughts wandered anxiously from one thing to another, and suddenly he lighted upon a dreadful presentiment which completely unnerved him. He

started up with wild staring eyes and turned his trembling head towards the woman.

"Si!" he gasped. "Say, Si! You won't, will you, Si? Oh! do promise you won't?"

"What?" asked the Siwash quietly, turning to face him.

"You won't leave me, will you, Si? Oh! don't—don't leave me here alone!"

She made no reply, but she looked straight at him for a few moments with a look which was full of stern, reproachful meaning. He could not bear it: it roused his remorse; and he sank back abashed, and in torture. He forebore to toss about awhile, and tried to think. One awful memory he was conscious of, and tried to evade. But all to no purpose; strive as he would that horrible picture was always before him, and his mind would run in no other direction. He could think of nothing but the grim skeleton of a man lying wrapped in rotting blankets in a hard bunk like his own, with one bony arm stretched out as if in vain attempt to reach the rusty water-can upon the floor. That was what he saw once long ago when he and his mates had come upon a lonely log-hut hidden away, like his, in the wilderness. They had to push aside the brush and underwood which blocked the door before they could enter. He had not thought of it for years; yet now he could think of nothing else. Every forgotten detail came back with burning distinctness; he saw the charred wood on the hearth, the cooking-pots on the bench, the rusty gun,—everything. Horrible! Alone and unattended, when aid might mean life! Great Heaven! was that poor moss-back's fate to be his?

"For God's sake, Si, don't leave me!" he shouted out in agony. There was something so strange and so pathetic in the cry that his dog came trotting up to the door and looked anxiously within. But the woman's grave lips were firmly closed and no reply passed them. She moved to the sick man's side and gave him drink and

wrapped the blankets closer round him; but when he strove to lay his hot hand upon her to detain her, she slid away, and crouched on her low seat by the fire.

Night came,—a placid night, with many stars; and then a bright moon arose, striking dark shadows from the calm pines into the clearing.

The sufferer woke from fitful slumber and turned his heavy eyes to the hearth where the woman had sat. Instantly his eyes flew wide open, and with a violent effort he lifted himself to his elbow. She was no longer there! He spoke,—there was no answer. He shouted, then listened. There came back an echo from the woods, and then deep silence. He could hear the distant river, and the peaceful munching of his cattle in their stalls; but nothing else. He was going to shout again, but his voice failed him, and his eyes were riveted to a moving thing which he could see through the open door. It was beyond the moonlit space, among the shadows of the pines. It beckoned, and drew nearer. It crossed the clearing slowly in the full light of the moon and stood at the door of the hut, still beckoning. Then he found his voice and shrieked, but the skeleton was not stayed. It approached his bed; it grasped him. And then there came delirium and madness, and the quiet words re-echoed with his wild ravings.

His shivering dog ventured unbidden across the threshold and ran forward to lick his outstretched hand, but shrank back sadly on receiving no touch of recognition, and lay trembling on the hearth.

Hours passed, and daylight came, and still the sick man tossed and raved, and still there came no Si to nurse him. Noon and there was no change, save that he had sunk now into an unwholesome sleep of exhaustion. Suddenly the dog sprang up and ran to the door, barking violently. There he became suddenly still, and trotted to and fro between the threshold and his master's bunk, with many signs of subdued joy and excitement, evidently expecting

that some one would follow him to the bedside. But no one came, and the dog stopped and gazed wistfully and doubtfully around for a few moments, and then once more curled up, puzzled and shivering, on the hearth, his furtive glances seeking now his master and now a little chink in the timbers of the walls.

Through that chink a bright eye gazed steadily upon the unconscious man. It was the woman who had returned. She had meant to stay away longer, but had found she could not. She did not come to help him; what she had done had been done deliberately, and had no remorse. She could kill this man; but she could not leave him. So she stood there, leaning against the wall of the shack for hour after hour. She stirred not, neither when the sick man's delirium raged high and his hoarse cries filled the air, nor when in lucid intervals she could just hear his faint and piteous appeal for Si to come and bring him water. Daylight faded and night came, and then the end drew near. The raving sank into restless muttering; and soon no sound was heard but the deep laboured breath of the dying man.

Then, and not till then, did the watcher quit her post. She went in and stood by the bedside, but the man lay prone with half closed eyes and heeded not. She stooped down and moistened his lips. He gasped painfully once or twice as if in an involuntary attempt to swallow, and his fingers clutched the blanket. Then his eyes slowly opened wide, but he saw nothing. The woman's countenance suddenly softened and her lips quivered convul-

sively. She bent yet lower and gently kissed him. When she raised her head the savage look had left her face, and it was full of tenderness and sorrow.

She seated herself beside him, her head bowed upon her hands, and wept silently. All night, and all next day that crouching figure mourned beside the bunk; but when darkness came again she rose and left the hut. She went across to the enclosure of the untended cattle, and unbarring it drove out the animals and set them free. Then she returned, bearing straw and pine branches, which she heaped within the hut and prepared to light the funeral pile. She sought to drive out the dog, but the trembling creature crouched and crept from corner to corner under her buffets, and would not leave the place. So she left him to his fate and set fire to the straw. The dry pine-timbers of the building were soon aflame, and for a short space the dark ring of forest gleamed under the red glare. But by morning there remained nothing but a heap of smouldering ashes.

The woman went sadly back to her tribe. They asked her at first where the man was. But when with a stern look that closed inquiry, she replied "He is dead, and his house is burned," they sought to know no more. They knew that a tragedy had been enacted; but it sufficed for them that it was the White and not the Siwash who had suffered, and they honoured the woman accordingly. But she repelled all their advances,—dwelling scornfully apart, and thinking always of the man she had killed.

GEORGE FLAMBRO.

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THE RISE OF BRITISH DOMINION IN INDIA.¹

IN undertaking to address you on the rise of the British Dominion in India, I assume that the principal incidents and transactions of Anglo-Indian history are fairly well-known. I shall endeavour to set before you broadly, and as briefly as possible, the general causes, the principal lines and conjunctures of events, which have combined to bring about such a remarkable climax as the establishment of a first-class European Power in Southern Asia, and the union of two hundred and seventy millions of Asiatics in fellow citizenship with ourselves under the sovereignty of the English Crown.

I venture to affirm at the beginning that the relations between India and England constitute a political situation unprecedented in the world's history. The two countries are far distant from each other, in different continents; they present the strongest contrasts of race and religion. I know no previous example of the acquisition and successful government of such a dependency, so immense in extent and population, at such a distance from the central power. A State that is distinctly superior to its neighbours in the arts of war and government has often expanded into a great empire. In Europe the Romans once united under an extensive dominion and still wider ascendancy a number of subject provinces, client kingdoms, protected allies, races and tribes, by a system of conquest and an administrative

organisation that anticipated in many salient features our methods of governing India. But the Roman dominions were compact and well knit together by communications. The Romans were masters of the whole Mediterranean littoral, and their capital, whether at Rome or Constantinople, held a central and commanding position. Then at the present time we see Russia holding down Northern Europe with one foot, and Central Asia with the other. She is the first power that has succeeded so completely in throwing down the barriers which have hitherto divided the East from the West, as to found a colossal dominion in the heart of both continents. But with the Roman, Russian, and all other historical empires the mass of their territory has been annexed by advancing step after step along the land from the central starting point, making one foothold sure before another was taken, firmly placing one arch of the viaduct before another was thrown out, allowing no interruption of territorial coherence from the centre to the circumference. This was not so in the case of the Indian empire. During the time when the English were establishing their predominance in India, and long afterwards, England was separated from India by thousands of miles of sea—the Atlantic and Indian Oceans lay between. The government of the English in India presents, I believe, a unique instance of the dominion over an immense alien

¹ A lecture delivered at Oxford.

people in a distant country having been acquired entirely by gradual expansion from a base on the sea.

The predisposing conditions, the currents prevailing in the political latitudes of Europe and Asia, that first opened to England the way to India and set us on to this great enterprise, may be traced down to the sixteenth century. That century is taken by Erskine, in his *History of India under the two first Mogul Emperors*, as the period during which the kingdoms of Europe settled down into their national form, and he says that something of the same kind took place about the same time in Asia. This generalisation can only be accepted, for either continent, in very rough and loose outline. It may be admitted, however, that in Asia the great internal commotions, the swarmings of tribes under such leaders as Jenghis Khan or Tamerlane, the overthrowing of dynasties, and the vast territorial conquests, ceased in the early part of the seventeenth century. For it was then that the Mogul empire was established in India by the brilliant expedition of the Emperor Báber, that the kingdom of Persia was consolidated under Shah Ismael, and the permanent boundaries of the Ottoman dominions in Asia fixed to some extent by the taking of Egypt. Thus the three great Asiatic States of Turkey, Persia, and India were organised and shaped out at about the same time under powerful dynasties, which to some extent counterbalanced and steadied each other, so that there occurred a stationary period which lasted up to the eighteenth century. Then confusion broke out again in the heart of Asia: the two ruling dynasties of Persia and India were upset; and by the middle of that century the Mogul Empire of India, shaken to its base by Nadir Shah's invasion in 1738, fell rapidly to pieces.

Now it is also to be observed that at the beginning of the eighteenth century one main current of European enterprise, after some fluctuation, begins to set strongly and decisively East-

ward. And for the last hundred years the really potent element in Asiatic politics, which is likely to transform the whole situation, has been the rapidly growing predominance of European powers.

Of the political changes introduced by this overflow of Europe into Asia, the acquisition of all India and Burmah by the English has hitherto been incomparably the greatest; although the steady advance of Russia, pushing forward her steel wedges into the central regions, is fraught with no less momentous import to the destinies of the Continent. But while Russia has been laboriously following the well-known and well-worn routes of conquest by land through the central steppes of Asia, the English have reached South Asia swiftly and securely by the open water-ways. And thus it has come to pass that, whereas all previous conquests of India have been made from the northern mountains to the sea, the English have acquired their dominion by an expansion from the sea to the northern mountains. I need hardly observe that this very remarkable exploit could only have been performed by virtue of great naval strength and superiority.

We all know what first took the English to India. Their object was to secure a share in the Indian trade with Europe, which has been from the days of the Roman Empire the largest, the most precious, the most profitable channel of Asiatic commerce. So long as that trade followed its ancient routes by the Red Sea, or by the Persian Gulf, or across Central Asia, the Western nations could have little or nothing to do with it. But the Turks broke or damaged those lines of communication; and the circumnavigation of Africa at the end of the fifteenth century opened a new thoroughfare by sea. These two events turned the whole course and direction of Asiatic trade: the merchant cities of the Mediterranean lost their advantages of position; and the competition for the commerce of India began among the ocean-going nations of the Atlantic

seaboard. This commercial rivalry developed into an armed contest for political ascendancy in Southern India, and laid the foundations of the English dominion. Now the French believe, and have often said, that if England had not got the better of them in the beginning of this contest India would have belonged to France, that they, in fact, would have been where we are now. That such an exploit as the conquest of India should have been possible to either nation is surely a very extraordinary fact, hardly less remarkable than its accomplishment by one of them. How was it that the richest and most populous country of Southern Asia, a land of ancient renown and high intellectual civilisation, lay just then unclaimed and masterless, a prize to be disputed for among foreign adventurers; that it became for a short time the battle-field of two far distant European nations? The immediate causes are to be found in the actual political conditions of India in the eighteenth century. But to these must be added certain permanent features and immemorial characteristics of the country; its physical geography, its political institutions, and the composition of its people.

The first thing that strikes most of us on looking back over the history of our acquisition of India, is the magnitude of the exploit; the second is the ease with which it was effected. At the present moment, when the English survey from their small island in the West the immense Eastern empire that has grown up out of their petty trading settlements on the Indian seaboard, they are apt to be struck with wonder and a kind of dismay at the prospering of their own handiwork. The thing is, as I have said, so unprecedented in history, and particularly it is so entirely unfamiliar to modern political ideas; we have become so unaccustomed in the Western world to build up empires in the high Roman fashion, that even those who have studied the beginnings of our Indian dominion are inclined to treat the outcome and

climax as something that passes man's understanding. Our magnificent possessions are commonly regarded as a man might look at a great prize he had drawn by luck in a lottery,—they are supposed to have been won by incalculable chance. Mr. Seeley, for instance, in that very instructive dissertation on our Indian Empire which occupies two chapters of his book on the Expansion of England, lends himself to this popular belief. "Our acquisition of India," he says, "was made blindly. Nothing great that has ever been done by Englishmen was done so unintentionally or accidentally as the conquest of India." And again: "The conquest of India is very wonderful in the sense that nothing similar to it had ever happened before, and that therefore nothing similar could be expected by those who for the first century and a half administered the affairs of the Company in India." I take this opportunity of stating my opinion that Mr. Seeley's view, which embodies the general impression on this subject, can be controverted by known facts. The idea that India might be easily conquered and governed, with a very small force, by a race superior in warlike capacity or in civilisation, was no novelty at all. In the first place the thing had actually been done once already. The Emperor Báber, who invaded India from Central Asia in the sixteenth century, has left us his authentic memoirs; it is a book of great historical interest, and nothing more amusing has ever been written by an Asiatic. He says: "When I invaded the country for the fifth time, overthrew Sultan Ibrahim, and subdued the empire of Hindostan, my servants, the merchants and their servants [he means the Commissariat], and the followers of all friends that were in camp along with me, were numbered, and they amounted to 12,000 men. I placed my foot," he writes, "in the stirrup of resolution, and my hands on the reins of confidence in God—and I marched against the possessions of the throne of Delhi

and the dominions of Hindostan, whose army was said to amount to 100,000 foot, with more than 1,000 elephants. The Most High God," he adds, "did not suffer the hardships that I had undergone to be thrown away, but defeated my formidable enemy and made me conqueror of this noble country."

This was done in 1526; Bâber's victory at Paniput gave him the mastery of all Northern India, and founded the Mogul Empire. He had really accomplished the enterprise with smaller means and resources than those possessed by the English when they had fixed themselves securely in Bengal with a base on the sea; and the great host which he routed at Paniput was a far more formidable army than the English ever encountered in India until they met the Sikhs. Now, what had been done before could be done again, and was indeed likely to be done again. So when at the opening of the eighteenth century the Mogul Empire was evidently declining towards a fall, and people were speculating upon what might come after it, we find floating in the minds of cool observers the idea that the next conquest of India might possibly be made by Europeans. The key-note had indeed been struck earlier by Bernier, who was a French physician at the court of Aurungzebe towards the close of the seventeenth century, and who writes in his book that M. de Condé or M. de Turenne with 20,000 men could conquer all India; and who in his letter to Colbert lays particular stress first on the riches, secondly on the weakness, of Bengal. But in 1746 one Colonel James Mill, who had been twenty years in India, submitted to the Austrian Emperor a scheme for conquering Bengal as a very feasible and profitable undertaking. "The whole country of Hindostan," he says, "or empire of the Great Mogul, is, and ever has been, in a state so feeble and defenceless that it is almost a miracle that no prince of Europe, with a maritime power at command, has not as yet

thought of making such acquisitions there, as at one stroke would put him and his subjects in possession of infinite wealth. . . . The policy of the Mogul is bad, his military worse, and as to a maritime power to command and protect his coasts, he has none at all. . . . The province of Bengal is at present under the dominion of a rebel subject of the Mogul, whose annual revenue amounts to about two millions. But Bengal, though not to be reduced by the power of the Mogul, is equally indefensible with the rest of Hindostan on the side of the ocean, and consequently may be forced out of the rebel's hand with all its wealth, which is incredibly vast." If we bear in mind how little could have been accurately known of India as a whole by an Englishman in 1746, we must give Colonel Mill credit for much sagacity and insight into the essential facts of the situation. He discerns the central points; he places his finger upon the elementary causes of India's permanent weakness, her political instability within, and her sea-coast exposed and undefended externally.

And now let me read you the words with which Alexander Dow, writing in 1764, when men began to see a little further ahead, closed his *History of Hindostan*. This is what he says: "Thus we have in a few words endeavoured to give a general idea of the present state of Hindostan. . . It is apparent from what has been said that the immense regions of Hindostan might be well reduced by a handful of regular troops. Ten thousand European infantry, together with the Sepoys in the country's service, are not only sufficient to conquer all India, but, with proper policy, to maintain it for ages as an appendage of the British Crown. This position may at first sight appear a paradox to people unacquainted with the genius and disposition of the inhabitants of Hindostan; but to those who have considered both with attention the thing seems not only practicable but easy." And so indeed it turned out to be; for old Dow's political speculations have been literally and exactly verified by

the result. To give one more prophecy,—in 1765 Lord Clive foresaw, and plainly warned the East India Company in a letter that has been often quoted, that they were already on the straight road to universal dominion.

What was the situation which, surveyed coolly and steadily by these experienced observers, led them to declare that all India lay at the mercy of a small but well-disciplined and ably led army of invaders? They saw the whole country from the Indus to the Ganges, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, in utter disorganisation; for the Mogul emperors had broken up all the minor kingdoms and petty principalities within their reach, had sedulously endeavoured to monopolise in their own hands all authority, and to leave nothing standing except their own despotism. They had thus constructed a huge centralised top-heavy administration, carried on mostly by foreigners or men of foreign extraction, and supported by a great mercenary army. Long wars, dynastic contests, great military establishments, organised marauding and misgovernment, had trampled down and pulverised almost all the indigenous political institutions of India.

It was after the death, in 1707, of the Emperor Aurungzebe that this empire began to fall away under violent dislocation. His reign coincided generally in point of time with the era of Louis XIV. of France; and it may be said of these grand monarchs that their policy, at home and abroad, was of the same complexion. It was a system that in both instances contributed largely towards the dissolution of the kingdom and the eventual fall of the dynasty. Ambitious projects of territorial aggrandisement, unjust wars and oppression of weaker neighbours, characterised the foreign policies of both Aurungzebe and of Louis XIV. Blind persecution of unbelievers or heretics, and grasping centralisation of personal authority, prevailed in their internal governments. Just as we read in St. Simon how bigots and

lackeys and panders had undone the fortunes of France, so we know from Bernier and others how religious intolerance, the destruction of all local independence, the distribution of all high offices among incapable courtiers and grasping military adventurers, were ruining the Mogul Empire. The dominion which had sprung up out of the vigour and audacity of Bâber and his free-lances from the Oxus was now in the last stage of emasculation and decay. The chronic invasions of India from the North West, which had ceased during the flourishing period of the Moguls when they held Cabul and Candahar as their frontier outposts, now began again. Nadir Shah made his irruption in 1738, sacked Delhi, and rent away from the skirts of the empire all the Mogul provinces west of the Indus, including Eastern Afghanistan. The barriers having been thus broken down, Ahmed Shah the Abdallee followed ten years later, and seized all the Punjab in 1748: the Mahrattas from the South West spread over Central India like a devastating flood; and the whole land, having been levelled flat by the steam-roller of absolutism, was now easily broken up into anarchy. All the different provinces and vice-royalties went their own way; they were parcelled out in a scuffle among revolted governors, rival chiefs, leaders of insurgent tribes or sects, religious revivalists, and captains of roving bands. The Indian people were an immense mixed multitude swaying to and fro, and clinging to any power, natural or supernatural, that seemed likely to protect them. They were prepared to acquiesce in the assumption of authority by any one who could show himself able to discharge the most elementary functions of government. In short the people were scattered and without a leader, while the whole country was in the lowest stage of political exhaustion.

It was just at this epoch that the French and English appeared on the Asiatic stage, having distanced or disposed of earlier European rivals. The

Portuguese had come first, by virtue of priority of discovery. The Dutch had followed, and wrested from the Portuguese much of their trade and settlements; but toward the end of the seventeenth century they had become entangled in long and ruinous wars with France, who was good enough to break the strength of Holland, and thus to relieve England of her most active maritime rival. In this manner it came to pass that, after the great settlement of Europe which was accomplished at the Peace of Utrecht, France and England alone faced each other as serious competitors for the prize of Indian commerce. Although the French had been much enfeebled by the disastrous dynastic wars of Louis XIV. which ended in 1713, in the peaceful interval of the next thirty years their resources and their enterprising spirit revived; so that towards the middle of the eighteenth century the commercial and colonial rivalry between the two foremost maritime nations may be said to have reached its climax. The colonial quarrel was fought, as we all know, in North America; the field on which the two nations met to contend for what was, at that time, the most valuable sea-borne trade in the world, was India.

This contest began early in the eighteenth century, after the Peace of Utrecht. Each nation was represented by a wealthy and energetic East India Company, both of which retained for some time their original trading character, founded settlements and factories, and took little concern in the internal affairs of the country. But it was quite certain that when the French and English had thus fixed themselves side by side on the Indian seaboard they would speedily fall into collision. The eighteenth century was, you remember, an age of chronic war between the two States, of war that was indeed intermittent, like a violent fever, but that broke out regularly and with increasing heat after each interval. The rupture between France and England in 1744 was the signal

for the beginning of formal hostilities between the Companies; and thus within a very few years commercial rivalry had been transformed into an armed contest for political ascendancy in the Indian peninsula. In this struggle the English first developed their power.

It seems to me, therefore, that the rise and territorial expansion of our dominion may be conveniently divided into two periods, which slightly overlap each other, but on the whole mark two successive positions on the line of advance. The first of these I call the period of contest between Europeans for ascendancy in India,—from 1744 to 1763. The second is the period of contest between England and other native Indian powers for the dominion of India,—from 1757 to 1805.

To begin with the first period. As soon as war broke out in Europe in 1744 each nation for the first time backed its Company with troops and war-ships; and both Companies began to form connexions with the neighbouring Indian princes, and to take sides with them in their scuffles over the spoiling of the prostrate Mogul Empire. The conflict between French and English went on for twenty years uninterruptedly; for although England and France were at peace from 1748 to 1756 (between the Peace of Aix la Chapelle and the Seven Years' War), this interval was utilised by diligent unofficial fighting between the two Companies in India. You are probably aware that up to the middle of the eighteenth century international usages permitted very active hostilities to go on in remote countries, or upon distant waters, without any formal rupture between the States whose subjects were dealing each other heavy blows. So long as it was not convenient to take diplomatic cognisance of such dissensions, they might be treated as local irregularities. The institution of chartered Companies gave a kind of half-legality to the armed expeditions that went out, on their own venture, to occupy fresh lands or new points of commercial ad-

vantage. That such Companies should be able to fight their own way and hold their ground by main force was a necessary condition of their existence; they had not only to beat off marauders and make themselves respected by barbarous potentates, but they had also to deal with their European rivals in the same business. In the regular war that ended in 1748 the luck had gone against us in India, because the French leaders by sea and land — Labourdonnais, Dupleix, and Bussy — were abler men than the English chiefs. But with the peace between the two Governments began the contest between the two Companies; for the general outcome of the war had been to increase the reputation of the French in India, and Dupleix had kept up his disciplined troops. His object was to establish a French dominion in Southern India; and his method was to support one of the parties in a great civil war for the sovereignty of the Deccan; but he saw that the first and most indispensable step was to drive out the English. The English then, perceiving that their own existence was at stake, took the opposite side in the Deccan war; and they proved themselves in the long run so much better players than Dupleix at the game which he had begun, that after many vacillations of fortune the French candidates for rulership in the Deccan were finally worsted, and the French troops were very roughly handled by Clive and Lawrence. The French East India Company found all their funds squandered in much unprofitable fighting, while the French Ministry saw that the grand project of French domination had collapsed; so they recalled Dupleix, who died in France overwhelmed by debt and disappointment.

It is natural enough that the French should be disposed to make a hero, almost a martyr, of Dupleix; and to assert, as Xavier Raymond has done, that England in conquering India has had but to follow the path which the genius of France opened to her. The struggle in India was only a brief

episode of the great and arduous contest for transmarine dominion which was fought out between France and England in the eighteenth century; and in that episode Dupleix is the foremost figure. But yet I doubt much whether he ever had the means or the ability to influence materially the destinies of his nation. He was a man of intrepid and imperious disposition, who held openly that the French temperament was better suited for conquest than for commerce, and who accordingly embarked upon large and hazardous schemes of political aggrandisement. He failed, in my opinion, as much from want of skill as from want of strength. He made the common mistake of affecting ostentatious display and employing unscrupulous intrigue in his dealings with the Indians; whereas a European should meet Orientals not with their weapons, but with his own. Mill, in his summary explanation of the conquest of India by the English, says that the two important discoveries for conquering India were, firstly, the weakness of the native armies against European discipline; secondly, the facility of imparting that discipline to natives in the European service. He adds, "Both these discoveries were made by the French," and almost all writers on Indian history have repeated this after him. But first the weakness of the Indian armies, especially in the South, had long been known; they were weak, not only against Europeans, but also against the bands of Central Asia. And secondly there was really nothing new in the French plan of drilling two or three native regiments to serve as a contingent in the Deccan war. The Mogul armies had always contained a certain number of European officers, while within a very few years after the time of Dupleix the Mahratta leaders had trained battalions. So soon as the European companies began to engage in the Indian wars, the system of giving discipline to the native mercenary, who swarmed in all the camps, was too obvious and

too necessary to be ranked as a discovery.

It seems to me, therefore, that Dupleix invented nothing, except a new departure in politics; he tried to substitute conquest for commerce, wherein he not only failed, but threw the game into English hands. I will go further, and express my doubt whether even his success could have materially and permanently changed the fortunes of France in India. For, in the first place, it is clear that the dominion in India of a maritime European nation must always depend upon the command of the sea, an advantage that the French had clearly lost. And secondly, the key that unlocks the gate of empire in India is to be found not in the far South, where the French had planted themselves, but in the North. It is this latter point which I desire to press upon your attention,—the point that, although all our fighting with the French was in the angle of the Indian peninsula, on the Coromandel Coast, yet the true foundations of our dominion were laid not there, but upon our acquisition of the province of Bengal. It was at the outbreak of the Seven Years' War, in 1757, that Clive seized the French and Dutch settlements on the Hoogly river, defeated the Nawab of Bengal, and within a few years placed in the possession of the East India Company not only Bengal proper, but also the rich and extensive provinces of Behar and Orissa. This was the territorial conquest which really fixed us upon Indian soil, placed us in so strong a position, and supplied us with such ample resources that we could never afterwards be dislodged. It enabled us to defend, as from a point of vantage, all our possessions on the eastern and western coasts, in Madras and Bombay, which could not have held out by their own strength. And, above all, it formed the base of our continuous advance into the interior of India.

It is therefore my opinion that the destinies of all India were determined by the taking of Bengal, in connection, be it always recollected, with our

superiority on the Indian seas. Some writers have attributed vital importance to the desultory skirmishes and small though sharp battles between the French and the English in Southern India. They appear to believe that if Bussy had beaten Lawrence in one encounter, or if Coote had not been too much for Lally in another, the course of Indian history might have been changed. Such views are, to my mind, erroneous. They betray some disregard of historic proportion; and they proceed upon the narrow theory that extensive political changes may hang on the event of a small battle, or on the behaviour at some critical moment of a general division. I do not believe that the issue of the contest between France and England for the gates of India hung upon any such nice balance of accident or opportunity. It was the defeat of the French by sea and land during the Seven Years' War, the disorder of their finances, and the rise of our naval superiority, that cut the roots of the French power in India, where it had never been planted very deep. And the main reason why the Frenchman was fairly overthrown in the last grapple on the Indian coast is that the English had their feet firmly planted in Bengal.

Here ends therefore my first period, for we are now on the threshold of my second period—from 1761 to 1803—when the contest for dominion in India lay between England and other native Indian competitors. And certainly it was from Bengal, not from the southern or western coasts of India, that the English set out on the road that led to universal supremacy in India.

Now it must be understood that Bengal is, in more senses than one, the soft side of India. From Cape Comorin northward along the east coast there is not a single harbour for large ships; nor are the river estuaries accessible to them. But at the head of the Bay we come upon a deltaic low-lying region pierced by the navigable channels which discharge through several mouths the

waters of great rivers issuing from the interior. Some of these are merely huge drains of the water-logged soil ; others are fed by the Himalayan snows. On this section, and upon no other of the Indian sea-board, the rivers are wide waterways offering fair harbourage and the means of penetrating many miles inland ; while around and beyond stretches the rich alluvial plain of Bengal, inhabited by a very industrious and unwarlike people, who produce much and can live on very little. In the eighteenth century the richest province of all India, in agriculture and manufactures, was Bengal. As to this all authorities agree. Colonel James Mill, in his already quoted work, points out that it has vast wealth and is indefensible towards the sea. "The immense commerce of Bengal," says Verelst in 1767, "might be considered as the central point to which all the riches of India were attracted. Its manufactures find their way to the remotest parts of Hindostan." It lay out of the regular track of invasion from Central Asia, and remote from the arena of civil wars which surged round the capital cities, Agra, Delhi, or Lahore. For ages it had been ruled by foreigners from the North ; yet it was the province most exposed to maritime attack, and the most valuable in every respect to a seafaring and commercial race like the English. Its rivers lead like main arteries up to the heart of India. From Bengal north-westward the land lies open, and, with a few interruptions, almost flat, expanding into the great central plain country that we call the North West Provinces and Oude, and further northward into the Punjaub up to the foot of the Himalayan wall. Whoever holds that immense interior champaign country, which spreads from the Himalayas to the Bay of Bengal, occupies the central position that dominates all the rest of India. And you will observe that all the great capital cities founded by successive conquering dynasties have been within this region.

If now you look at the map of India, you will perceive that Upper or

Continental (as distinguished from Peninsular) India has been divided off from the rest of Asia by walls of singular strength and height. The whole of the Indian land frontier is fenced and fortified by mountain ranges ; and where, in the south-west towards the sea, the mountains subside and have an easier slope, the Indian desert is interposed between the frontier and the fertile midland region. It is as if Nature, knowing the richness of the treasure, had taken the greatest possible pains to protect it ; for along the whole of that vast line of mountain wall which overhangs the north-west and the northern boundaries of India there are only a very few practicable passes. These are the outlets through Afghanistan, by which all invaders, from Alexander the Great downward, have descended upon the low country ; and any one who, after traversing the interminable hills and strong valleys of Afghanistan, has seen, on mounting the last ridge, the vast plain of India spreading out before him in dusky haze like a sea, may imagine the feelings with which it was surveyed by one of these adventurous leaders from the Asiatic highlands. Along the whole northern line of frontier the Himalayas are practically impassable ; for the chain of towering mountains is backed by a lofty tableland, rising at its highest to about 17,000 feet, which projects northward into Central Asia like the immense glaciers of a fortress.

Such are the natural fortifications of India landward. But an invader landing on the sea-board takes all these defences in reverse. He enters, as I have said, by open ill-guarded water-gates ; he can penetrate into the centre of the fortress, can march up inside to the foot of the walls, can occupy the posts, and turn the fortifications against others. This is just what the English have accomplished in the course of the second of my two periods,—the period of wars with the native powers in India. Our occupation of Bengal, at the beginning of that period into which we now enter,

transferred to that province from Southern India the true centre of government; and thus we emerge rapidly into a far wider arena of war and politics. In 1765 the Company accepted the high office of Dewan or Imperial Commissioners for the control of the revenue and the finances; and when they had thus assumed charge of the treasury and of the army the Company were soon compelled to stand forth plainly as the country's ruler.

The English now found themselves face to face with the native chiefs and princes, none of whom had a better title or a longer tenure than our own; while in skill, strength, and capacity they were decidedly inferior. In fact the serious fighting powers with whom we had at this epoch to deal were only two,—the Mahratta Confederacy in the centre of India, and Hyder Ali at Mysore far down in the Indian peninsula. Hyder Ali was formidable because he occupied a position whence he could at any time descend upon Madras; and in fact he might have easily overpowered our settlements on the south-eastern coast if they had not been assisted from Bengal. The Mahrattas had set up a great military power in Central India whence they could strike at all three Presidencies, at Bengal, Bombay, and Madras, which were cut off from each other by distance and by difficulty of communication. From the year 1765, when we assumed the government of Bengal, up to 1805,—that is up to the end of my second period,—our wars were almost entirely against these two antagonists; and by the end of that period we had completely destroyed Mysore, and had effectively disabled the Mahrattas.

Now it is a remarkable fact, to which I desire to draw your attention, that although beyond the north-west frontier of Bengal lies the country of the more warlike Indian races, who gave us much trouble later, yet by special good fortune we had no serious contests in that quarter during the period of which I am now treating. The explanation is to be found in the

confused and dislocated political condition of Northern India during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The Afghans had broken in across the Indus from beyond the mountains, and had overcome the whole country down to Delhi; if they had not been able to hold it themselves, they had upset all other governments. The Mahrattas had marched up from the South with a great marauding army. Then the Mahomedan princes and chiefs of the North rallied under the Afghan leader, Ahmed Shah the Abdallee, to repel the Hindoo Mahrattas, and there was a tremendous collision on the field of Paniput just above Delhi. This was probably the greatest pitched battle ever fought in India, and the Mahrattas were totally defeated. Now this victory was greatly to the advantage of the English, and to no one else. The Mahrattas had sustained a knock-down blow which weakened them for many a year; and the Afghans did not follow up their success, but on the contrary retired. Ahmed Shah the Afghan was a great captain, belonging to the type of men who conquer kingdoms for themselves in Asia. If he had used his victory to seize the vacant throne at Delhi he might have founded a strong warlike dynasty in Upper India which would probably have held the English in check for another half century, and would have endangered our position in Bengal. He would have been able to draw fresh supplies of fighting men continually from the hardy tribes beyond the Indus, just as all the Mahomedan emperors of India had done for centuries before him, and just as the English now stiffen their Indian fighting line with British soldiers. But Ahmed Shah had his own troubles at home; so he went back to his hills, where he founded that kingdom of Afghanistan which still exists, being upheld by the English as a barrier against Northern invaders of a much more serious kind than Afghans. When he returned, in 1767, the road was no longer clear; for by that time the Sikhs had banded themselves together in the centre of

the Punjaub ; they lay right across his path, and resisted him with all the obstinacy of valiant fanatics.

The Sikhs, being a native Indian power fiercely opposed to the Mahomedans, entirely checked the inroads of the Central Asian tribes, drove back the Afghans across the Indus, and sealed up the north-western gates of India for fifty years ; until at last we relieved guard by adding the Punjaub to our Indian Empire in 1849. But the Sikhs were not an organised power until the end of the eighteenth century ; and in the meantime the whole of that splendid and fertile region which extends from Bengal north-west to the Himalayas and the Indus, lay masterless, scrambled for and parcelled out among rival adventurers, who could take but could not keep. It was clearly a prize that had been and might be again easily won by superior enterprise, vigour, and ability in government. But it was very doubtful indeed whether any of the native usurpers or adventurers who were settling down among the ruins of Bâber's empire were capable of rebuilding it. For seven hundred years, at least, no great and durable government had ever been established in Northern India on any other basis than foreign conquest ; nor had any such dominion existed that had not drawn the *élite* of its army from beyond the Indian borders. The advent of a new foreign dominion might therefore be safely predicted. But the growing strength of the Sikhs, and to some degree the establishment of the Afghan kingdom, were throwing barriers across the only line of invasion by land ; while the command of the sea was in our hands, and all other maritime nations had withdrawn from competition with us. By this determination and concurrence of events the prize was reserved, as one might say, for the English. And so you will observe that immediately after one foreign empire (the Mogul) had been fairly uprooted, another (the British) began to form and develope as if by a natural process of necessary reproduction.

This, therefore, is my explanation of the facility with which, during my second period, the English rose to supremacy in India. The causes were threefold. They had no foreign competitors ; the whole country was in confusion ; and they held Bengal, the richest province of the Empire, which gave them at once a base and an open line of advance. Yet from 1765 to the end of the century our territorial extension went on very slowly, and the reason of this is to be found in the condition of European politics, which reacted powerfully in India. From 1773 to 1784 was a very troublous time for the English all over the world. It is the misfortune of a peace-loving commercial people that goes pushing its fortunes into the uttermost parts of the earth, to have a good many scores running up against them wherever they go ; and you know that it is this kind of score, and this only, which debtors are always anxious to settle on the first opportunity. Well, at this moment the French had a very heavy account against us, so had the Spanish, so had the Dutch, and so had Hyder Ali of Mysore. The revolt of the American colonies gave them all their opportunity ; and most handsomely did they pay us off, especially in India, where Hyder Ali defeated our troops, ravaged our country, and very nearly took Madras.

This was in 1780, and the date fixes the lowest watermark of the tide of English fortunes during the struggle with the native Powers. We were enabled to hold our own in India, and to weather the storm, by two things. The first was that we had undisturbed possession of Bengal, for that province was never attacked. The second was that we had in Warren Hastings a Governor-General of first-rate capacity and courage ; a man determined to stand fast at all hazards, who kept his head and carried high his country's flag throughout the tempest. His departure in 1783 may be said to close the term of the East India Company's independent rulership. From that time India came, by Pitt's celebrated

India Bill, under direct Parliamentary control. It is remarkable, however, that the immediate consequence of this great change was to stimulate, not to retard, the expansion of our territorial possessions. Mr. Spencer Walpole in his *History of Europe* has declared that every prominent statesman of the time disliked and forbade further additions to the Company's territories ; and in 1781 an Act had certainly been passed forbidding Governors-General to make wars, or treaties leading to war, without sanction from home. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the era of extensive war and conquest began when the Crown superseded the Company in the supreme direction of affairs. The period of twenty years, from 1786 to 1805, when British India was ruled by the two first Parliamentary Governors-General, Cornwallis and Wellesley—by Governors-General that is, who were appointed by Ministers responsible to Parliament and for party reasons—that period was also the epoch of the beginning of Indian wars on a large scale, and of our widest annexations ; the greatest development of our territory coincides precisely with their tenure of office. If the foundations of the Indian Empire were laid by merchants, the lofty superstructure was raised by the Parliamentary pro-consuls and generals.

Of the new dynasty of Governors-General the first, as I have said, was Cornwallis, who took office in 1786. Invested with supreme civil and military authority in India, steadily supported at home by a triumphant Ministry, his work, his reputation, his close connection with Pitt and Dundas, all contrived to sweep away the obstacles that blocked the path of Hastings, and for the first time to clothe the representative of England in India with the attribute of genuine rulership. In the exercise of these ample powers he was materially aided by the political situation in Europe and Asia. The unfortunate wars of Lord North's day had ceased ; they had been succeeded in Europe by

a period of peace ; it was the interval of uneasy calm before the explosion of the revolutionary cyclone. This breathing time gave Cornwallis leisure to carry out some large internal reforms, and an opportunity for a stroke at Tippoo at Mysore, whom he left maimed and savagely vindictive. Then, in 1793, began our great war with Revolutionary France, which soon affected the temper of English politics in India. All Lord Cornwallis's projects of peaceful alliance with the native States, of non-intervention, and of a balance among the leading Indian Powers, were upset in our furious struggle with Bonaparte, who sought Asiatic alliances, and who openly threatened India. Lord Mornington (afterwards Wellesley) came out imbued with the proud and warlike spirit which then ruled the councils of the English nation. He lost no time in discovering that French influence in the armies and cabinets of our Indian rivals was increasing to an alarming degree. Tippoo of Mysore had sent in 1797 a formal embassy to the French in the Mauritius, proposing an offensive and defensive alliance against the English, which of course the French accepted eagerly. Then in 1798 Bonaparte, having taken Egypt, addressed a letter to Tippoo, dated "Head Quarters, Cairo," saying, "You have been already informed of my arrival on the borders of the Red Sea, with an innumerable and invincible army, full of the desire of releasing you from the iron yoke of England," and asking for an agent to be sent to him. The Mahrattas and the Hyderabad States had in their pay disciplined brigades commanded by French officers. Such were the sparks that blown across to Asia from the fiery wars of Europe rapidly kindled a conflagration in India. The result was that within five years the two Wellesleys, *duo fulmina belli*, crushed out Tippoo altogether, disabled the Mahrattas, disarmed the Nizam, annexed half Oude, pensioned off the Great Mogul, and finally established the unchallenged predominance

of England in India. That he was allowed to give such scope to his ambitious and bellicose propensities must be attributed very greatly to the spirit of the time; for we have to remember that from 1793 to 1805 was an era of tumultuous confusion, of breaking up of kingdoms, and of unscrupulous violent annexations all over the civilised world. Lord Wellesley's declared object was, in his own words, "the complete consolidation of the British Empire in India, and the future tranquillity of Hindostan." Nor, whatever we may think of the methods occasionally used by him to attain these ends, can we withhold our admiration from a conception so large, from so clear and far-ranging a survey of the political horizon. At the end of his Governor-Generalship the English frontier had advanced from the Bay of Bengal up to the skirts of the Himalayan mountains. And so ends my second period; for although the English had still before them two or three fierce battles with the Sikh army, they had no longer any serious rivals for ascendancy in India; and by 1865 their predominant power had been firmly consolidated.

After this manner, therefore, and with the full consent of the English nation as expressed through its Parliament, did successive Governors-General pushed on by forced marches to universal dominion in India, fulfilling Lord Clive's prophecy and disdaining the sober ways of the old Trading Company. Let us now, before conclusion, overleap some thirty-five years of the present century, and see what is in 1838 our position in India in the opening years of Her Majesty's splendid and memorable reign. The names of our old allies and enemies, of Oude, Mysore, the Mahratta princes, the Nizam and others, are still writ large on the map of India; but they have fallen into the rear of our onward march, while in front of us is only Runjeet Singh ruling all the Punjaub up to the Afghan hills. The curtain is just rising upon the first act of the

great drama of Central Asian politics; Lord Auckland is sending troops for the first time across the Indian frontiers into Afghanistan. What does this indicate? Not that we have any quarrel with the Afghans, but that after half a century's respite we are beginning to feel again the influence of European rivalry in Asia; and that, whereas in the last century we had only to fear that rivalry on the Indian sea-coast, we have now to turn our eye in the opposite direction, towards the Oxus and the Paropamisus mountains. Another half century passes; and in 1891 Her Majesty surveys all India united under her sovereignty, whether directly administered, or through allied and friendly princes. The whole of Burmah has been added to India; Beluchistan has come under our protectorate, and our railways run up to the Afghan marches within seventy miles of Candahar. Our political frontiers now touch on the north-west the limits of Russian protectorates, and on the south-east run into the Chinese provinces and the outlying tracts claimed by the French beyond Siam. What is the consequence of this approximation of the European powers in Asia? The isolation of India from European politics, which has lasted about a hundred years, is about to cease; she is rapidly coming again within the recognised sphere of European diplomacy; the enlargement of her borders is becoming a matter of European concern; her external policy and her military establishments are now to be regulated upon European, much more than upon Asiatic considerations. Instead of the jealousies of trading Companies, and desultory wars between scattered settlements and petty fortresses, we have the greatest military powers of Europe—England, Russia, and France—slowly feeling their way towards each other across wide deserts, difficult mountain ranges, and the debateable lands that skirt the Oxus on the north or the Cambodia river on the far south-east.

A few words before I close. The position of England in India has been

brought about, as I have tried very imperfectly to explain, by the natural propulsion—I might almost say the compulsion—of events; by a combination of determining causes in Europe as well as in Asia. But it is none the less extraordinary and unprecedented in history; and people still ask whether good or ill will come of it. It is a remark of Sir James Mackintosh that in the lifetime of a single generation the English lost one empire and gained another. He meant that we lost North America in 1783, and had won our Indian dominion by 1805; and he added that it is still uncertain whether we lost anything by parting with our American colonies, or gained anything by taking India. Mr. Spencer Walpole, a much later authority upon the history of England, inclines toward the view that in the end nothing will have been gained. “Centuries hence,” he writes, “some philosophic historian . . . will relate the history of the British in India as a romantic episode which has had no appreciable effect upon the progress of the human family.” Upon this I must remark that whatever may be the eventual advantage to England from her possession of India (of the immediate advantage there can be little doubt) it seems to me already plain that the effect upon the general progress of the human family must be very great. That one of the foremost nations of Western Europe,—foremost as harbinger of light and liberty—should have established a vast empire in Asia, is an accomplished fact which must necessarily give an enormous impulse and a totally new direction to the civilisation of that continent. You will remember that since the Roman Empire began to decline civilisation has not been spreading eastward; on the contrary, in Asia it has distinctly receded; it was driven out and fundamentally uprooted by the Mahomedans; the long dominion of Rome in

Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor has left very little beyond names and ruins. The exceeding slowness with which civilisation spreads over uncivilised races and its liability to crushing reverses illustrate the strength of resistance possessed by barbarism entrenched behind the unchanging conditions of Asiatic existence. But if civilisation barely goes forward in Asia, it is at least not likely again to go back. The forces which broke up in earlier times the higher political organisations, which thrust back the higher religion, no longer exist; neither the fighting power of Asia, nor her fanatic enthusiasm, is now in the least formidable to Europe. Not only is it certain that Asia lies at the mercy of the military strength of Europe, but in all the departments of thought and action she is far inferior. In these circumstances European civilisation is never likely to suffer a great repulse at the hands of Oriental reaction; and European dominion, once firmly planted in Asia, is not likely to be shaken unless it is supplanted by a stronger European rival. Henceforward the struggle will be, not between East and West, but between the great commercial and conquering nations of the West for predominance in Asia. In this contest I believe the English will hold their ground; and in the meantime their dominion in India is an immeasurable and almost too rapid an advance toward the civilisation of Asia. They have undertaken the intellectual emancipation of the Indian people; they are changing the habits of thought, the religious ideas, the moral level of the country. And whatever may be the destiny of our Indian Empire, we shall have conferred upon the Indians great and permanent benefits, and shall have left a good name for ourselves in history.

ALFRED LYALL.

A PRINCE OF DEMOCRACY.

At every stage of human development there have stood forth conspicuously from time to time certain representative men, in whom has been concentrated some leading tendency of thought, whether in politics, literature, art, philosophy, or religion. Thus Socrates typifies the new impulse which was given to speculation in the fifth century before Christ, turning the eyes of philosophers earthwards, after they had lost themselves so long in the contemplation of the stars. Thus in Alexander culminated that eastward direction of Greek energy which, beginning in mythical times with Agamemnon, and awakening for a brief interval after the repulse of Xerxes, sprang into new life under Agesilaus and the younger Cyrus, and, reaching its zenith in the son of Philip, burst like a torrent over Asia. And thus, to come to modern times, in the life of Milton we see drawn into one compass all that is most characteristic of Puritanism—its stern clinging to ideals, its fierce bigotry, its grotesque lack of humour. Nothing is more likely to save us from losing ourselves in the mazes of history than a constant study of such typical lives. For names such as those we have mentioned stand out like beacons in the annals of human progress, illumining large tracts of thought.

Guided by this principle, an enterprising firm of American publishers has recently been issuing a series under the title of *Heroes of the Nations*, each volume of which is devoted to a biographical study "of the life and work of some representative historical character about whom have gathered the great traditions of the nation to which he belonged, and who has been accepted as a type of the national ideal." The series ranges from Pericles to Prince

Bismarck, each life forming a pier of that ever-lengthening bridge which spans the gulf between past and present. The project is an excellent one, and we heartily wish it the success it deserves.

We have before us a specimen of the series, *Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens*, from the pen of Mr. Evelyn Abbott, the distinguished editor of that remarkable collection of essays which is known to every classical student under the title of *Hellenica*. Mr. Abbott has had an exceedingly difficult task to perform. The period which he has to deal with lies principally between the Persian and Peloponnesian Wars, and the historian of that epoch is apt to fall into despair at the dearth of authorities. We need hardly say that Mr. Abbott shows great skill in constructing a clear narrative out of the scanty materials at his disposal. But there is a want of colour about the early part of his book which was, in the circumstances, inevitable. It is not until he reaches the strong and broad current of Thucydides that his book attains a high point of interest. The last three chapters are devoted to a sketch of Athenian manners and institutions, and a review of the achievements of Athens in literature and art. This seems to us the most valuable part of the book, which is further enriched by copious illustrations.

Before we proceed to the main subject of this paper we will notice one or two points in the earlier chapters of Mr. Abbott's work which have especially attracted our attention. Among these we gladly note the short but decisive vindication of the last days of Miltiades, which removes the blot that has hitherto rested on the fame of the hero of Marathon. An admirable

feature in this part of the book is the precision with which Mr. Abbott marks the chief moments in the growth of the Athenian power. That power culminated just after the battle of Ctenophyta. "It was a proud moment for Athens. On land she controlled continental cities from the pass of Thermopylae to the Isthmus. Phocis and Megara were willing allies; Boeotia and Locris were subject to her power. At home the Long Walls secured her from attack. In the Peloponnesus Argos was her ally; she had planted a foot in the north-east coast of Argolis, and was on friendly terms with Achaia. Near the mouth of the Corinthian Gulf she held Naupactus. On sea she was without a rival. The Delian Confederacy, which was rapidly becoming the Athenian empire, extended from Byzantium to Phaselis, from Miletus to Euboea. Aegina, her old rival, was humbled, and Athenian fleets swept the shores of the Peloponnesus at pleasure. The Spartans, the only power now capable of opposition, were little better than caged wolves." We may remark also an able estimate of the character and aims of Cimon, with whose death, as Mr. Abbott points out, the last link with the past was broken, and the era of the "heroes of Marathon" was at an end.

It will not, perhaps, be unwelcome to our readers if we endeavour to present in one view some of the chief points of interest in the career of that great man, who personified in himself the highest aspirations of the most gifted people of ancient Hellas.

Here, however, we are met at the outset by a difficulty. If we want a description of the personality of Pericles we must go to the pages of Plutarch; and Plutarch belongs to a class of writers whose chief delight lies in that attempt to weave a web of legend and romance around the great characters of the past which is an infallible symptom of literary dotage. Moreover the narrative of Plutarch is accessible to all readers in the classical

translation of Langhorne; and we should lay ourselves open to the charge of hawking stale literary wares if we drew the materials for our account from that time-honoured chronicle. The history of Thucydides only covers the last few years of Pericles' life. And, apart from this, the method of Thucydides is utterly alien from that picturesqueness of personal detail which other historians have often thought it their main business to aim at. Thucydides deals, not with individual Athenians or individual Spartans, but with Athens and Sparta. His sense of historical perspective is too fine to allow any actor, however eminent, to intrude too prominently into the foreground of his canvas. The greatest men of whom he writes come before us stripped of every personal trait, mere shadowy emblems of certain political tendencies. This rigid rejection of individual colouring communicates to the narrative of Thucydides an austerity which is one of the main causes of his unpopularity. Nevertheless, it is one of the noblest features in that great writer's work, and leaves him free scope to accomplish, as no other man has ever accomplished, the true aim of history. No man had ever a keener insight into the impulses which sway great masses of men, no writer has a deeper or more thrilling pathos. Those who have had the patience to submit to that intense and devoted application which is necessary to wring from this author the full treasure of his meaning are rewarded by wonderful glimpses of the inner springs of national life. We seem, as we read, to feel the very heart-throbs of a mighty people. Now this triumph of the historical method would have been impossible, had Thucydides aimed at that sort of dramatic effect which is the business of the playwright and the novelist. When we stand on the verge of the sea-beach our attention is distracted by the fret and commotion of the single waves which break at our feet; we must move some distance inland, and wait until the sounds of earth are

hushed, if we would catch the collective cadence of the sea. Similar is the effect which is produced on the mind by a careful study of the great Athenian.

If, then, we look to Thucydides for a vivid and characteristic portrait of the great statesman of Athens we shall be disappointed. It was not his business, and therefore he left it to other hands. Unhappily no contemporary of Pericles has supplied that omission; and it is impossible to restrain a feeling of regret that such is the case. How inestimable would have been the service if some contemporary hand had drawn the veil which hides from us the private life of Pericles,—had shown him in familiar converse with Aspasia, planning with Phidias the adornment of the city which he loved, or engaged with Anaxagoras in the pursuit of the mysterious essence which, as that philosopher taught, permeates and informs the brute matter of the universe! What would we not give to sit with Pericles at such another banquet as that which is described by Plato in that wild dialogue which seems to measure the heights and depths of human nature, in which the philosopher now dazzles us with a vision of eternal truth, and now condescends to assume the comic mask, not disdaining the hiccup of Aristophanes or the drunken confidences of Alcibiades! That gap in history must remain for ever unfilled; and we must be content with such stray lights as we can gather from chance allusions in writers who lived near enough to the age of Pericles to preserve some authentic fragments of his life and personality. Such a side glimpse is afforded by a scene in Xenophon's *Memorabilia*. We know to what a point of perfection the negative method of Zeno and Parmenides was carried by Socrates, and what a stern touchstone of superficial thought it became in his hands. The brighter spirits of that age delighted in the new weapon of dialectic fence whose use they learnt from the master; and the younger men especially

frequently put it to a petulant and malicious purpose—tearing every thought into tatters, as Plato says, like mischievous puppies at play. This preface was necessary to render intelligible the scene which follows. Pericles, we will suppose, is seated in the privacy of his house, wrapped in the cares of state; to him enters Alcibiades, (who was his ward, and a connexion by blood,) fresh from the stimulating discourse of the incorrigible old man of the market-place.

Alcibiades (innocently). Pericles, could you tell me, please, what is the meaning of law? I want to know, because I just now heard some men praised as law-abiding persons, and I don't see how any one can deserve this praise, unless he knows what law is.

Pericles (smiling). Well, it is a very simple matter you are asking about, Alcibiades. These are the laws (*pointing to some tablets, fresh from the engraver's, which are arranged against the wall*) which are enacted by the people in Parliament assembled, directing what the citizens are to do, and what they are not to do.

Alc. And they must do what is right, and not do what is wrong?

Per. Certainly.

Alc. And supposing it is a few men who make the enactments, what are they called then?

Per. Whatever is enacted by the ruling power in the state, after due deliberation, is called law.

Alc. Even if it is made by a tyrant?

Per. Yes.

Alc. But what is meant, then, by lawlessness and violence? Are not these the terms employed when the stronger compels the weaker by force to do what he pleases?

Per. I suppose so.

Alc. Then if a tyrant compels the citizens by force to submit to the laws which he has made, this is lawlessness?

Per. (beginning to be puzzled). Well, I withdraw from the definition of law

those enactments which are enforced by a tyrant.

Alc. But supposing the laws are imposed by the few on the many, not by persuasion, but by force, is not this lawlessness too?

Per. (fidgeting). Yes, wherever there is violence there cannot be law.

Alc. And supposing violence is employed by the many against the few, and laws imposed on them by this means, will not this be lawlessness once more?

Per. (testily). Yes, I dare say it would; I, too, used to indulge in this sort of hair-splitting, when I was your age, and thought myself very clever at it.

Alc. (tittering). Ah, Pericles, how I wish I had known you when you were at your cleverest!

Thus the old lion was baited and worried by the young whelp; and thus early had the lion's whelp learnt to delight in the use of those claws which were destined to tear the bowels of his native land.

The renown of Pericles as a statesman has obscured his exploits as a general, which were, however, considerable. Whenever prompt and decisive action in the field were called for he was never found wanting. At that terrible moment when Eubœa was in revolt, when the Athenian garrison had just been butchered at Megara, and a powerful army was marching under the Spartan king on Athens, it was his decision which saved the state. The memory of that crisis dwelt long in the mind of the Athenians, as we see from an allusion in *The Clouds* of Aristophanes. A disciple of Socrates shows the aged Strepsiades a map, and points out the various lands and islands delineated on it. *Disciple.* "And this is Eubœa, as you see, stretched all along here." *Strepsiades (chuckling).* "Ay, ay, we gave it a rare stretching (an allusion to the rack) in Pericles' days."

Hardly was this cloud dispersed, when a yet greater danger threatened the imperial city from Samos.

And here again Pericles was equal to the emergency, conducting in person the fleet—which after a severe struggle reduced this powerful island from the position of a dangerous rebel to that of a submissive and useful ally. It was this subdivision of energy, this ability to serve the state in every possible direction, which constituted the ideal of Greek citizenship; and the decay of that ideal marks the decline of the Greek character. When we come to the age of Demosthenes we no longer find general and statesman united in the same person.

But it is of Pericles as he appears in the pages of Thucydides, as the main instigator and promoter of the final breach with Sparta, that we wish especially to speak. Mr. Abbott has passed a severe judgment on the action of Pericles during this, the last stage of his career. Our estimate of the policy of Pericles at this crisis must depend on two considerations: first, could the struggle with the Peloponnesian League have been avoided without ruinous concessions; and, secondly, were the resources of Athens adequate to sustain the contest? As to the first point, it seems to us clear that at the moment before the Peloponnesian War broke out the relations between Athens and the confederate cities of Hellas which confronted her had reached a point of tension which rendered a rupture inevitable. From the moment when Themistocles outwitted the Spartans, and thus enabled his countrymen to surround themselves with impregnable walls, the growth of that city, which was every year raising new towers and temples within sight of the shores of Salamis, was watched with jealous eyes by a score of envious neighbours. To this natural jealousy of a rival city there was added another and yet stronger ground of hostility. That gradual process which converted a number of independent allies into tributary subjects of Athens struck at the root of the most cherished sentiment of the Greek mind, the sentiment

which led every individual city to regard itself as an independent unit, and to resent any attempt at dictation or interference from outside. Not less violent than the hatred of the citizen towards "that savage and bloodthirsty thing" a tyrant, was the indignation which was kindled by the rise of a tyrant city among the independent communities of Hellas. Thus during many years there had been slowly accumulating a mass of combustible material, and a spark was only needed to set all Hellas in a blaze. That spark was supplied by the interference of Athens in the quarrel between Corinth and Coreyra. It may, indeed, be urged that without the co-operation of Sparta it would have been impossible for the states hostile to Athens to raise an effective coalition against her; and Sparta seemed inclined for an amicable settlement. But in reality the peace party in Sparta was represented by only a small minority, headed by Archidamus the king. The real power of the state was wielded by the Ephors; and the Ephors were furiously anti-Athenian. If any doubt remained on this point, it would be dispelled by the emphatic declaration of Thucydides; the real cause of the war, he says, was the growth of the Athenian power, and the alarm occasioned thereby in the Spartans.

On the question whether the power of Athens was such as to give her a reasonable hope of victory there is surely no room for hesitation. The course of the war itself affords the clearest evidence that had the Athenians exercised the most ordinary prudence and self-restraint they would have emerged triumphant from the struggle. Nothing but their own suicidal folly could have brought about the final catastrophe which, after twenty-seven years of exhausting warfare, laid them at the feet of their enemies. If it was a crime in Pericles to credit his countrymen with the possession of a minimum of common sense, we must then charge him with wilfully betraying the interests of his native

city. Judged on any other ground his policy was not only justifiable, but the only policy which was consistent with Athenian dignity and honour.

We will now give some account of the three memorable occasions on which Pericles stands forth prominently as the great interpreter of the best instincts of his fellow-citizens. The first of these brings us to the eve of the Peloponnesian war. The storm which has long been gathering round the imperial city is ready to break. On all sides she is surrounded by jealous rivals or rebellious subjects, eager for her destruction. Northward lowers the sullen rancour of Thebes. To the west lies Corinth, bitterest of all her foes, once the greatest centre of commerce in Hellas, but now degraded from that eminence by this new mistress of the sea. Nearer at hand the Megarians are writhing under the restrictions which have crippled their trade; and in the heart of Peloponnesus a rude race of unlettered soldiers chafes under a sense of diminished prestige, aggravated by that blind malignity which dull men feel towards those who are more gifted than themselves. A higher feeling connects itself with the hostility of Ægina, now driven to extremity by that proud city with whom she has fought side by side against the Persian,—Ægina, the mother of heroes, the nurse of great athletes, in arts and in arms not the least city of Hellas, whose cruel fate drew many a note of sadness from the noble muse of Pindar. All these, and many more, are arrayed against the tyrant of the Ægean; and now the last word has come from Sparta: "Let the cities of Hellas go free, and we will sheathe the sword." Is it to be peace or war? The assembly is met, and many have tried to answer that question, when Pericles mounts the *bema* and in clear and unanswerable words points out the only path which the honour and interest of Athens leave open to her. While others hesitate he has no hesitation; Athens must never yield to Sparta. Let them

not be deceived by the triviality of the demands which have been put forward by the Peloponnesians, as though by yielding here they could avert the war. Those claims are mere trials of their constancy, and if they give way others and yet others will follow, until the empire of Athens is gradually frittered away. No free state can yield to an unjustifiable demand, however trivial in itself, from a neighbour, without fatally compromising its dignity and power. They are sure of success if they will only restrain their ambition and not attempt to add to their possessions during the war. Their enemies are divided among themselves and incapable of sustained effort for a common purpose. This, then, must be their reply: they will open their ports to Megara when Sparta opens her gates to the stranger; they will let the cities of Hellas go free when the Spartans leave off meddling with the political institutions of their allies. Let them not abandon in a moment of faint-heartedness that proud fabric of empire which has only been built up by long years of self-sacrifice and toil.

How the counsel of Pericles prevailed with the Athenians and led them to reject the ultimatum of Sparta, how the war broke out, and how the rural population of Attica abandoned their homes and flocked into the city, are matters too familiar to be dwelt upon here. The second great appearance of Pericles connects itself with one of the most memorable scenes in history. The first year of the war is over, and the whole population of Athens is assembled in the fairest suburb of the city. The last tribute has just been paid to those citizens who have fallen in defence of their country. Their bones have been laid in the public sepulchre, and now the vast crowd is gathered round a tall platform of stone to listen to those words of eulogy on the dead and comfort to the living which custom has appointed as a fitting close to the ceremony. The crowd opens a lane,

and the lofty figure of Pericles approaches and slowly mounts the steps of the platform. His eyes dwell sadly for a moment on the mourning dresses and tear-stained faces which appear at intervals among the throng. Then the murmurs of the men and the sobs of the women are hushed, as the tones of that Olympian voice fall thrilling on their ears.

"I cannot," he says, "commend the custom which has brought me here to address you to-day. It seems to me that no words of mine can add anything to the impressive spectacle of a whole people in mourning. But since I have been chosen to perform this duty I must do my best to pay to those who have died for Athens the tribute of eulogy which is their due. And how can I most fitly praise the dead? Surely by showing you how glorious is the city for which they gave their lives." Then follows that remarkable picture of the political and social institutions of Athens "which the world," says Mr. Abbott, "accepts as an ideal description of democratic government." Throughout these chapters there runs a subtle vein of contrast with the dull routine of Spartan life. "In a word," says the orator, concluding this part of his address, "Athens is the school of Hellas, and the training of her citizens is such that they are qualified to serve her in any capacity, whether in peace or war. This is no idle boast, but the simple truth, as is proved by the actual power of our state. She alone rises above her reputation in the hour of trial. No enemy need reproach himself with having suffered defeat at the hands of such a foe; no subject need be ashamed of being ruled by such a mistress. We need no Homer to sing our praises; our valour has carried us to the ends of the earth, and every land bears the indelible stamp of our friendship or our enmity. Such, then, is the city for which these men fell; such is the city which bids you to emulate their deeds." How strange to us is the ground on which Pericles here and elsewhere bids his

countrymen rest their hope of immortality for the cherished name of Athens—the ground, namely, of her material grandeur and her empire over Greeks. The words were still fresh in his hearers' ears when that empire was already fast slipping from her grasp. Dominions far mightier than hers have risen in her place, and of these too hardly one stone is left standing on another. But those intellectual glories on which the orator hardly bestows a passing allusion have survived the wreck of a hundred kingdoms, and still hold undiminished sway over the hearts of men. In what follows there is a truer if not a loftier note: "The highest tribute to the memory of the dead has now been paid. For our city owes her greatness, which I have been commemorating, to the deeds of these men and others like them. Therefore, in exalting Athens, I have been exalting them. Their glorious death has placed their character as men above dispute. If any of their lives had been previously not free from stain, they have effaced that stain by the crowning act of their career. Was any among them rich? He put away the thought of his riches. Was any poor? He set aside his hopes for the future. One hope alone they held fast to, the hope of repelling their country's foes; and so when the supreme moment came they did not flinch, but held their ground, and falling won themselves immortal fame." Before dismissing the subject of this famous speech we cannot refrain from quoting that memorable definition of the whole duty of woman which seems to betray rather the sardonic humour of the historian than the chivalrous spirit of the lover of Aspasia: "To the widows of the slain I will only say this; if they will show themselves no weaker than nature has made them, and if their name is never mentioned among the men either for praise or blame, they will have reached the summit of female virtue!"

We come now to the closing scene in the life of Pericles. It is the second

year of the war, and the summer is at its height. From the walls of the city the Athenians can see the smoke rising from their ruined homesteads, and the devastation of their crops. For the annual invasion of the Peloponnesian army is just over, and the work of destruction has been carried to the very gates of Athens. But gloomy as is that prospect, far greater horrors await them when they turn their eyes towards the town. For there the plague is still raging with undiminished fury, and the vast crowds huddled within the limits of the walls are perishing like sheep. The open conduits are thronged by naked and infected wretches, striving in vain to quench the burning thirst which consumes them. Even the temples are filled with dead and dying, and in every open space rises the flame of funeral pyres. Meanwhile no news comes from abroad which might raise the fainting courage of the Athenians in this moment of terror and calamity. The siege of Potidæa still drags wearily on, and a large reinforcement sent to the aid of the beleaguering army has carried the infection into the Athenian camp, and returned itself decimated by disease. Goaded into fury by their sufferings, the citizens turn fiercely on him who seems the author of all this woe. At every corner of the streets are seen excited knots of men in angry debate. Where were now the hopes by which he had led them into this struggle? What had they gained by following his advice? A wasted territory and a plague-stricken city! For some time Pericles remains deaf to all this clamour. But at length he deems it expedient to summon the Assembly, and as the news spreads a tumultuous crowd rushes to the place of meeting. Far different was the audience which he addressed two years ago. Then they were burning with warlike ardour, full of proud confidence in their great leader. Now they are vying with one another which shall cast the first stone at him. Above a sea of hostile faces rises al-

most for the last time the majestic form of the aged statesman. Thirty years of toil in the public service, and the sorrows which have latterly clouded his domestic life, have done their work upon him. Yet the fire in his eye is not quenched, and his tone is as haughty as ever. It is no attitude of apology or self-defence which he assumes; his words are full of high self-confidence and fierce defiance. He reproaches his fellow-citizens in no measured terms. The temper they are displaying is unreasonable and unmanly. Private disasters may be made good, if the public weal is preserved. But public calamity means private ruin. The vessel of the state holds their all, and with that vessel they must sink or swim. Why, then, are they angry with him? They adopted his advice with their eyes open; and what else could they have done, when the choice lay between resistance and slavery? But now they are cowed by misfortune, and, blinded by present ills, they have no eyes for future gain. He will tell them something which he has been keeping back for a crisis like the present one, and which ought to act like a spell on their drooping spirits. They do not realise the extent of their power! They are absolute masters of the sea, which means that half the world is in their hands! And what is the loss of lands and houses compared with a power like this? They cannot now draw back with safety; all the world hates them as tyrants, and that timorous policy of conciliation which may suit very well with the position of a subject city is suicidal weakness in an empire like theirs. All their calamities, excepting the plague, are such as any one could have foreseen; and for that exception fortune is to blame, not he. Athens has gained a name among all men for endurance under misfortune and martial enterprise. She has raised a power which has never been equalled, and the fame of her daring and her material

greatness will go down to all posterity. Remembering this, let them show a spirit of cheerfulness under their present misfortunes, being assured that this spirit is the best pledge of public and private security.

This was Pericles' last great effort. Yet a few more months, and that voice which has so often been raised to comfort, to counsel, and to inspire, is still; that hand which for thirty years has "wielded at will that fierce democracy" is cold. The master helmsman lies low; and the gallant vessel which under his skilful pilotage has weathered many an hour of darkness and peril is drifting slowly but surely towards the breakers.

His life forms a connecting link between the old Hellenism and the new. His early days were passed among the ideal types of Greek character which are reflected for us in the genial pages of Herodotus. There we see a young people just awakening to a consciousness of its powers, looking out with eyes full of wonder and hope as nature unfolds her marvels to its bright intelligence. Then comes a period of twilight, through which the great figures of Themistocles, Cimon, and Aristides move dimly. When we emerge once more into the broad light of history we find a nation already growing old, disilluminated, fast losing hold on the ideals of the past. The beauty of faith and the joyousness of worship are fading away, and the canker of scepticism has begun to eat into the life of the nation. The works of those writers who image most faithfully the spirit of this new era, the historian Thucydides and the dramatist Euripides, are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," burdened with the sadness of a people which has outlived its illusions. Night has fallen on the hopes and aspirations of mankind; and as yet there is no sign of another dawn.

H. L. HAVELL.

MY LADY'S SONG.

SING again, oh, lady mine,
 Your rare ditty of the Rhine !
 Lovely visions rise and float
 On the wave of each full note ;
 Silvery day-breaks brighten slow,
 Sunsets blush on mountain snow,
 Moonlight shivers on the sea,
 Autumn burns in bush and tree,
 And a charm lights everything—
 As I listen and you sing.

Blowing willows bend and sigh,
 Whispering rivers wander by,
 Through the pines sweep sea-tones soft,
 Sailing rooks shout loud aloft,
 Wild-fowl crooning cross the mere,
 Thrustles in the dawn call clear,
 Vanished faces gleam and go,
 Silenced voices murmur low,
 Gentlest memories come and cling—
 As I listen and you sing.

Ah! repeat the music's tale,
Love shall perish not, nor fail!
 I forget the fear of death,
 Breathe in thought immortal breath ;
 I believe in broadening truth,
 In the generous creeds of youth,
 In consoling hopes that climb
 Up to some triumphal time,
 And a dream of splendour bring—
 As I listen and you sing.

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

THE WOMAN IN THE MORGUE.

I.

WHEN Blake Shorland stepped from the steamer *Sauvage* upon the quay at Noumea, he proceeded, with the caution and alertness of the trained newspaper correspondent, to take his bearings. So this was New Caledonia, the home of outcast, criminal France, the recent refuge of Communist exiles, of Rochefort, Louise Michel, Felix Rastoul, and the rest! Over there to the left was Ile Nou, the convict prison; on the hill was the Governor's residence; below, the Government establishments with their red-tiled roofs; and hidden away in a luxuriance of tropical vegetation lay the houses of the citizens. He strokes his black moustache thoughtfully for a moment, and puts his hand to his pocket to see that his letters of introduction from the French Consul at Sydney to Governor Rapont and his journalistic credentials are there. Then he remembers the advice of the captain of the *Sauvage* as to the best hotel, and starts towards it. He has not been shown the way, but his instincts direct him. He knows where it ought to be, according to the configuration of the town.

It proved to be where he thought, and, having engaged rooms, sent for his portmanteau, and refreshed himself, he set out to explore the place. His prudent mind told him that he ought to proceed at once to Governor Rapont and present his letters of commendation, for he was in a country where feeling was running high against English interference with the deportation of French convicts to New Caledonia, and the intention of France to annex the New Hebrides. But he knew also that so soon as these letters were presented, his freedom of action would be to a certain extent restricted, either by a courtesy which would be so constant

as to become a species of surveillance, or by an injunction which would have no such gloss. He had come to study French government in New Caledonia, to gauge the extent of the menace that the convict question bore towards Australia, and to tell his tale to Australia and such other countries as would listen. The task was not altogether pleasant, and had its dangers, too, of a certain kind. But Blake Shorland had had both unpleasantness and peril many times in his life, and he borrowed no trouble. Proceeding along the Rue de l'Alma, and listening to the babble of French voices round him, he suddenly paused in an abstracted way that he had, and said to himself, "Somehow it brings back Paris to me, and that last night there, when I bade Glasham good-bye. Poor old boy! I'm glad better days are coming for him. Sure to be better if he marries Clare. Why *didn't* he do it seven years ago, and save all that other horrible business?"

Then he moved on, noticing that he was the object of attention and remark; but he did not dislike that particularly, and it being day-time and in the street he felt himself quite safe. Glancing up at a doorway he saw a familiar Paris name,—the Café Voisin. Interesting, this! It was in the Café Voisin that he had touched a farewell glass with Luke Glasham, the one bosom friend of his life. He entered this Café Voisin with the thought of how vague would be the society which he would meet in such a reproduction of a famous Parisian haunt. He thought of a *café chantant* at Cairo, and said to himself, "It can't be worse than that." He was right. The world has no shambles of ghastly frivolity and debauchery like those of Cairo.

The Café Voisin had many visitors,

and Blake Shorland saw at a glance who they were; *libérés*, or ticket-of-leave men, a drunken soldier or two, and a few of that class who with an army are called camp-followers, in an English town roughs, in a French convict settlement *récidivistes*. He felt at once that he had entered upon an unpleasant experience; but he also felt that the luck would be with him, as it had been with him so many times these late years. He sat down at a small table, and called to a haggard waitress near to bring him a cup of coffee. He then saw that there was another female in the room. Leaning with her elbows on the bar and her chin in her hands, a woman fixed her eyes on him as he opened and made a pretence of reading *La Nouvelle Calédonie*. Looking up, he met her eyes again; there was hatred in them if ever he saw it, or what might be called constitutional *diablerie*. He felt that this woman, whoever she was, had power of an extraordinary kind; too much power for her to be altogether vile, too physically healthy to be of that class to which the girl who handed him his coffee belonged. There was not a sign of gaudiness about her; not a ring, a necklace, or a bracelet. Her dress was of cotton, faintly pink and perfectly clean; her hair was brown, and waving away loosely from her forehead—but her eyes! Was there a touch of insanity there? Perhaps because they were rather deeply set, though large, and because they seemed to glow in the shadows made by the brows, the unnatural intensity was deepened. But Blake Shorland could not get rid of the feeling of active malevolence in them. The mouth was neither small nor sensuous, the chin was strong without being coarse, the figure was not suggestive. The hands,—confound the woman's eyes! Why could he not get rid of the unpleasant feeling they gave him? She suddenly turned her head, not moving her chin from her hands, however, or altering her position, and said something to a man at her elbow,—

rather the wreck of a man; one who bore tokens of having been some time the *roi gaillard* of a lawless court; now only a disreputable citizen of a far from reputable French colony.

Immediately a murmur was heard: "A spy, an English spy!" From the mouths of absinthe-drinking *libérés* it passed to the mouths of rum-drinking *récidivistes*. It did not escape Blake Shorland's ears, but he betrayed no sign. He sipped his coffee and appeared absorbed in his paper, thinking, however, carefully of the difficulties of his position. He knew that to rise now and make for the door would be of no advantage, for a number of the excited crowd were between him and it. To show fear might precipitate a catastrophe with this drunken mob. He had nerve and coolness, though by nature he was of sensitive mould, and men had called him something of a poet.

Presently a dirty outcast passed him and rudely jostled his arm as he drank his coffee. He begged the outcast's pardon quietly and conventionally in French, and went on reading. A moment later the paper was snatched from his hand, and a red-faced unkempt scoundrel yelled in his face, "Spy of the devil! English thief!" Then he rose quickly and stepped back to the wall, feeling for the spring in his sword-stick which he held closely pressed to his side. This same sword-stick had been of use to him on the Fly River in New Guinea.

"Down with the English spy!" rang through the room, joined to vile French oaths. Meanwhile the woman had not changed her position, but closely watched the tumult which she herself had roused. She did not stir when she saw a glass hurled at the unoffending Englishman's head. A hand reached over and seized a bottle behind her. The bottle was raised and still she did not move, though her fingers pressed her cheeks with a spasmodic quickness. Three times Blake Shorland had said, in

well-controlled tones, "Frenchmen, I am no spy," but they gave him the lie with increasing uproar. Had not Gabrielle Rouget said that he was an English spy? As the bottle was poised in the air with a fiendish cry of "A baptism! a baptism!" and Blake Shorland was debating on his chances of avoiding it, and on the wisdom of now drawing his weapon and cutting his way through the mob, there came from the door a call of "Hold! hold!" and a young military officer dashed in, his arm raised against the brutal missile in the hands of the ticket-of-leave man, whose patriotism was purely a matter of absinthe, natural evil, and Gabrielle Rouget. "Wretches! scum of France!" he said; "what is this here? And you, Gabrielle, do you sleep? Do you permit murder?"

She met the fire in his eyes without finching, and some one answered for her, "He is an English spy!"

"Take care, Gabrielle," the young officer went on, "take care; you go too far!" And waving back the sullen crowd, now joined by the woman, who had not yet spoken, he said, "Who are you, monsieur? What is it?"

Blake Shorland drew from his pocket his letter of introduction and his credentials. Gabrielle now stood at the young officer's elbow. As the papers were handed over a photograph dropped from among them and fell face upward to the floor. Blake Shorland stooped to pick it up, but as he did so he heard a suppressed cry from Gabrielle Rouget. He looked up. She pointed to the portrait and said gaspingly, "Look, look! My God!" She leaned forward and touched the portrait in his hand. "Look, look!" she said again. And then she paused, and a moment after laughed. But there was no mirth in her laughter; it had a hollow and nervous sound. Meanwhile the young officer had glanced at the papers, and now handed them back with the words, "All is right, monsieur—Eh! Gabrielle! Well? What is the matter?" But

she drew back, keeping her eyes fixed on Blake Shorland, and did not answer.

The young officer stretched out his hand: "I am Alençon Barré, lieutenant, at your service. Let us go, monsieur." But there was some unusual devilry working in that drunken crowd. The sight of an officer was not sufficient to awe them into obedience. Bad blood had been fired, and it was fed by some cause unknown to Alençon Barré, but to be understood fully hereafter. The mass surged forward, with cries of, "Down with the Englishman!" Alençon Barré drew his sword. "Villains!" he cried, and pressed the point against the breast of the leader, who at this drew back. Then Gabrielle's voice was heard, "No; no, my children," she said; "no more of that to-day,—not to-day. Let the Englishman go." Her face was white and drawn, but her eyes burned with an intense brilliancy. Blake Shorland had been turning over in his mind all the events of the last few moments with the novelist's eye for situations and character, and he thought as he looked at her that just such women had made a hell of the Paris Commune. But one thought dominated all others. What did her excitement when she saw the portrait mean,—the portrait of Luke Glasham? He felt that he was standing on the verge of a tragedy, at least a tragic possibility.

Alençon Barré's sword again made a clear circle round him, and he said, "Shame, Frenchmen! This gentleman is no spy. He is the friend of the governor, he is my friend. He is English—well! Where is the English flag? There are the French—good French—protected. Where is the French flag? There shall the English—good English—be safe."

As they moved towards the door Gabrielle glided forward, and, touching the arm of Blake Shorland, said in English, "You will come again, monsieur? You shall be safe altogether. You will come?" And looking at

her searchingly, he answered slowly, "Yes, I will come."

As they left behind them the turbulent crowd and stepped into the street, Alençon Barré said: "You should have gone at once to the Hôtel du Gouverneur and presented your letters, monsieur; or at least have avoided the Café Voisin. Noumea is the White-chapel and the Pentonville of France, remember."

And Blake Shorland acknowledged his error, thanked his rescuer, enjoyed the situation, and was taken to Governor Rapont, by whom he was cordially received and then turned over to the hospitality of the officers of the post. It was conveyed to him later in the evening by letters of commendation from the governor that he should be free to go anywhere in the islands and to see whatever was to be seen, from convict prison to Hôtel Dieu.

II.

SITTING that night in the rooms of Alençon Barré, this question was put to Blake Shorland by his host: "What did Gabrielle say to you as we left, monsieur? And why did she act so, when she saw the portrait? I do not understand English well, and it was not quite clear."

Blake Shorland could think rapidly, and come to conclusions in the same fashion. He had a clear conviction that he ought to take Alençon Barré into his confidence. If Gabrielle Rouget should have any special connection with Luke Glasham there might be need of the active counsel of a friend like this young officer, whose face carried every token of chivalry and gentle birth. Better that Alençon Barré should know all, than that he should know in part and some day unwittingly make trouble. So he raised frank eyes to those of the other, and told the story of the man whose portrait had so affected Gabrielle Rouget.

"Monsieur Barré," he said, "I will tell you of this man first, and then

perhaps it will be easier to answer your questions." He took the portrait from his pocket, passed it over, and continued. "I received this portrait in a letter from England the day that I left Sydney, and as I was getting aboard the boat. I placed it among those papers which you read. It fell out as you know on the floor of the *café*, and you saw the rest. The man whose face is before you there, and who sent that to me, was my best friend in the days when I was at school and college. Afterwards, when a law-student, and, still later, when I began to practise my profession, we lived together in a rare old house at Fulham, with high garden walls and,—but I forget, you do not know London perhaps. Yes! Well, the house is neither here nor there; but I like to think of those days and of that home. Luke Glasham,—that was my friend's name—was an artist and a clever one. He had made a reputation by his paintings of Egyptian and Algerian life. He was certainly brilliant and original, and an indefatigable worker. Suddenly one winter he became less industrious, and alarmingly fitful in his work; gloomy one day and elated the next, and in fact generally uncomfortable. What was the matter? Wait. Strange to say, although we were such friends, we chose different sets of society, and therefore seldom appeared at the same houses or knew the same people. He liked most things continental; he found his social pleasures in that polite Bohemia which indulges in midnight suppers and permits ladies to smoke cigarettes after dinner, which dines at rich men's tables and is hob-a-nob with Russian Counts, Persian Ministers, and German Barons. That was not to my taste, save as a kind of dramatic entertainment to be indulged in at intervals like a Drury Lane pantomime. But though I had no practical or visible proof that such was the case, I knew Luke Glasham's malady to be a woman. I taxed him with it. He did not deny it. He was painting at the time, I re-

member, and he testily and unprofitably drew his brush across the face of a Copt woman that he was working at and bit off the end of a cigar. I asked him if it was another man's wife; he promptly said, no. I asked him if there were any unpleasant complications, any inconsiderate pressure from the girl's parents or brothers; and he promptly told me to be damned. I told him I thought he ought to know that an ambitious man might as well drown himself at once as get a fast woman in his path. Then he developed a faculty for temper and profanity that stunned me. But the upshot was that I found the case straight enough to all appearances. The woman was a foreigner and not easy to win; was beautiful, had a fine voice, loved admiration, and possessed a scamp of a brother who wanted her to marry one who was not a Frenchman, so that, according to her father's will, a large portion of her fortune would come to him. . . . Were you going to speak? No? very well. Things apparently got worse and worse. Glasham neglected business and everything else, became in fact a nuisance. He never offered to take me to see the lady, and I did not suggest it, did not know in fact where she lived. What galled me most in the matter was that Glasham had been for years attentive to a cousin of mine, Clare Hazard, almost my sister, indeed, since she had been brought up in my father's house; and I knew that from a child she had adored him. However, these things seldom work out according to the law of Nature, and so I chewed the cud of dissatisfaction and kept the thing from my cousin as long as I could. About the time matters seemed at a crisis with Glasham I was taken ill, or rather was knocked up from over-work, and was ordered south. My mother and Glasham accompanied me as far as Paris. Here Glasham left me to return to England, and in the *Café Voisin*, at Paris—yes, mark that—we have never seen him since. While

in Italy I was prostrated with illness, and when I got up, Clare told me that Luke Glasham was married and had gone to Egypt. She, poor girl, bore it like a heroine. I was savage, but it was too late. I was ordered to go to the South Seas, at least to take a long sea-voyage; and though I could not well afford it I started for Australia. On my way out I stopped off one boat to try and find Luke Glasham in Egypt, but failed. I heard of him at Cairo, and learned also that her brother had joined them. Two years passed, and then I got a letter from an old friend, saying that Glasham's wife had eloped with a Frenchman. Another year, and then a letter from Glasham himself, saying that his wife was dead; that he had identified her body in the Morgue at Paris,—found drowned, and all that! He believed that remorse had driven her to suicide. But he had no trace of the brother, no trace of the villain whom he had hunted all Europe and America over to find. Again, another three years, and he writes me that he is going to be married to Clare Hazard on the twenty-sixth of this month. With that information came this portrait. I tell you all, M. Barré, because I feel that this woman Gabrielle has some connection with the past life of my friend Luke Glasham. She recognised the face, and you saw the effect. Now will you tell me what you know about her?"

Blake Shorland had been much more communicative than was his custom. But he knew men. This man had done him a service, and that made towards friendship on both sides. He was an officer and a gentleman, and so the Englishman showed his hand. Then he wanted information and perhaps much more, though what that would be he could not yet tell.

M. Barré had smoked cigarettes freely during Blake Shorland's narrative. At the end he said with peculiar emphasis, "Was your friend's wife a Frenchwoman?"

"Yes."

"Was her name Laroche?"

"I think that was it. I am not sure. It is six years since I heard it, and then it was only told me once by my cousin. Glasham always spoke of her as Lucile."

"Yes, Lucile when she was a good woman; something else when she was the other—*that!*"

Blake Shorland sprang to his feet. "You think that Lucile Laroche and Gabrielle——!"

"That Lucile Laroche and Gabrielle Rouget are one? Yes! But that Lucile Laroche was the wife of your friend? Well, that is another matter. But we shall see soon. Listen, M. Shorland. A scoundrel, Henri Durien, was sent out here for killing an American at cards. The jury called it murder, but recommended him to mercy, and he escaped the guillotine. He had the sympathy of the women, the Press did not deal hardly with him, and the Public Prosecutor did not seem to push the case as he might have done. But that was no matter to us. The woman, Gabrielle Rouget, followed him here, where he is a prisoner for life. He is engaged in road-making with other prisoners. She keeps the Café Voisin. Now here is the point which concerns your story. Once, when Gabrielle was permitted to see Henri, they quarrelled. I was acting as governor of the prison at the time, saw the meeting and heard the quarrel. No one else was near. Henri accused her of being intimate with a young officer of the post. I am sure there was no truth in it, for Gabrielle is not inclined to have followers of that kind. But Henri had got the idea from some source; perhaps by the convicts' 'Underground Railway,' which has connection even with the Hôtel de Gouverneur. Through it the prisoners know all that is going on, and more. In response to Henri's accusation Gabrielle replied, 'As I live, Henri, it is a lie.' He sardonically rejoined, 'But you do not live. You are dead, dead I tell you! You were found drowned and carried to the Morgue and properly identified,—

not by me, curse you, Lucile Laroche! And then you were properly buried, and not by me either, nor at my cost, curse you again! You are dead, I tell you!' She looked at him as she looked at you the other day, dazed and spectre-like, and said, 'Henri, I gave up my life once to a husband to please my brother. He was a villain, my brother! I gave it up a second time to please you, and because I loved you. I left behind me name, fortune, Paris, France, everything, to follow you here. I was willing to live here, while you lived, or till you should be free. And you curse me,—you dare to curse *me!* Now I will give you some cause to curse. You are a devil,—I am a sinner. Henceforth I shall be devil and sinner too.' With that she left him. Since then she *has* been both devil and sinner, but not in the way he meant; simply a danger to the safety of this dangerous community; a Louise Michel (we had her here too!) without Louise Michel's high motives. Gabrielle Rouget may cause a revolt of the convicts some day, to secure the escape of Henri Durien, or to give them all a chance. The governor does not believe it, but I do. You noticed what I said about the Morgue, and that?"

Blake Shorland paced up and down the room several times, and then said: "Great heaven, suppose that by some hideous chance this woman, Gabrielle Rouget, or Lucile Laroche, should prove to be Luke Glasham's wife! The evidence is so strong, so overwhelming. There evidently was some trick, some strange mistake, about the Morgue and the burial. This is the fourteenth of January; Luke Glasham is to be married on the twenty-sixth! M. Barré, if this woman *should* be his wife, hell never brewed an uglier scrape. There is Glasham,—that's pitiful; there is Clare Hazard,—that's pitiful and horrible. For nothing can be done; no cables from here, the *Sauvage* gone, no vessels or mails for two weeks . . . Ah well! There's only one thing to do,—find out the

truth from Gabrielle if I can, and trust in Providence."

"That is well spoken," said M. Barré. "Have some more champagne. I make the most of the pleasure of your company, and so I break another bottle. Besides, it may be the last I shall get for a time. There is trouble brewing at Bompatri,—a native insurrection—and we may have to leave for there at any moment. However this affair with Gabrielle turns out, you have your business to do. You want to see the country, to study our life—well, come with us. We will house you and feed you as we feed, and you shall have your tobacco at army prices."

Much as Blake Shorland was moved by the events of the last few hours he was enough the soldier and the man of the world to face possible troubles without the loss of appetite, sleep, or nerve. He had learned those tricks by hard experience. He had cultivated a habit of deliberateness which saved his digestion and preserved his mental equilibrium, and he had a happy faculty for doing the right thing at the right time. From his standpoint, his late adventure in the Café Voisin was the right thing, serious as the consequences might have been or might yet be. No man ever believed more in his star of fortune than did Blake Shorland. His life had been a series of escapes; it was always a case of one being taken and the other left. So now he promptly met the French officer's exuberance of spirits with a hearty gaiety, and drank his champagne with genial compliment and happy anecdote. It was late when they parted; the Frenchman excited, beaming, joyous, the Englishman responsive, but cool in mind still.

III.

AFTER breakfast next morning Blake Shorland expressed to M. Barré his intention of going to see Gabrielle Rouget. He was told that he must not go alone; a guard would be too conspicuous and might invite trouble;

he himself would accompany his friend M. Shorland.

The hot January day was reflected from the red streets, white houses, and waxen leaves of the tropical foliage, with enervating force. An occasional ex-convict sullenly lounged by, touching his cap as he was required by law; a native here and there leaned idly against a house-wall or a magnolia tree; ill-looking men and women loitered in the shade. A Government officer went languidly by in full uniform,—even the governor wore his uniform at all times to encourage respect—and the *cafés* were filling. Every hour was "absinthe-hour" in Noumea, which had improved on Paris in this particular. A knot of men stood at the door of the Café Voisin gesticulating nervously. One was pointing to a notice that had been posted on the bulletin-board of the *café* announcing that all citizens must hold themselves in readiness to bear arms in case the rumoured insurrection among the natives proved serious. It was an evil-looking company that thus discussed Governor Rapont's commands. As the two passed in, Blake Shorland noticed that one of the group made a menacing action towards Alençon Barré. The French officer may have been used to this sort of thing, but to the Englishman it looked ominous.

Gabrielle was talking to an ex-convict as they entered. Her face looked worn; there was a hectic spot on each cheek and dark circles round the eyes. There was something tigress-like about the poise of the head and neck, something intense and daring about the woman altogether. Her companion muttered between his teeth, "The cursed Englishman, the spy!"

But she turned on him sharply,—
"Go away, Gaspard, I have business. So have you—go!" And the ex-convict slowly left the *café*, still muttering.

"Well, Gabrielle, how are your children this morning? They look gloomy enough for the guillotine, eh?" said M. Barré.

"They are much trouble, sometimes,—my children."

"Last night, for instance."

"Yes, last night. But Monsieur was unwise. We do not love the English here. They do not find it comfortable on English soil, in Australia—my children! Not so comfortable as Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon. Criminal kings with gold are welcome; criminal subjects without gold—ah, that is another matter, M. Barré. It is just the same. They may be gentlemen,—many are; if they escape to Australia or go as *libérés*, they are hunted down. That is English, and they hate the English—my children!"

Gabrielle's voice was directed to M. Barré, but her eyes, feverish, dilated, searching, were on Blake Shorland.

"Eh, well, Gabrielle, all English are not inhospitable. My friend here, we must be hospitable to him. The coals of fire, you know, Gabrielle. We owe him something too for yesterday. He wishes to speak to you. Be careful, Gabrielle. No communist justice, no Charlotte Corday, no treachery, citizen Gabrielle!" And M. Barré smiled gaily.

Gabrielle smiled in reply, but it was not a pleasant smile, and she said, "Treachery, M. Barré! Treachery in Noumea! There is no such thing. It is all fair in love and war. No quarter, no mercy, no hope! All is fair where all is foul, M. Barré."

M. Barré shrugged his shoulders pleasantly and replied: "If I had my way your freedom should be promptly curtailed, Gabrielle. You are an active citizen, but you are dangerous, truly."

"I like you better when you do not have your way. Yet my children do not hate you, M. Barré. You speak your thought, and they know what to expect. Your family have little more freedom in France than my children have here."

M. Barré looked at her keenly for an instant, then lighting a cigarette he said, "So, Gabrielle, so! That is

enough. You wish to speak to M. Shorland,—well!" He waved his hand to her and walked away from them.

Gabrielle paused a moment, looking sharply at Blake Shorland, then she said, "Monsieur will come with me?"

She led the way into another room, boudoir, sitting-room, breakfast-room, library, all in one. She parted the curtains at the window letting the light fall upon the face of her companion, while hers remained in the shadow. He knew the trick, and moved out of the belt of light. He felt that he was dealing with a woman of singular astuteness, with one whose wickedness was unconventional and intrepid. To his mind there came on the instant the memory of a Rocky Mountain lioness that he had seen caged in Kansas City years before; lithe, watchful, nervously powerful, superior to its surroundings, yet mastered by those surroundings,—the trick of a lock, not a trick of strength. He thought he saw in Gabrielle a woman who for a personal motive was trying to learn the trick of the lock in Noumea, France's farthest prison. For a moment they looked at each other steadily, then she said, "That portrait,—let me see it."

The hand that she held out was unsteady, and it looked strangely white and cold. He drew the photograph from his pocket and handed it to her. A flush passed across her face as she looked at it, and was followed by a pallor that became set and still like polished marble. She gazed at the portrait for a moment, then her lips parted and a great sigh broke from her. She was about to hand it back to him, but an inspiration seemed to seize her, and she threw it on the floor and put her heel upon it with a frenzied fierceness. "That is the way I treated him," she said, and she ground her heel into the face of the portrait. Then she took her foot away. "See, see," she cried, "how his face is scarred and torn! I did that. Do you know what it is to torture one who loves you? No, you

do not. You begin with shame and regret. But the sight of your lover's agonies, his indignation, his anger, madden you and you get the lust of cruelty. You become a demon. You make new wounds. You tear open old ones. You lash, you stab, you thrust, you bruise, you put acid in the sores—the sharpest nitric acid; and then you heal with a kiss of remorse, and that is acid too—carbolic acid, and it smells of death. They put it in the room where dead people are. Have you ever been to the Morgue in Paris? They use it there. And then, as he writhes before you under his tortures and will not call for help because he loves his torturer, you smile a farewell to him and leave him there, and that is pouring ether over him, and he gets suddenly cold,—bitter cold—and one man is dead; and then another man is born, or else the first man is carried to the Morgue too, you understand! And better for him if he lies in the Morgue. Lash and knife and dagger and acid can't hurt him there, even by memory. But the man that is born when the other man dies *has* memory,—dark, dreadful memory."

She paused panting with her frenzy. "A good Medea she'd make. Poor Glasham!" thought Blake Shorland.

She took up the portrait. Her frame quivered. "Avenging God!" she said, "how his face is torn! Tell me of him."

"First, who are you, Gabrielle Rouget?"

She steadied herself, though her breast still panted painfully. "Who are *you*?" she said.

"I am his friend, Blake Shorland."

"Yes, I remember your name." She threw her hands up with a laugh, a bitter hopeless laugh. Her eyes half closed, so that only light came from them, no colour. The head was thrown back with a defiant recklessness, and then she said, "I was Lucile Laroche, his wife,—Luke Glasham's wife."

"But his wife died. He identified her in the Morgue."

"I do not know why I speak to you

so, but I feel that the time has come to tell all to you. He did *not* identify his wife in the Morgue. That was another woman, his wife's sister, my sister whom my brother drowned for her money,—that is, he made her life such a misery! And he did not try to save her when he knew she was determined to drown herself. She was not bad; she was a thousand times better than I am, a million times better than he was. He was a devil, my brother. But he is dead now too. . . . She was taken to the Morgue. She looked like me altogether; she wore a ring of mine, and she had a mark on her shoulder the same as one on mine; her initials were the same. Luke Glasham had never seen her. He believed that I lay dead there, and he buried her for me. I thought at the time that it would be best I should be dead to him and to the world. And so I did not speak. It was all the same to my brother. He got what was left of my fortune, and I got what was left of hers. For I was dead, you see,—dead, dead, dead!"

She paused again. Neither spoke for a moment. Blake Shorland was thinking what all this meant to Clare Hazard and Luke Glasham.

"Where is he? What is he doing?" she said at length. "Tell me, I was—I am—his wife."

"Yes, you were—you are—his wife. But better if you *had* been that woman in the Morgue," he said without pity. What were this creature's feelings to him! There was his friend and the sweet-faced, true-souled Clare.

She replied, "I know, I know. Go on!"

"Luke Glasham is well. The man that was born when his wife lay before him in the Morgue has sought another woman, a good true woman who loves him and—"

"And is married to her!" interrupted Gabrielle, her face taking on again a shining whiteness and her voice becoming strained. But, as if suddenly remembering something, she laughed that strange laugh which

might have come from a soul irretrievably lost. "And is married to her?"

Blake Shorland thought of the lust of cruelty, of the wounds, and the acids of torture. "Not yet," he said; "but the marriage is fixed for the twenty-sixth of this month."

"How I could spoil all that!" And her fingers clutched the curtains against which she stood.

"Yes, you could spoil all that. But you have spoiled enough already. Don't you think if Luke Glasham does marry—and there is little chance to prevent it—that you had better be dead as you have been this last five years? To make one hell in a lifetime ought to be enough to satisfy even a woman like you."

She shivered. Her eyes looked through Blake Shorland's eyes and beyond them to something else; and then they closed. When they opened again she said, "But I have made two hells; one for him and one for myself. His passed away when that woman in the Morgue was buried. Mine goes on; it will never pass away."

Blake Shorland did not fill the pause that followed with any remark and in a moment she continued, "It is strange that I never thought of his marrying again. And now I want to kill her—just for the moment. That is the selfish devil in me. And I can make another hell for him now, as you say. It will be that, whether I will it or not, if he knows that I live. Well, what is to be done, Monsieur? There is the Morgue left. But then there is no Morgue here. Ah, well, we can make one perhaps; we can make a Morgue, Monsieur."

"Can't you see that he ought to be left the rest of his life in peace?"

"Yes, I can see that. How his face is torn!" she said again, pointing to the portrait.

"Well, then!"

"Well,—and then, Monsieur? Ah, you did not wish him to marry me. He told me so. 'A fickle foreigner,' you said. And you were right, but it

was not pleasant to me, nevertheless. I hated you then, though I had never spoken to you or seen you; not because I wanted him, but because you interfered. He said once to me that you had told the truth in that. But,—and then, Monsieur?"

"Then continue to efface yourself for ever and ever. Continue to be the woman in the Morgue."

"But others know."

"Yes, Henri Durien knows and M. Barré suspects."

"So you see!"

"But Henri Durien is a prisoner for life; he cannot hear of the marriage unless you tell him. M. Barré is a gentleman; he is my friend; his memory will be dead like you."

"For M. Barré, well! But the other,—Henri. How do you know that he is here for life? Men get pardoned, men get free, men fi—get free I tell you."

Blake Shorland noticed the interrupted word. He remembered it afterwards distinctly enough and understood its full force.

"The twenty-sixth, the twenty-sixth," she said. Then a pause, and after with a sudden sharpness, "Come to me on the twenty-fifth, and I will give you my reply, M. Shorland."

He still held the portrait in his hand. She stepped forward. "Let me see it again," she said.

He handed it to her: "You have spoiled a good face, Gabrielle Rouget."

"But the eyes are not hurt," she replied; "see how they look at one." And she handed it back.

"Yes, kindly."

"And sadly, Monsieur. As if he still remembered Lucile. Lucile! I have not been called that name for a long time. It is on my gravestone, you know. Ah, perhaps you do not know. You never saw my grave. I have. And on the tombstone is written this: *By Luke to Lucile*. And then beneath, where the grass almost hides it, the line: *I have followed my Star to the last*. You do not know what that line means; I will

tell you. Once, when we were first married, he wrote me some verses, and he called them, 'My Star, Lucile.' Here is a verse,—ah, why do you not smile, when I say I will tell you what he wrote? *Chut!* Women such as I have memories sometimes. One can admire the Heaven even if one lives in—ah, you know! Listen." And with a voice that seemed far away and not a part of herself she repeated these lines.

In my sky of Delight there's a beautiful
Star ;

'Tis the Sun and the Moon of my days ;
And the doors of its glory are ever ajar,
And I live in the glow of its rays.

'Tis my Winter of Joy and my Summer
of Rest,

'Tis my Future, my Present, my Past ;
And though winds fill the East and the
clouds haunt the West,

I shall follow my Star to the last.

"There, that was to Lucile. What would he write to Gabrielle, to Henri's Gabrielle? to—ah, ah, ah! How droll! How droll!" And again she laughed that shuddering laugh of eternal recklessness.

It filled Blake Shorland this time with a sense of fear. He lost sight of everything,—this strange and interesting woman, and the peculiar nature of the events in which he was sharing,—and saw only Clare Hazard's ruined life, Luke Glasham's despair and the fatal twenty-sixth of January so near at hand. He could see no way out of the labyrinth of disgrace. It unnerved him more than anything that had ever happened to him, and he turned bewildered towards the door. He saw that while Gabrielle Rouget, or Lucile Laroche, lived, a dread misfortune would be ever crouching at the threshold of Luke Glasham's home; that whether the woman agreed to be silent or not the hurt to Clare Hazard would remain the same. With an angry bitterness in his voice that he did not try to hide, he said: "There is nothing more to be done now, Gabrielle,

that I can see. But it is a crime, it is a pity!"

"A pity that he did not tell the truth on the gravestone, that he did not follow his Star to the last, Monsieur? How droll! And you should see how green the grass was on my grave! Yes, it is a pity, Monsieur."

But Blake Shorland, heavy at heart, looked at her and said nothing more. He wondered why it was that he did not loathe her. Somehow, even in her shame, she compelled a kind of admiration and awe. She was the wreck of splendid possibilities, a tigress that had tasted blood. A palpitating and poisonous vitality possessed her, but through it glowed a daring and a candour that belonged to her before she became wicked, and that now half redeemed her in the eyes of this man who knew the worst of her. Even in her sin she was loyal to the scoundrel for whom she had sacrificed two lives, her own and another's. Her brow might flush with shame of the mad deed that turned her life awry, and of the degradation of her present surroundings, but her eyes looked straight into those of Blake Shorland without wavering and with the pride of strength if not of goodness.

"Yes, there *is* one thing more," she said. "Give me that portrait to keep—until the twenty-fifth. Then you may take it,—from the woman in the Morgue."

Blake Shorland thought for a moment. She had spoken just now without sneering, without bravado, without hardness. Her voice had even taken a tone of sadness. He felt that behind this woman's outward cruelty and varying moods there was something working that perhaps might be trusted, something in Luke Glasham's interest. He was certain that this portrait had moved her deeply. Had she come to that period of reaction in evil when there is an agonised and wistful look turned back towards the good? He could not tell, but he gave the portrait to her. If he but knew it, his judgment was right. She was trembling

between one thing and another, and the one thing would be best for Luke Glasham. Without another word they parted, the scarred portrait remaining with her.

IV.

SITTING in Alençon Barré's room an hour later, Blake Shorland told him in substance the result of his conference with Gabrielle, and begged his consideration for Luke Glasham if the worst should happen. Alençon Barré gave his word as a man of honour that the matter should be sacred to him. As they sat there a messenger came from the commandant to say that the detachment was to start that afternoon for Bompari. Then a note was handed to Blake Shorland from Governor Rapont offering him a horse and a native servant if he chose to go with the troops. This was what Blake Shorland had come for,—news and adventure. He did not hesitate, though the shadow of the twenty-fifth was hanging over him, or rather over Clare Hazard and Luke Glasham, which was much the same to him. He felt his helplessness in the matter, but determined to try to be back in Noumea on that date. Not that he expected anything definite, but because he had a feeling that where Gabrielle was on that day he ought to be.

For two days they travelled, the friendship between Alençon Barré and Blake Shorland growing hourly closer. It was the swift amalgamation of two kindred natures in the flame of a perfect sincerity; for even with the dramatic element so strongly developed in his mental and emotional constitution the Englishman was very down-right and true. His friendship was as tenacious as his head was cool.

On the evening of the third day Blake Shorland noticed that the strap of his spur was frayed. He told his native servant to attend to it. Next morning as they were starting he saw that the strap had not been mended or replaced. His language on the

occasion was pointed and confident. The fact is he was angry with himself for trusting anything to a servant. He was not used to such a luxury, and he made up his mind to live for the rest of the campaign without a servant, as he had done all his life long.

The two friends rode side by side for miles through the jungle of fern and palm, and then began to enter a more open but scrubby country. The scouts could be seen half a mile ahead. Not a sign of natives had been discovered on the march. More than once Alençon Barré had expressed his dissatisfaction at this. He knew it pointed to concentrated trouble ahead; and just as they neared the edge of the free country he rose in his saddle and looked around carefully. Blake Shorland imitated his action, and as he resumed his seat he felt his spur-strap break. He leaned back and drew up the foot to take off the spur. As he did so he felt a sudden twitch at his side, and immediately Alençon Barré swayed in his saddle with a spear in the groin. Blake Shorland caught him and prevented him falling to the ground. A wild cry rose from the jungle behind and from the clearing ahead, and in a moment the infuriated French soldiers were in the thick of a hand-to-hand fray under a rain of spears and clubs. The spear that had struck Alençon Barré would have struck Blake Shorland had he not bent backwards when he did. As it was the weapon had torn a piece of cloth from his coat.

A moment, and the wounded man was lifted to the ground. The surgeon shook his head in sad negation. Death already blanched the face of Alençon Barré. Blake Shorland looked into the misty eyes with a sadness only known to those who can gauge the love of men who suffer for each other. Four days ago this gallant young officer had taken risk for him, had saved him from injury, perhaps death; to-day the spear meant for him had stricken down this same young officer,

never to rise again. The vicarious sacrifice seemed none the less noble to Blake Shorland because it was involuntary, because according to fact it was an accident. The only point clear in his mind was, that had he not leant back, Alençon Barré would be the whole man and he the wounded one.

"*Mon Dieu ! Mon Dieu ! Mon ami,*" Blake Shorland said ; and at that moment he could say no more. There could indeed be little more to say.

Alençon Barré looked up, agony twitching his nostrils and a dry white line on his lips. "*Mon ami !*" he said, "it is in action—that is something ; it is for France, that is more to me—everything. They would not let me serve France in Paris, but I die for her in New Caledonia. I have lived six-and-twenty years. I have loved the world. Many men have been kind, and once there was a woman,—and I shall see her soon, quite soon. It is strange. The eyes will become blind, and then they will open and—ah !" The agony shook his body and his fingers closed convulsively on those of Blake Shorland. When the ghastly tremor, the demoniacal corrosions of the poisoned spear, passed he said, "So, so ! It is the end. *C'est bien, C'est bien !*"

All round them the fight raged, and French soldiers were repeating English bravery in the Soudan.

"It is not against a great enemy, but it is good," said the wounded man as he heard the conquering cries of a handful of soldiers punishing five times their numbers. "You remember Prince Eugène and the assegaïs ?"

"I remember."

"Our Houses were enemies, but we were friends, he and I. And so, and so you see, it is the same for both."

Again the teeth of the devouring poison fastened on him, and when it left him a grey pallor had settled upon the face.

Blake Shorland said to him gently, "*Mon ami,* it is the end. How do you feel about it all ?"

As if in gentle protest the head moved slightly. "*C'est bien, c'est bien,*" the low voice said.

A pause, in which the cries of the wounded came through the smoke, and then the dying man, feeling the approach of another convulsion, said, "A cigarette, *mon ami.*"

Blake Shorland put a cigarette between his lips and lighted it.

"And now a little wine," the fallen soldier added.

The surgeon, who had come again for a moment, nodded and said, "It may act as an antidote to the poison."

Alençon Barré's native servant brought a tiny bottle of champagne which was intended to be drunk in celebration of the expected victory, but not in this fashion !

Blake Shorland understood. This brave young soldier of a dispossessed family wished to show no fear of pain, no lack of outward and physical courage in the approaching and final shock. He must do something that was conventional, natural, habitual, that would take his mind from the thing itself. At heart the man was right. The rest was a question of living like a strong-nerved soldier to the last. The tobacco-smoke curled feebly from his lips, and was swallowed up in the clouds of powder-smoke that circled round them. With his head on his native servant's knee he watched Blake Shorland uncork the champagne and pour the wine into the surgeon's medicine-glass. It was put in his fingers ; he sipped it once and then drank it all. "Again," he said.

Again it was filled. The cigarette was smoked nearly to the end. Blake Shorland must unburden his mind of one thought, and so he said, "You took what was meant for me, my friend."

"Ah, no, no, my friend ! It was the fortune, we will say the good fortune. *C'est bien !*" Then, "The wine, the wine," he said, and his fingers again clasped those of Blake Shorland tremblingly. He took the glass in his right hand and lifted it. "God guard all at home ! God keep

France!" he said. He was about to place the glass to his lips, when a stray bullet struck it, and left only the stem in his hand. He fell back, his breath quick and vanishing, his eyes closing, and a sad, faint smile upon his lips: "It is always the same with France," he said; "always the same." And then a slight tremor seized him, and he was gone.

V.

THE French had bought their victory dear with the death of Alençon Barré, their favourite officer. When they turned their backs upon a quelled insurrection, there was a gap that not even French buoyancy could fill. On the morning of the twenty-fifth they neared Noumea. Blake Shorland thought of all that day meant to Luke Glasham and Clare Hazard. He was helpless to alter the course of events, to stay a painful possibility.

"You can never trust a woman of Gabrielle's stamp," he said to himself, as they rode along through valleys of ferns, grenadillas, and limes. "They have no base-line of duty; they either rend themselves or rend others, but rend they must, hearts and not garments. Henri Durien knows, and she knows, and Alençon Barré knew, poor boy! but what he knew is buried with him back there under the palms. Glasham and Clare are to be married to-morrow—God help them! I had forgotten that. And I can see them in their home, he standing by the fireplace in his old way—it's winter there!—and looking down at Clare; and on the other side of the fireplace sits the sister of the Woman in the Morgue, waiting for the happiest moment in the lives of these two before her. And when it comes, as she did with the portrait, as she did with him before, she will set her foot upon his face and then on Clare's; only neither Luke nor Clare will live again after that crucifixion. It must be a death in life, it will. . . . Hollo! what's that?—a messenger riding hard

to meet us! Smoke in the direction of Noumea and sound of firing! What's that, doctor? Convicts revolted, made a break at the prison and on the way to the quarries at the same moment! Of course,—seized the time when the post was weakest, helped by ticket-of-leave men and led by Henri Durien, Gaspard, and Gabrielle Rouget. Gabrielle Rouget, eh! And this is the twenty-fifth! Yes, I will take Barré's horse, captain, thank you; it is fresher than mine. Away we go! Egad, they're at it, doctor. Hear the rifles!"

Answering to the leader's cry of "Forward, forward, my men!" the detachment dash into the streets of this little Paris, which, after the fashion of its far-away mother, is dipping its hands in Revolution. Outcast and criminal France is arrayed against military France once more. A handful of guards in the prison at Ile Nou are bravely holding in check a ruthless mob of convicts; and a crowd of convicts in the street are holding in check a determined military force. Part of the newly-arrived reinforcements go to Ile Nou, part move towards the barricade. Blake Shorland goes to the barricade. He feels that here he shall see a development of Luke Glasham's story.

The convicts have the Café Voisin in their rear. As the reinforcements join the besieging party a cheer rises, and a sally is made upon the barricade. It is a hail of fire meeting a slighter rain of fire—a cry of coming victory cutting through a sullen roar of despair. The square in which the convicts are massed is a trench of blood and bodies; but they fight on. There is but one hope,—to break out, to meet the soldiers hand to hand and fight for passage to the friendly jungle and to the sea, where afloat they may trust to that Providence that appears to help even the wicked sometimes. As Blake Shorland looks upon the scene and sketches it rapidly, missiles and bullets flying round him the while, he thinks of Alençon Barré's words:

"It is always the same with France, always the same."

The fight grows fiercer, the soldiers press nearer. And now one clear voice is heard above the din, "Forward, forward, my children!" and some one springs upon the outer barricade. It is the plotter of the revolt, the leader, the manager of the "Underground Railway," the beloved of the convicts—Gabrielle Rouget! The sunlight glorifies her streaming hair and vivid dress—vivid with the blood of the fallen. Her arms, her shoulders, her feet are bare; all that she could spare from her body had gone to bind the wounds of her desperate comrades. In her hands she holds a carbine. As she stands for an instant unmoving, the firing, as if by magic, ceases. She raises a hand. "We will have the guillotine in Paris," she said; "but not the hell of exile here." And then Henri Durien, the convict, springs up beside her; the man for whom she had made a life's sacrifice—for whom she had come to *this*. His head is banded and clotted with blood; his eyes blaze with that ferocity that comes to desperate animals at bay. Close after him crowd the handful of his frenzied compatriots in crime, hardened to all endurance physically by discipline and labour; and yet there were faces among them that seemed not yet hardened to all atrocity morally; faces of young men with one crime blighting their lives, with one sin driving them to final ignominy.

They stand there for the poise of a panther's leap, and then a rifle-crack is heard, and Henri Durien falls at the feet of Gabrielle Rouget. The wave on the barricade quivers, and then Gabrielle's voice is heard crying, "Avenge him! Free yourselves, my children! It is better than prison!" And the wave falls in red turmoil on the breakers. And still Gabrielle stood alone above the body of Henri Durien; but the carbine was fallen from her hands. She stood as one

awaiting death, her eyes upon the unmoving form at her feet. The soldiers watched her, but no one fired. Blake Shorland sketched her rapidly as she stood there. He did it mechanically. The dramatic side of his nature was working without mental direction, for he was thinking with a new sense of horror that this woman was the wife of his friend. Her face was white and the mouth was agonised; but in the eyes there was a wild triumph. She wanted death now; but these French soldiers had not the heart to kill her. When she saw that, she leaned and thrust a hand into the bleeding bosom of Henri Durien, and holding it aloft cried, "For this blood men must die." Then again stooping she seized the carbine and levelled it at the officer in command. But before she pulled the trigger some one fired, and she fell across the body of her lover. A moment after Blake Shorland stood beside her. She was shot through the lungs. She drew herself up and touched the brow of the dead convict with her lips.

Blake Shorland stooped over her. "Gabrielle, Gabrielle!" he said.

"Yes, yes, I know,—I saw you. This is the twenty-fifth. He will be married to-morrow,—Luke. I owed it to him to die; I owed it to Henri to die this way."

She drew the scarred portrait of Luke Glasham from her bosom and gave it to Blake Shorland.

"It was his eyes that made me," she said; "they were always good. They haunted me so. Well, it is all done. I am sorry, ah! . . . Never tell him of this. . . . I go away—away—with Henri."

She closed her eyes and was still for a moment; so still that he thought her dead. But she looked up at him again and said feebly and with her last breath, "*I am—the Woman in the Morgue—now—always!*"

EXTRACTS FROM SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

I.

"AFTER all, depend upon it, it is better to be worn out with work in a thronged community, than to perish of inaction in a stagnant solitude; take this truth into consideration whenever you get tired of work and bustle." So wrote Charlotte Brontë to a busy friend in London from the silence and solitude of her moorland home. Reading between the lines it is easy to realise how overwhelming to her fettered soul must have been that sense of stagnation of which she speaks; and how at times her spirit, chafing at the isolation to which it was doomed, must have craved to spread its wings, and take a part in that world which was to her but a name.

This extract is to be found in Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, and is taken from a series of letters written to the same friend, Mr. W. Smith Williams—letters which give evidence of her necessity for feeling herself in touch with a sympathetic mind, such as, alas! she was little likely to meet with in the Yorkshire wilds of long ago. "I can give you but a faint idea of the pleasure your letters afford me; they seem to introduce light and life to the torpid retirement where we lie like dormice. I think if you knew *how* pleased I am to get a long letter from you, you would laugh at me."

It is pathetic to notice how, as time goes on, her strong sense of duty helps her to modify her unsatisfied longings for intercourse with congenial natures, and even to school and subdue her tastes into something like acquiescence in a destiny which she believes to be ordained for her. In this, as in all the troubles and anxieties of her clouded lot, her cheerful and unmurmuring resignation to the inevitable is

a marked characteristic of her nature. "For society," she writes later on, "long seclusion has in a great measure unfitted me. I doubt whether I should now enjoy it if I had it. Sometimes I think I should, and I thirst for it; but at other times I doubt my capability of pleasing or deriving pleasure. The prisoner in solitary confinement, the toad in the block of marble, all in time shape themselves to their lot. And let me be content with seclusion; it has its advantages. In general, indeed, I am tranquil; it is only now and then that a struggle disturbs me—that I wish for a wider world than Haworth; when it is past, reason tells me how unfit I am for anything very different."

Underlying these quiet words, does not the same unsatisfied note ring out clearly and distinctly to the sensitive ear? At the time the above was written Charlotte was indeed alone; her sisters, whose companionship and sympathy went so far towards peopling her little world, had been taken from her, and the forlorn heart left to mourn their loss must have been desolate indeed. But the crowded thoroughfare and the lone and solitary footpath lead alike to one end—to the inevitable moment when busy hands are folded and the active brain must perforce be still. Many years have passed since the above was penned; both writer and recipient have long ceased to strive and struggle, and Death's unsparing hand has remorselessly thinned the ranks of their contemporaries.

It is the good fortune of the writer of the present paper to possess a large number of these letters exchanged from time to time between the distant friends; letters which are in them-

selves a mine of wealth and beauty, and which are also interesting from their free and independent comment upon the writers and topics of the day. Mrs. Gaskell was aware of the existence of these letters, and when engaged in preparing the admirable biography of her friend, she begged a few for insertion; but at that time it was not thought desirable to allow such as were of an intimate and confidential nature to appear in print. A scrupulous regard for the feelings of many people at that time living obliged Mr. Williams to refuse them, and it is evident from remarks addressed to him by Mrs. Gaskell on this subject in some letters now lying before me, that she thoroughly appreciated his motives in withholding them. Many of these honourable scruples having been now removed, some extracts from this correspondence are here for the first time given in print. In selecting them their chronological order has not been studied, and some of her remarks upon Thackeray and others have been chosen for the present paper. It must not be forgotten that her views were entirely self-formed, and not in any sense acquired from the conventional criticism of the day, which doubtless has, and should have, its weight in fashioning individual opinion. I mean, taking her comments on Thackeray as an example, that while it is impossible to avoid the recognition of a luminary when basking in the full light and heat of its meridian, it requires a keener sense to predict its power from indications of glory in an eastern sky. "I wonder what the world thinks of him," she says in the letter quoted below, and the remark indicates her entire isolation from contemporary criticism and comment.

The first letter in which she mentions Thackeray is dated Dec. 11th, 1847.

I hardly ever felt delight equal to that which cheered me when I received your letter containing an extract from a note by Mr. Thackeray, in which he expressed himself gratified with the perusal of *Jane Eyre*. Mr. Thackeray is a keen, ruthless

satirist. I had never perused his writings but with feelings of blended admiration and indignation. Critics, it appears to me, do not know what an intellectual bo-constrictor he is—they call him "humorous," "brilliant"; his is a most scalping humour, a most deadly brilliancy—he does not play with his prey, he coils round it and crushes it in his rings. He seems terribly in earnest in his war against the follies and the falsehood of the world. I wonder what the world thinks of him. I should think the faults of such a man would be distrust of anything good in human nature; galling suspicion of bad motives lurking behind good actions. Are these his failings? They are, at any rate, the failings of his written sentiments, for he cannot find in his heart to represent either man or woman as at once good and wise. Does he not too much confound benevolence with weakness, and wisdom with mere craft?

Her own estimate of human nature was not at all times a high one. Ill-health, solitude, and sorrow doubtless had their share in inducing at times an abnormally morbid frame of mind which in happier moments was foreign to her; and some such mood must have been in the ascendant when she wrote the following words. The letter is dated during the period immediately following the death of her ill-fated brother, and the inference is obvious.

I thank you for your last truly friendly letter, and for the number of *Blackwood* which accompanied it; both arrived at a time when a relapse of illness had depressed me much; both did me good, especially the letter. I have only one fault to find with your expressions of friendship; they make me ashamed, because they seem to imply that you think better of me than I merit. I believe you are prone to think too highly of your fellow creatures in general; to see too exclusively the good points of those for whom you have a regard. Disappointment must be the inevitable result of this habit. Believe all men and all women, too, to be dust and ashes, a spark of the Divinity now and then kindling in the dull heap—that is all. You say that men of genius may have egregious faults, but they cannot descend to brutality or meanness. Would that the case were so! Would that in-

telleet could preserve from low vice, but alas! it cannot. There is something divine in the thought that genius preserves from degradation, were it but true; but Savage tells us it was not true for him; Sheridan confirms the avowal, and Byron seals it with terrible proof! Is there a human being, you ask, so depraved that an act of kindness will not touch? There are hundreds of human beings who trample on kindness, and mock at words of affection. I know this, though I have seen but little of the world. I suppose I have something harsher in my nature than you have; something which every now and then tells me dreary secrets about my race, and I cannot believe the voice of the optimist, charm he never so wisely. As to the great, good, magnanimous acts which have been performed by some men, trace them up to motives, and then estimate their value; a few would gain, many lose by this test. The study of motives is a strange one; not to be pursued too far by one fallible human being in reference to his fellows. Do not condemn me as uncharitable. I know that while there are many good, sincere, gentle people in the world, with whom kindness is all-powerful, there are also not a few who must often have turned benefits into weapons wherewith to wound their benefactors.

It looks as though, after all, Miss Brontë's and Mr. Thackeray's views with regard to mankind in general were not always at variance. "He judged human nature so meanly," says the latter of Sir Robert Walpole, "that one is ashamed to have to own that he was right."

The next mention of Thackeray I find in the letters arises from a request or suggestion from Mr. Williams, who knew her to be possessed of considerable artistic talent, that she should herself illustrate the second edition of *Jane Eyre*.

It is not enough to have the artist's eye [she writes], one must also have the artist's hand to turn the first gift to practical account. I have in my day wasted a certain quantity of Bristol board and drawing paper; but when I examine the contents of my portfolio now, it seems as if during the years it has been lying closed some fairy had changed what I once thought sterling coin into dry leaves, and I feel much inclined to consign the whole col-

lection of drawings to the fire; I see they have no value. If, then, *Jane Eyre* is to be illustrated it must be by some other hand than that of its author; but I hope no one will be at the trouble to make portraits of my characters. Bulwer and Byron heroes and heroines are very well—they are all of them handsome; but my personages are mostly unattractive in look, and therefore ill-adapted to figure as ideal portraits. At the best I have always thought such representations futile. You will not easily find a second Thackeray. How he can render with a few black lines and dots shades of expression so fine, so real—traits of character so minute, so subtle, so difficult to seize and fix, I cannot tell; I can only wonder and admire. Thackeray may not be a painter, but he is a wizard of a draughtsman; touched by his pencil, paper lives. All is true in Thackeray; if Truth were again a goddess Thackeray should be her high priest. The more I read of his works the more certain I am that he stands alone; alone in his sagacity, alone in his truth, alone in his feeling (his feeling, though he makes no noise about it, is about the most genuine that ever lived in a printed page), alone in his power, alone in his simplicity, alone in his self-control. Thackeray is a Titan, so strong that he can afford to perform with calm the most Herculean feats; there is the charm and majesty of repose in his greatest efforts. He borrows nothing from fever; his is never the energy of delirium; his energy is sane energy, deliberate energy, thoughtful energy. The last number of *Vanity Fair* proves this peculiarly. Forceful, exciting in its force, still more impressive than exciting; carrying on the interest of the narrative in a flow deep, full, resistless, it is still quiet—as quiet as reflection, as quiet as memory; and to me there are parts of it which sound assuasive as an oracle. Thackeray is never borne away by his own ardour, he has it under control; his genius obeys him—it is his servant, and works no fantastic changes at its own wild will; it must still achieve the task which reason and sense assign it, and none other. Thackeray is unique. I can say no more. I will say no less.

14th August, 1848.

I have already told you, I believe, that I regard Thackeray as the first of modern masters. I study him with reverence. He, I see, keeps the mermaid's tail below water, and only hints at the dead men's bones and noxious slime amidst which it wrigs-

gles ; but his hint is more vivid than other men's elaborate explanations, and never is his satire whetted to so keen an edge as when with quiet mocking irony he modestly recommends to the approbation of the public his own exemplary discretion and forbearance. The world begins to know Thackeray better than it did two years, or even a year ago, but as yet it only half knows him. His mind seems to me a fabric as simple and unpretending as it is deep-founded and enduring. There is no meretricious ornament to attract or fix a superficial glance ; his great distinction of the genuine is one that can only be fully appreciated with time. There is something—a sort of “still-profound”—revealed in the concluding part of *Vanity Fair*, which the discernment of one generation will not suffice to fathom. A hundred years hence, if he only lives to do justice to himself, he will be better known than he is now ; a hundred years hence some thoughtful critic, standing and looking down on the deep waters, will see shining through them the pearl without price of a purely original mind—such a mind as the Bulwers, &c., his contemporaries, have not ; not acquirements gained from study, but the thing that came into the world with him—his inherent genius—the thing that made him.

10th January, 1850.

Thackeray's Christmas book at once grieved and pleased me. I have come to the conclusion that when he writes Mephistopheles stands on his right hand and Raphael on his left ; the great doubter and sneerer usually guides the pen—the angel, noble and gentle, interlines letters of light here and there. Alas ! Thackeray ! I wish your strong wings would lift you oftener above the smoke of cities into the purer region nearer heaven.

The final extract which I shall give on this subject is interesting because it may possibly owe its origin to the effects of that memorable evening in Young Street, of which Mrs. Ritchie so charmingly tells us in a recent number of this magazine. She speaks of the appearance of Miss Brontë in her father's house on an occasion which had apparently been consecrated and set apart to do her honour ; and she hints at the expectations which were formed—and alas ! disappointed—with regard to the words of wisdom which would inevitably drop from the

lips of the honoured guest, to the edification of the distinguished company assembled to meet her. Mr. Andrew Lang in the April number of *Longman's Magazine*, refers to the same article, and in allusion to the absence of entertaining talk inquires :—“How did Miss Brontë manage it? By shyness, by superiority, or by a mixture of unsocial qualities? . . . Miss Brontë was perhaps shy and silent, while people felt the existence of criticism in her shyness—of criticism and perhaps of disapproval.”

Poor Miss Brontë ! It is only fair to let her speak for herself ; for although the letter from which I quote may or may not refer to the occasion in question, it certainly throws some light upon the miserable condition of paralysed nervousness (far removed, I should imagine, from any spirit of censoriousness), which, hidden under the mask of an extremely quiet and undemonstrative exterior, was undoubtedly Miss Brontë's characteristic. Her occasional remarks to the governess would be the result not of condescension but of her intense and often expressed sympathy with the class, added to the relief she must have experienced at being able, at intervals, to screw up courage to address anybody at all. To employ her own simile “the toad had” (at all events, to outward appearance) in a measure “accommodated itself to the block of marble.”

Brief as my visit to London was it must for me be memorable. I sometimes fancied myself in a dream. I could scarcely credit the reality of what passed. For instance, when I walked into the room, and put my hand into Miss Martineau's, the action of saluting her and the fact of her presence seemed visionary. Again, when Mr. Thackeray was announced and I saw him enter, looked up at his tall figure and heard his voice, the whole incident was truly dream-like. I was only certain it was true because I became miserably destitute of self-possession. *Amour propre* suffers terribly under such circumstances. Woe to him who thinks of himself in the presence of intellectual greatness ! Had

I not been obliged to speak, I could have managed well; but it behoved me to answer when addressed, and the effort was torture—I spoke stupidly.

kindness in sending me the volumes, and (indirectly) for the greatest compliment I have ever received in my life.

Faithfully yours,
W. M. THACKERAY.

It must have been before this time that her respect and admiration for Thackeray found vent in the dedication to him of the second edition of *Jane Eyre*, for in telling Mr. Williams of her intention of so dedicating the book, she writes:—"I know nothing whatever of Mr. Thackeray: he exists for me only as an author; of all regarding his personality, station, connections and private history, I am totally in the dark." The tone of a part of the letter from which these words are taken suggests a faint apprehension that such an intention coming from a complete stranger, might not altogether find favour in the eyes of her hero. "I need not tell you," she writes, "that when I saw Mr. Thackeray's letter enclosed under your cover the sight made me very happy. Yet it was some time before I dared open it, lest my pleasure in receiving it should be mixed with pain on learning its contents, lest, in short, the dedication should have been in some way unacceptable to him."

The result, however, does not appear to have justified any such misgiving on her part, and the compliment would seem to have been duly appreciated in the quarter to which it was directed. In the depths of a certain treasure-box which contains many another precious relic beside these letters, I find the following. It is undated, but from its tenor it seems reasonable to suppose that it has reference to this matter of the dedication.

13 Young Street,
Kensington.

MY DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

I am quite vexed that by some blundering of mine I should have delayed answering Currer Bell's enormous compliment so long. I didn't know what to say in reply; it quite flustered and upset me. Is it true, I wonder? I'm—— But a truce to egotism. Thank you for your

It speaks well for the retiring and modest disposition of the authoress that the achievement of literary success had so little deleterious effect upon her. Her intense desire to remain unknown, and her genuine vexation when evidences on all sides met her ear that such concealment of her identity was becoming impossible, attest to the fact that personal popularity was not what she aimed at. She could not remain in ignorance of the power that she wielded. To assume unconsciousness of those gifts which were her birth-right would have been an affectation of which her candid nature would have been incapable; but her manner of alluding to herself and her powers is sometimes touching in its noble simplicity. In her references to other writers, also, one is struck by the entire self-abnegation with which she seats herself at the feet of those from whom she believes she can derive profit and instruction.

The letter you forwarded to me this morning (she writes), was from Mrs. Gaskell, authoress of *Mary Barton*. She said I was not to answer it, but I cannot help doing so. Her note brought the tears to my eyes. She is a good, she is a great woman; proud am I that I can touch a chord of sympathy in souls so noble.

Then follows, after some reference to Harriet Martineau—

Both these ladies are above me—certainly far my superiors in attainment and experience. I think I could look up to them if I knew them. My resolution of seclusion withholds me from communicating further with them at present, but I now know how they are inclined to me. I know how my writings have affected their wise and pure minds. The knowledge is present support, and perhaps may be future armour.

Later on we find her resolutions of seclusion beginning to waver under

the pressure of Miss Martineau's warmly expressed wish that she should visit her at Ambleside. "I like the idea," writes Charlotte; "whether I can realise it or not, it is pleasant to have it in prospect." Apart from her strong dislike to notoriety many considerations weighed with her in contemplating the possibility of an absence from home. "Remember," she replies to Mr. Williams's repeatedly urged remonstrance that she needed more change and variety than she is willing to accord to herself, "remember that Currer Bell is a country housewife, and has sundry little matters connected with the needle and the kitchen to attend to, which take up half his day."

Finally, however, the visit to Ambleside was achieved to her great satisfaction. The impressions resulting from it shall be given in her own words.

I trust to have derived benefit from my visit to Miss Martineau; a visit more interesting I certainly never paid. If self-sustaining strength can be acquired from example, I ought to have got good. But my nature is not hers; I could not make it so, though I were to submit it seventy times seven to the furnace of affliction, and discipline it for an age under the hammer and anvil of toil and self-sacrifice. Perhaps if I were like her I should not admire her so much as I do. She is somewhat absolute, though quite unconsciously so; but she is likewise kind, with an affection at once abrupt and constant, whose sincerity you cannot doubt. It was delightful to sit near her in the evenings and hear her converse—myself mute. She speaks with what seems to me a wonderful fluency and eloquence. Her animal spirits are as unflagging as her intellectual powers. I was glad to find her health excellent; I believe neither solitude nor loss of friends would break her down. I saw some faults in her, but somehow I liked them for the sake of her good points. It gave me no pain to feel insignificant mentally and corporeally in comparison with her.

This visit to Harriet Martineau must have given her many pleasant themes for reflection. It is so seldom we find her allowing herself similar indul-

gences in a life colourless no doubt, but rendered endurable by the clear and unflinching sense of duty which was the mainspring of her conduct. With such sense of duty she never tampered, nor were pleasure, fame or profit allowed to interfere with it. It was in adherence to this principle that she denied herself the delight of writing when the petty calls of every-day life claimed her thoughts and energies. The following letter was written at a time when anxiety on account of her father's eyesight, added to her usual household duties, induced her to devote herself to his comfort, as an object of paramount importance, and was in response to the urgent entreaty of her publishers for more work from her pen. While admitting her longing to resume the occupation which was so congenial to her, she writes:

I can make no promise as to when another will be ready; neither my time nor my efforts are my own. That absorption in my employment to which I gave myself up without fear of being wrong when I wrote *Jane Eyre* would now be alike impossible and blamable. Meantime I should say let the public forget at their ease, and let us not be nervous about it. As to the critics, if the Bells possess real merit, I do not fear impartial justice being rendered to them one day. I have a very short mental as well as physical sight in some matters, and am far less uneasy at the idea of public impatience, misconstruction, censure, &c., than I am at the thought of the anxiety of those two or three friends in Cornhill, to whom I owe much kindness, and whose expectations I would earnestly wish not to disappoint. If *they* can make up their minds to wait tranquilly and put some confidence in my good will, if not in my power to get on as well as may be, I shall not repine. But I verily believe that the "nobler sex" find it more difficult to wait, to plod, to work out their destiny inch by inch than their sisters do. They are always for walking so fast, and taking such long steps one cannot keep up with them. One should never tell a gentleman that one has commenced a task till it is nearly achieved. Currer Bell, even if he had no let or hindrance, and if his path were quite smooth could never march with the tread of a Scott, a Bulwer,

a Thackeray, or a Dickens. I want you clearly to understand this. I have always wished to guard you against exaggerated anticipations. Calculate low when you calculate on me.

With one more letter in which she expresses some opinions upon Southey and Jane Austen I will bring my paper to a conclusion. After criticism on various writers whose works she has been reading, she says.

The perusal of Southey's *Life* has lately afforded me much pleasure. Some people assert that genius is inconsistent with domestic happiness, and yet Southey was happy at home, and made his home happy; he not only loved his wife and children *though* he was a poet, but he loved them the better *because* he was a poet. He seems to have been without taint of worldliness; London with its pomps and vanities, learned coteries with their dry pedantry, rather scared than attracted him. He found his prime glory in his genius, and his chief felicity in home affections. I like Southey. I have likewise read one of Miss Austen's works—*Emma*—read it with interest, and with just the degree of admiration that Miss Austen herself would have thought sensible and suitable. Anything like warmth or enthusiasm, anything energetic, poignant, or heartfelt, is utterly out of place in commending these works. All such demonstration the authoress would have scorned as *outré* and extravagant. She does her business of delineating the surface of the lives of genteel English people curiously well; there is a Chinese fidelity, a miniature delicacy in the painting. She ruffles her reader by nothing vehement, disturbs him by nothing pro-

found. The passions are perfectly unknown to her—she rejects even a speaking acquaintance with that stormy sisterhood; even to the feelings she vouchsafes no more than an occasional graceful but distant recognition; too frequent converse with them would ruffle the smooth elegance of her progress. Her business is not half so much with the human heart as with the human eyes, mouth, hands, and feet. What sees keenly, speaks aptly, moves flexibly, it suits her to study; but what throbs fast and full though hidden, what the blood rushes through, what is the unseen seat of life, and the sentient target of death—*this* Miss Austen ignores. She no more with her mind's eye beholds the heart of her race than each man, with bodily vision, sees the heart in his heaving breast. Jane Austen was a complete and most sensible lady, but a very incomplete and rather insensible (*not senseless*) woman. If this is heresy I cannot help it. If I said it to some people (Lewes, for instance) they would directly accuse me of advocating exaggerated heroics; but I am not afraid of your falling into any such error.

It is not my intention to comment on the foregoing letters or to dwell on the talent and ability of their composer. So much has been done by able and loving hands to keep her memory green that further attempt at praise or criticism is unnecessary, and would indeed bear too much resemblance to the superfluous process of "refining a violet" to which Charles Lamb so characteristically objects.

E. BAUMER WILLIAMS.

FREDERICK WALKER.

THE fine display of water-colour drawings, illustrating the progress of the art in England, which formed a special feature of the winter's exhibition at Burlington House, has recalled the name of Frederick Walker, a master whose influence on English landscape-painting has been out of all proportion to the brief span of life which he enjoyed. Many and famous as were the works assembled there, there were few so full of charm as the group of pictures which bore his name, perhaps none which appealed with the same power and eloquence to the men and women of the present time. In these days of stress and hurry when reputations are made and marred so quickly, and one man hurries after another across the little stage, it is well to stand still sometimes and recall the names of these already half-forgotten artists who have died in the morning of their days and in the first flush of their triumph.

It was in 1875 that Frederick Walker died, the same year as Jean François Millet, the great Barbison painter, whose art is at once so strikingly like and yet so strangely unlike that of the young English master. Thirty-five years of life, barely fifteen of production,—this was the scanty measure that fate allowed to this child of genius, who looked on the world with eyes so full of wonder and freshness and a spirit so keenly touched by the mingled beauty and pathos of its joy and its despair. The story of his life is soon told. He was born May 24th, 1840, in London. A strange fate, we are inclined to say, for a painter who above all others loved the spring-time and revelled with passionate delight in the splendour of the grass and the glory of the flower. We like to think of the boy Giotto

tending his sheep on the pleasant slopes of Val Mugello, of Titian in his mountain-home among the Alps of Cadore, of the young Millet looking out from his Normandy meadows across the boundless expanse of the northern seas. And Frederick Walker ought by right to have been born in some woodland glade on the banks of a bright river where summer blossoms hang over sunny waters. But the high gods had willed otherwise, and there is some consolation in the thought that it is still possible for men of this stamp to grow up in the dull gray London streets, in the fog and smoke of Babylon the Mighty. It seems indeed, at times, as if the very dreariness and hopelessness of circumstances, the very absence of beauty and lack of all that could satisfy the mind's needs, did but serve to stimulate its hunger and strengthen its aspirations after a higher and a fuller life. Frederick Walker was born in Marylebone, and went to school in Camden Town. No beginnings could have been more prosaic, no conditions seemed more fatal to the unfolding buds of genius. Yet not even these unpromising surroundings could quench the divine fire which glowed in the boy's breast. He was always drawing, and his talent soon attracted his master's attention at the North London Collegiate School where he was educated. At the age of sixteen he entered an architect's office, but soon found that this profession did not suit the bent of his genius. Then he joined some evening art-classes under Mr. Leigh in Newman Street, and became a student of the Royal Academy in 1858. But the true school in which Frederick Walker received his art-training was the Elgin Room of the British Museum. From his earliest

boyhood the marbles of the Parthenon were his favourite study. The perfect forms of these immortal works were to him a source of never-failing delight. To them, he often said in after years, he owed whatever was best in his art. And to the end of his life he kept casts of the famous marbles in the studio where he worked, just as Millet hung them before him in the wooden room of the garden at Barbison.

Walker's clever drawing soon brought him into notice. He was employed on designs for wood-engraving, and worked for two years under Mr. Whympere. But he soon began to receive commissions on his own account, and in 1860 his first engraving appeared in *Once a Week*, in the same number as a plate by the painter who was then known as Mr. Millais. The grace and refinement of his designs caught the eye of Thackeray, and in the following year he was engaged to illustrate the *Adventures of Philip*, then appearing in the Cornhill Magazine. At first Thackeray supplied the young draughtsman with rough sketches for his subjects, but before long he was so well pleased with Walker's rendering of his ideas as to leave the whole of the task to him. The two men understood each other thoroughly, and the young painter never forgot the days he spent sitting at Thackeray's bedside listening with rapt attention to the next chapter of the story as it flowed from the author's lips. Seldom indeed has periodical literature profited by so rare a combination. But the fortunate union was soon dissolved, and only a few chapters of *Denis Duval* had appeared with Walker's illustrations when the story stopped abruptly,—cut short by the death of Thackeray.

Walker was now fairly started on his career. In 1864 he became an associate of the Old Water Colour Society, and two years later he was elected a full member. Most of the charming drawings we saw last winter at Burlington House were first seen at the Society's annual exhibitions.

The subjects are simple enough ; a

fishmonger's shop where a fair-haired girl bargains with the seller before a stall laden with fish, and a row of flower-pots stand on the shelf above ; an old-fashioned garden where the may and lilac are in bloom, and purple-leaved iris and scarlet tulips grow in rich profusion under the red brick wall, and the farmer's daughter in her spotted print gown stands knitting on the grass plot, or else an aged labourer picking a posy of bright-hued flowers for some children under the blossoming fruit-trees. Sometimes we have a domestic incident, a group of village children at their lessons, a little girl taken by her mother to pay a visit to the inmates of an orphanage, dainty forms in green frocks and muslin frills which were invented before the days of Mr. Allingham and Miss Greenaway. The puzzled look of surprise and wonderment we so often meet on child-faces is admirably given ; no one knew better how to render the swift emotions, the short-lived pleasures and cares, the smiles and tears of children's lives. But whatever the subject it is always treated with the same artistic feeling. There is never anything ugly in form or crude in tone to be found in Walker's painting. The colour is always exquisite, the grouping always graceful, if he only shows us a handful of mushrooms and strawberry flowers growing at the foot of a mossy trunk.

"Composition," the painter said once, and it is one of the very few sayings of his which have been recorded, "composition is the art of preserving the accidental look." And that happy phrase exactly describes the spontaneous grace and native charm of these little pictures. They are all of them things of beauty and therefore they remain a joy for ever. Their loveliness increases the longer we look at them, and their value is not to be reckoned by their size or subject.

But it is above all as a painter of English scenery that Walker's fame will endure. It was the natural beauty of wood and meadow, of garden

and river, which most of all appealed to him. The radiance of the summer day filled him with rapture; the fiery glories of the sunset sky, the solemn stillness of the twilight had for him a great and wondrous meaning. The buttercups and daisies in the long grass, the sighing of the wind in the autumn trees, the sweet sadness and stillness of the gray winter days, each brought him a new message. "The greatest delight I know," he once said to a friend, "is to see the white hawthorn in blossom against a blue sky and to try and paint it." This freshness of vision, this ever new sense of joy and wonder in the changing seasons, is reflected in every picture which Walker painted. The passion and poetry of his own soul have passed into his work and stir our hearts with the same emotion. "Spirits are not finely touched, but to fine issues." And so he speaks to us in a thousand different ways. It is the very voice of spring which breathes in that woodland scene where the happy children are picking primroses, while the trees are still bare and the first yellow catkins hang upon the twigs: the glory of June lives in that hawthorn tree, white with snowy bloom on the banks of the stream where the swallow dips in the transparent waters; and the ripe fulness of autumn stirs the blood in the ruddy-cheeked maidens who pluck the apples from the fruit-laden boughs under the old red wall.

These were the subjects he painted in many a sunny meadow by many a flowery river-side of rural England, in the fair west country, in Devonshire lanes and Somersetshire combs, or else in our suburban districts of Hampstead and Old Kensington. But his favourite hunting-grounds were the banks of the Thames. To most of us this river which flows past the spires of Oxford and through the Eton playing-fields, by the field of Runnymede and under the castled steep of Windsor, has a charm unlike all other rivers in the world. There

are no meadows so fair, no woods so green as those beside its waters. And for Frederick Walker, the most English of landscape-painters, this thoroughly English scenery was rich in endless beauties. He was never tired of watching the sun shine in the rippling waters, never weary of listening to the music of the rushing stream, or of painting the flowers and trees along its banks. Cookham and its immediate neighbourhood were his chosen haunts. There is not a turn of the river here, not a picturesque nook or meadow, which he has not at one time or other tried to sketch; the village street itself, the low red houses with their old-fashioned gardens and tall white lilies, Marlow ferry with the boy rowing across the river and the rows of willows in front of the picturesque old roofs. Here the painter spent many happy summers, and here when the end came he was glad to sleep in the quiet churchyard under the old grey tower on the banks of his shining river.

It has been said by some critics that Walker worked too much on what used to be called pre-Raphaelite lines, and made the mistake of trying to represent Nature after too minute a fashion. It is true that each bit of natural fact, each sunny bank or flowery bed, was in his eyes worth painting from pure delight in its beauty; but he has a wonderful way of making a picture out of the scantiest material, and at the same time a power of transforming the scene, of binding all its separate elements together and forming them into one harmonious whole. This he does by the power of some prevailing thought, some strong undercurrent of deep emotion. A sweet young face looks out on us from the midst of a bower of blossom, a face which is sad for all its loveliness; and the yearning eyes and wistful lips supply the key of the picture and tell us all its meaning. In his well-known picture of the Wayfarers, an old man and a lad wending their way under the darkening sky at the close of

a brief autumn day, the impression of loneliness and weariness is heightened by the windy clouds which are sweeping past, and the bare trees which lift their gaunt arms against the pale sky. Nature, the great consoler, shares the toil and sorrow of struggling humanity, and enfolds him with her presence and her might.

His first oil-painting, the *Lost Path*, a mother and child lost in the snow on a winter's night, was exhibited at the Royal Academy as early as 1863. But after that he was chiefly engaged on smaller works, and it was not till 1867 that his great triumphs began. That year he painted his large picture of the *Bathers*, a work revealing the finest qualities of his genius and at the same time remarkable for a high degree of technical perfection. The subject was a favourite one with him, and in a smaller canvas called *Summer* he had already tried to express that delicious sense of the first plunge in the bright cool waters under the thick shade of the August foliage. Now he developed his first idea on a larger scale and in a nobler fashion. His young bathers at play on the shore of the sunny Thames are as free and joyous in their movements, as full of strength and gladness as any Greek children of old; and at their feet the clear green river flows smoothly between its banks in all the charm of their midsummer loveliness. In most of this painter's great pictures there is a note of sadness and regret, a lingering look backward over the vanishing past, the shadow, as it were, of the coming end. But here there is none of this mournful foreboding. His mood is as gay, as brimful of health and mirth as the youngest amongst us. For once death and sorrow are put away from his thoughts, and he gives himself up unreservedly to the rapture of living when life and youth are at their best. The admiration excited by this fine painting on its last appearance in public at the sale of Mr. Graham's pictures five years ago must still be fresh in the minds of

our readers, who may remember that it was then sold for the large price of 2,625 guineas. The *Bathers* was followed in 1868 by the *Vagrants*, that admirably-painted picture of gipsies lighting their fire on the open moorland which was bought at the same sale by the Trustees of the National Gallery and now adorns one of the rooms reserved for the British School in Trafalgar Square. In 1869 came the *Old Gate*, one of the best-known and most pathetic of Walker's pictures. The subject is familiar to us all. A widow lady in the blackness of her weeds comes out in the stillness of the autumn evening from the old gate between the stone pillars of the ancient manor-house. At the sight of her mourning garb and sad face the children at play on the steps break off their games, and the young labourer on his way home from work lays down his pipe, moved to respectful sympathy with the grief they cannot heal. The most solemn meanings are gathered up in this simple scene,—the sharp contrasts of life and death, of youth and age, which continually force themselves upon us in this world where joy and sorrow are so strangely woven together. Once more we are reminded of the old truth, that "men must work and women must weep," and of the strong ties which under all seeming differences still knit young and old, rich and poor together in one common bond of brotherhood.

The next year witnessed the culminating effort of Walker's genius, and the Royal Academy of 1870, became memorable by the exhibition of his great work the *Plough*.

Three years before, in the summer of 1867, he had visited the Paris Exhibition, where one of his own engravings, *Philip in Church*, had won a first-class medal. There he had seen the chief of Millet's great pictures, the *Angelus*, the *Sower*, the *Gleaners*, the *Young Shepherdess*, and others which have now acquired world-wide renown. The sight of these works naturally made

a great impression upon the young Englishman, whose sympathy with the beauty of the universe was so keen, and who had himself been fired by the same ideal as the Norman painter. He, too, felt the infinite glories of the drama in which man has to play his part and saw the heroic side of peasant labour, and with these thoughts fresh in his mind he went home to paint a picture on the same theme. It was down in the west, in a Somersetshire meadow, at the foot of the Quantocks, that Walker found the scene of this famous picture which many have classed among the greatest of English landscapes. Two white horses of massive build draw the plough, which is guided by a young labourer, while another walks at their head. In the foreground tall trees spread their leafless boughs against the sky, and a stream runs under a grassy bank at their feet, while the cliff in the background is flushed with the light of a crimson sunset. The rolling clouds have caught the burning glow which lends a tragic grandeur to the scene of toil. Never had the mystery of toil, the glory of labour, been more nobly set forth. The patient horses who draw the plough, the lads who urge them on, move as if impelled by some unseen power and conscious that the night cometh when no man can work. "Man goeth forth to his labour until the evening," was the motto which the painter chose for a picture which at once took a place in art beside the *Sower* and the *Gleaners* of Jean François Millet.

In 1872 Walker exhibited his last great painting, the *Harbour of Refuge*. Here the scene is laid in the quadrangle of the Fishmongers' Almshouses at Bray near Maidenhead, and the red brick walls and ivy-grown chapel of the old hospital rise with picturesque effect against the rosy tints of the evening sky. A fair young maiden, with red-gold hair and a strangely pathetic look on her upturned face, guides the feeble steps of an aged woman towards the green lawn, where a group of pension-

ers and children are resting round a stone statue under a hawthorn tree in full blossom. Youth and age are once more brought into striking contrast, and the strong man, who mows the daisied grass with his scythe in the foreground, is there to remind us of Death, the destroying angel, whose stern hand spares neither young nor old. All these three last pictures indeed are haunted by the same mournful foreboding, the shadow of that early death which was so soon to bring Walker's life to a sudden close. His father had died young of consumption, and there were germs of the same fatal disease in the painter's constitution. Yet his appearance did not give the impression of any peculiar delicacy. He was slight and fragile in form, but wiry and active, his step was brisk, his eye keen and alert. His delicate features and rippling hair gave him a certain likeness to the portraits of John Keats, as we see him, for instance, in the pencil drawing by Hilton lately on view at the Guelph Exhibition. Walker was of a shy and sensitive nature. He shrank from criticism, and was habitually silent and reserved. If a friend visited his studio and found him at work on a picture, he would turn his easel to the wall and avoid any allusion to the subject. The effort of production was always painful to him. He would sit for hours pencil in hand, painfully trying to realise the ideal form after which he longed, and often the result would be only a few pencil strokes. The very perfection of his thought made him hard to please. Like Leonardo, his mind was haunted with a vague sense of beauty which he could not grasp; fair faces and lovely forms filled his dreams by day and by night. But Walker was not always sad; he too had his bright days, if they came but seldom. There were times when he could fling care to the winds and be as light-hearted as a boy. All outdoor life was delightful to him, whether he spent his days in the green fields and lanes of Devonshire or on the banks of his

beloved Thames. And one of the sports into which he entered with the keenest zest was that of fishing. He was never happier than, when the Academy Exhibition once opened and his picture hung, he could rush off to the Highlands and enjoy his holiday salmon fishing with his friends. The old Highland fisherman on the Spey never forgot Mr. Walker's wild delight on the day when he caught his first salmon.

In 1873 he fell ill and was ordered to winter abroad. He spent some months in Algiers, but the cold of the following spring destroyed the good of the warmer climate, and from that time his strength declined steadily. As health failed and life seemed fast slipping from his grasp he clung to all the beauty round him with the passionate love of those who feel that this world is fading from their sight. Each year the spring seemed to him more beautiful, the flowers more fair, the sunlight more radiant than before. But he could not paint as he had done. His work began to show signs of failing power, and the *Right of Way*, the last picture which he exhibited at Burlington House in 1875, did not reach the high level of his earlier works. That winter he spent chiefly in Devonshire, returning to town in time to exhibit his picture. As soon as the Academy had opened its doors, he hurried off to Scotland in the hope that his failing health would benefit by the mountain air and he would once more be able to indulge in his favourite amusement. But his days were already numbered. He grew rapidly worse, and many of his friends had not even heard of his illness when the news reached them that he was gone. He died at St. Fillan's in Perthshire, on June 5th, 1875. Those who had loved him most, and knew his wishes best, brought his body south and buried him in the churchyard of Cookham, where the blue forget-me-nots were flowering in the rushes by the waterside and the may-trees of the Cliveden woods were all in bloom. There he sleeps where

he wished to lie, within a few steps of the river, where the summer wind blows across his grave and the waters of his sunny Thames murmur her painter's last lullaby.

When he died he was engaged on a new picture which he called the *Unknown Land*. Long ago in his youth, when he worked at wood-engraving, he had designed a plate for *Once a Week* representing a barque of emigrants about to land on the shores of their new country. Now in these last days on earth the old idea came back to him and he sketched out a large picture in which the same conception was more fully developed. The barque has left the ship, and the sailors are rowing towards the distant shore. All eyes are turned in the same direction, and eager hands are stretched out towards the unknown land. One of the band has already left the boat, and has plunged into the sea to swim to shore. A great breaking of light floods the rocks with gold as the sun drops slowly into the western sea. That was the picture which stood on Frederick Walker's easel during the last week of his life, the last sketch at which he ever worked. But before the colours had been washed in the sun of his own day had set, and he had gone forth on the last journey to that undiscovered country from which there is no return.

The death of a great painter in the flower of his age and in the fulness of his powers must always be the cause of infinite regret. In Walker's case there was the added regret of what might have been. Brilliant as was the work which he had accomplished in his short life, no one could help feeling that still more brilliant possibilities had perished with him. The loss which English art sustained by his death is best measured when we consider the influence his example has had on our best landscape painters during the last fifteen years. It is true of course that he worked within a comparatively narrow circle, and that his art had its limitations. His imagina-

tion did not range, like that of the great painters we have known even in these latter days, over the whole world of romance. He never attempted a great historic picture, or tried to illustrate the legends of Arthur and the fairy tales of old. Here, close at hand, there was food for his imagination and subjects ready for his brush. The meadows, the woods, the river, they were all full of beauty and meaning. What need for him to go further afield? So he took the common scenes of everyday life and showed how, in Millet's words, the sublime is to be found in the trivial. The themes of his pictures were the simplest, and the emotions which he expressed such as are common to all humanity. But in his own sphere he has seldom been surpassed. Not Millet himself, great as he was, had so deep and genuine a passion for beauty as this young English artist. He has won a high place among the painters of the century and his name will be remembered as one of the first who showed that the modern world was capable of artistic interpretation, and that here, in the daily toil and patient labour of the working man, in the tears and laughter of the humblest lives, there was a loveliness and a pathos undreamed of, it may be, by most of us but none the less real and true. No one looking at his great landscape of

the Plough, seeing its heroic action and magnificent colour and, realising its everlasting truths, can ever say again that English peasant life in the nineteenth century is too dull and prosaic a theme for the painter.

For Walker himself this was all he knew alike of art and life. And it is among these rural scenes and haunts that his presence seems to linger now.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely.

His voice speaks to us still in all the fairest sights and sweetest sounds of nature, in the running streams, and the opening flowers, and the spring-time which he loved so well. When we walk under the old red roofs and watch the swallows skimming the crystal waters, when the daisies start up in the grass and the thorn is white with blossom, when the last rays of the sunset are pouring their brightness over hill and vale, then we think of Frederick Walker and wish him back again. To have added so largely to the joy and gladness of the world, and to live for ever in the hearts of men as the painter of youth and spring, is, after all, more than has fallen to the lot of most men.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF ART.

THE play is done, and shadow lies,
 Where late the empire of an hour
 Waxed great and waned before men's eyes;
 And homeward I, with brooding thought
 Of art that bravely comes to flower,
 And soon is nought.

I dream of Art, remembering well
 The hopes it gave, that still up-soared,
 But one by one defeated fell,
 Cast out eternally from Heaven,
 Like those lost angels that their Lord
 From grace had driven.

So moved, to royal Westminster
 Betimes I come, and gladly find
 Those stately churches towering there,
 Whose walls that Milton saw, we see:
 Ah were, I cried, like these my mind!
 Great praise might be.

Were strength like theirs that hold the night
 With solemn watch, though London sleep,
 To arm my soul with steadfast might,
 Then fear might end and hope be sure.
 Could I like them my vigil keep,
 Like them endure.

But they were built twixt hope and fear
 By men who took the passing day,
 And gave its moments heavenly wear;
 Though they who built are darkly gone
 Their art remains, and in it they
 Are greatly known.

So art is frail, but art is strong;
 And he is wise who keeps the way
 His soul shall lead, and sings his song,
 Or bids dead stone take life and climb,—
 So yields his service for a day,
 Or for all time.

ERNEST RHYS.

SYLVIA.

I.

DEAR THORNTON,—Here I am, and I like it. It is an ideal retreat, and you may write me down an ass for having never accepted an invitation from my elderly relative before. What do you say to a long, low rose-covered house with a thatched roof on which patches of vivid yellow stonecrop flourish, and this literally in the midst of a wood! Behind the house there is a steep bank covered with a delicious tangle of flowers and ferns rising straight up, and crowned with a row of feathery larches. In front, except for a little clearing round the house, you step out of the porch into the woods. Glorious! just what I wanted—quiet, sunshine, cool green depths of forest, and exquisite bits for sketching, when I'm not far too lazy to work at all. Then the old man is delightful—scholarly, with the most courtly manners, and entirely satisfactory to look at. There is a daughter. I may as well forestall your sarcasm by stating frankly that I *am* interested in the daughter—professionally. When I have recovered from the altogether unusual fit of laziness (or call it artistic trance) into which this place has thrown me, I'm going to make *such* a sketch of her. Old Maynard has evidently some idea of the eternal fitness of things, inasmuch as he has provided her with appropriate surroundings. I'm not sure that she would even be pretty in London; but “under the greenwood tree” she is adorable. She makes you think of wood-spirits, elves, dryads—everything that is not quite human and yet teasingly beautiful, and after Dame Nature's own heart. I've been reading *Transformation* on the strength of these fancies. I'm being gradually lulled to sleep by the hum of bees in

the lime trees overhead (you conduct your correspondence as everything else out of doors in this Arcadia), and somewhere near there is a brook singing in its sleep to increase my drowsiness; so, if it pleases you, put down my rhapsodies anent this forest maiden to such stuff as dreams are made of. Why not come and see her yourself, and become incoherent also? By the way, I'm *not* in love with her except in the strictly professional sense. Mortals don't fall in love with wood-nymphs, without disastrous results; and even for the joy of acting the gallant knight in a medieval romance I couldn't put up with the Nemesis which invariably pursues those rash gentlemen. I don't know how old she is, and I wouldn't for the world inquire. Why should I not continue to half imagine her immortal, and always young? Seriously, old fellow (the thought has just struck me), why don't you come down here for a week? You've never been to Wales, I think; lovelier country you wouldn't get anywhere than round the village of Llwyn-y-bryn, which, though it has the decency not to intrude on the sylvanness of things, is really close at hand, and boasts of a very tolerable inn. I believe this would suit you. You would get on with the old man, he's devoted to his books; you would enjoy the benefit of mingled instruction and amusement in my society, *and*—you would see the daughter! The Fates, in the shape of her godfathers and godmothers at her baptism, were propitious,—her name is Sylvia.

Yours, my dear Thornton,

HAL MERIVALE.

As a result of this letter Merivale had received a telegram from Thornton about a week afterwards asking him

to take rooms at the inn, and on the same evening he was at the village station waiting for the London train.

Carl Thornton was a man of whom Merivale probably knew very little, though he would have laughed the idea to scorn if you had suggested it to him. They had been at Oxford together, and had lived quite near one another for the last two years in Paris. They knew many of each other's friends in town. After all this if he didn't know old Thornton pretty well, he ought to.—“A very good fellow Thornton, though rather heavy, you know.” Merivale was a painter. Cleverish certainly, if not decidedly clever, was his general reputation. As for Thornton, he was chiefly remarkable, among the men who knew him only slightly, for working as hard at his profession of journalism as if he had not a penny to bless himself with, though it was well known that he had independent means. In this respect, however, the two men were alike, for Hal also had money.

The train came leisurely up to the platform in its own good time, and Merivale went with eager greetings to shake hands with the one passenger who got out at the little station, a man some few years older than himself, tall, dark-eyed, and rather grave at first sight. He met Merivale with a quiet though slightly quizzical smile. That the latter would be overjoyed to see him he quite expected. Merivale was always overjoyed to see every one; that was one of his many charms, his admirers declared, his unbounded faculty for joyousness. His delight when a friend who had been suffering from a dangerous illness was pronounced out of danger was evident and unfeigned; so it was when he himself made a good bag at shooting next day.

“Delighted to see you, my dear fellow,” he repeated, as he sprang into the little light cart beside Thornton; “especially as I was afraid you wouldn't come. We'll just drive round to the Rosetree first, and then I'm to bring you along to dinner,—

that is Mr. Maynard hopes you will honour him, &c.”

“Well, I had promised to go to my married sister's in town, but she put me off at the last moment; and Paris is so insufferably hot that your description of the Hermitage sounded cooling,” explained Carl, as they drove off.

II.

THEY sent the cart on from the Rose-tree, that they might walk through the woods to the house, and when at length they came in sight of it, Thornton acknowledged the justice of Hal's praise. Long acquaintance with Merivale's faculty for exaggeration had prepared him to feel no disappointment if his host should fall short of the promised personal attractions, and he had reason to commend the justice of his friend's description, when a tall handsome old man came forward to greet them in the gentlest and most courtly fashion.

Dinner was served in a long, low wainscoted room, and Carl noticed the long-stemmed delicate glasses and the quaint dinner-service, the bowls of flowers on the table, and the monthly roses pushing their pink faces in at the latticed windows, with satisfaction and approval. Hal was in excellent spirits. He told good stories—not such good ones, to be sure, as Carl had heard him relate in slightly different circumstances, but stories suited to the taste and understanding of a scholarly old gentleman whose wine was excellent. He talked rapturously of Thornton's achievements as a writer, and at the name he was making in the literary world, whereat Carl smiled and said nothing, though Mr. Maynard was evidently much interested; and he spoke modestly, as becomes a young man, of his own pictures, and was commended for both pictures and modesty by his host.

Carl had noticed that the table was laid for four, and he had also observed that Hal often glanced at the empty place, and then at the door.

"Isn't Miss Sylvia coming?" he asked presently in a slight pause of the conversation.

Mr. Maynard smiled. "Times and seasons were not made for Sylvia," he replied; "dinner-times especially. I expect she took her lunch in the woods."

It was some time afterwards, when they had left the table and were sitting in the vine-shaded porch, that Carl first saw Sylvia. Mr. Maynard, finding a ready listener in Thornton, was now fairly launched on the subject of rare books, and had gone into the library to get a special one for Carl's admiration. Just in front of the house was an open glade, from which various winding paths led into the heart of the wood, and at the point where one of these paths broadened out into the open space a group of little children came into sight. In their midst was Sylvia. Two little girls held her hands, —one clung to her dress and trotted along with great difficulty, for the two who had secured the best places were walking on her feet with beautiful unconcern. One little maiden in a pink pinafore stepped slowly backwards in front of the party, her hands clasped behind her. All their faces were upturned, for Sylvia was telling them something, and so completely were they all absorbed that the two men could watch unobserved, as the procession came slowly across the sylvan stage. Excitement and suspense were to be read in the round eyes and parted lips of the children as Sylvia talked. She spoke rapidly and in an undertone, so that what she said was indistinguishable; but in her quick smiles and glances as she turned first to one child, then to another, and in the way she sometimes dropped her voice to a whisper, there was a wonderful suggestion of mystery. Almost in front of the porch she suddenly stopped and pointed up into the darkness of the pine-tree branches under which they happened to be standing. Instantly all eyes were upturned, and by reason of the screen of vine leaves Thornton

had an opportunity of looking at the girl critically. Something about her, even at the first hasty glance, had aroused his interest and curiosity, and justified Hal's rather mystifying mention of her. He saw a very young girl, certainly not much over seventeen. She was tall and upright, with the kind of figure a painter might choose for his picture of "Queen and Huntress." Her face,—as Thornton looked at it, it struck him how difficult her face would be to describe. Its chief beauty lay in the colouring and expression, though a half doubt arose in his mind whether this last *was* a beauty, though of its attractive power there could be no doubt. Her skin was burnt to quite a reddish brown, through which the rich colour seemed to glow in her cheeks, rounded like a young child's. Her mouth was beautiful, rather large, but arched to a perfect cupid's bow, the full red lips a little parted with a slight droop at the corners, like the lips of a pretty baby. Her eyes were unusually large, and were brown, but the clearest brown, the colour of mountain streams after rain when the sunlight slants upon the water. She wore her hair loose, falling all about her face; and the hair too was brown, a living sunny brown, holding the light at the edges of the tendril-like curls that fell across her forehead and touched her cheeks.

Thornton's first thought was that he had never seen such a distractingly pretty child; and then he looked again, and was provoked because he could not tell what was the something about her that was so strange, that made even the sense of her beauty unsatisfactory. Vague illusive notions of "sweet wild creatures" of the woods, *almost* human, began to float through his mind. Was it anything in her expression, or her eyes, or——? But suddenly Sylvia ceased talking and looked towards the porch. For a moment she paused irresolutely, and Thornton felt in an undefined sort of fashion that if some bright-eyed woodland creature, after one startled gaze at mortal men, had

darted off into the forest leaving the place where the girl had stood empty, it would hardly have seemed unnatural. For a second she looked at the two men, then suddenly turned and fled into the house by another door, leaving the children staring blankly in the direction in which she had vanished.

"Isn't she perfect?" asked Merivale excitedly. He seemed in no way surprised at her flight. "Upon my soul, I believe she tells those children more things than we dream of, &c." He called one of the little ones to him. "They are village children, I suppose," he said as the child, tempted by a coin he held up, came shyly nearer with one finger in her mouth, while the rest looked on at a safe distance.

"Does Miss Sylvia tell you pretty stories?" he asked, as the little girl took the penny without removing her eyes from his face.

She nodded and smiled.

"What does she tell you about?" was the next question.

The child gave a quick look round towards the wood, then glanced up into the trees, and smiled again, but said nothing. Hal now began to go as thoroughly into the matter as though his life depended upon finding out what the child knew. In vain; at coaxings and entreaties she merely pursed up her lips, looked mysterious and important, but refused to reply.

"Why not ask Miss Sylvia herself," said Thornton at last quietly, "if you are so keen about it?"

Merivale flushed, but his reply was cut short by Mr. Maynard's appearance, book in hand.

"Here it is, after a long hunt," he said, smoothing the cover lovingly before he opened it.

After a few moments Hal rose, and walked away whistling softly, and presently Carl saw him sitting in the library window-seat, and Sylvia was beside him.

III.

CARL quickly fell under the spell of this life in the woods. The experience

was altogether novel and had a peculiar charm for him. Mr. Maynard had persuaded him to give up his rooms at the inn, and take up his quarters at the cottage for a time. "There is plenty of room, and I shall like to have you," he said with unmistakable sincerity; and Carl had yielded. He liked the old man, there was a great charm about his courtly manners and his gentleness, a gentleness which was especially noticeable in his manner to his daughter.

The mornings were usually spent by Thornton in the library, for he had a good deal of work on hand just then, and he liked the cool shady room with the latticed windows wide open to the rustling trees. Often Mr. Maynard shared the room with him, sitting for an hour or two at a time in the low window-seat, his white head bent over a book.

One morning, as he was sitting thus, Sylvia ran past. Her father called to her and she stopped with a frown of childish impatience, and slowly retraced her steps.

"Sylvia, are you off into the woods again?" he asked gently. "You run about too much by yourself, my child. I don't quite like it."

"Mr. Merivale's going with me," she replied sulkily, her whole face changing in a moment to a perfect thunder cloud. "I thought you wanted my picture painted—"

"Yes, yes, my darling," answered her father hastily. "If Mr. Merivale is going with you that is a different matter. I didn't know he was sketching you out of doors."

"Considering that Mr. Merivale has been out with her every day this week, let's hope it's done," was Thornton's mental comment, as he went on steadily writing.

"Take plenty of lunch, dear,—and let me see my child look happy before she goes," urged Mr. Maynard tenderly.

The smile which, spreading gradually over Sylvia's face, dispersed the frowns was the prettiest thing to see. It was

as though you had watched the sun emerge slowly from behind a dark cloud and gradually flood the fields with light.

"What a provokingly lovable baby it is," thought the apparently busy writer, as Sylvia leant in at the window and patted her father's cheek, giving his long hair little twitches every now and then, like a mischievous nut-brown squirrel.

"You know what you promised me if I sat still for my picture,"—she was beginning when she caught sight of Thornton, and an indescribable kind of blank expression came creeping up into her face, a moment before so arch and coaxing. Carl had noticed the look before, when she was startled or puzzled over anything. She looked at him for a second with wide open eyes, and then walked slowly away, looking back over her shoulder as she went.

Mr. Maynard moved uneasily, glanced at Thornton, and seemed relieved to see that his head was still bent over his writing. Then he crossed the room to the book-shelves, took down a book, and stood looking at it for a long time, though an interested observer glancing over his shoulder would have seen that he held it upside down.

The busy scratching of Thornton's pen was the only sound. As he paused an instant to take a fresh sheet Mr. Maynard suddenly asked, his face still turned to the book-case, "What do you think of Sylvia?"

Carl raised his head, looked to where his host stood with his back towards him taking down a fresh book, and replied, "I think she is charming."

Mr. Maynard fluttered the leaves of the volume he held for a second, then replaced it on the shelf, and turned and faced him. "That is not what I meant, you know," he said, in a tone as different as possible from his usually gentle voice. "I mean, do you notice that she is,—different from other people?"

Carl looked at the old man, and

abandoned the idea of an ambiguous compliment which the words had suggested as a way out of the difficulty. "Yes," he replied gravely. "I have noticed it."

Mr. Maynard sighed. "If her mother had lived," he said almost inaudibly, beginning to pace the room slowly, "she would have known—She must be eighteen by now," he went on musingly. "She runs wild, and it is not good for her,—only she loves it so," he added pathetically. "Still, it is time, quite time, that she had women's society," he went on with an air of great resoluteness. "If I could only get her to go to London,—my cousin Mrs. Rivers has often asked her, but—couldn't you persuade her?" he asked, turning hopefully to Carl.

"I?" returned Carl. "I am afraid I should be no good. Wouldn't Merivale be better?" he suggested after a pause.

"Would Hal persuade any one to do anything, do you think?" inquired Mr. Maynard doubtfully.

"He would not persuade *me*," said Carl rather dryly; "but then I am not a woman."

"I don't know what to do,—how to act," continued the old man in a tone of perplexed distress, as he began pacing the room again. "I feel as though I'm neglecting my duty to her sadly, and yet, God knows, it is not for want of thinking. But there are unusual difficulties. I,—she is all I have, Mr. Thornton," he broke off hurriedly.

"I know," said Carl sympathetically.

Mr. Maynard stopped in his walk up and down the room, and laid his hand on the young man's shoulder. "I should like to tell you a little about my wife, and,—and Sylvia, if it will not be boring you," he said. "I have known you a very short time, yet I feel you will understand."

"I am proud to have your confidence," answered Carl simply.

"There is little enough to tell you, after all," he said after a long silence.

"Two years from the time I first saw Marie she was in her grave. Such a little shy thing she was when I first knew her people in London. I got to know them quite by chance: they were well-meaning, every-day folks, the sort of people who are called 'religious'; and as a consequence poor Marie had lived a grey life, you understand—no colour, no life, no fun. She was crushed, repressed, and naturally she was the brightest, gayest,—well, I married her," he went on in a strained voice, "though I was twice her age, and, thank God, she was happy. I shall never forget how the colour came into her cheeks, and into her whole life too, so to speak, when she left home. So gay she was, so bright,—Sylvia has her laugh and her bright eyes. We had been married more than a year when I brought her here for the first time, and she went nearly wild with joy. She had never been in the country before, and she was just like some wild caged thing set free. Her happiness over the flowers and the birds! I remember one day when she saw a squirrel for the first time,—it was pretty to see her colour come with delight." He took off his spectacles, and was a long time polishing them before he went on. "Sylvia was born here," he said, "and her mother died two days afterwards. She would not have the little one called Marie, but when I suggested Sylvia she smiled. So Sylvia was born in the woods you see, and she has the love of the woods in her blood. I often wonder whether that is why she is,—different. We have spent every summer here since she was born, and in the winter we go to the sea. You may think it a lonely life for the child, but she is happy. It would break my heart if she were not happy!" he added, tremulously, "and that is why I cannot bear to force her to go away. She cannot bear towns,—but she must go,—she *must* go," he repeated sadly.

Carl made no remark for some time when the old man ceased. Then he said, "Thank you for telling me;" and

after a little hesitation, "If ever I can help you—I know it isn't likely, but if——"

"Thank you, my boy, thank you," said Mr. Maynard, his eyes a little dim.

IV.

MÉRIVALE and Sylvia had gone to the Torrent Glen. They had been to the Torrent Glen nearly every day for the past week, and yet Hal was as enthusiastically delighted with the spot as ever, though it was the scene of the hardest labour he had ever bestowed with a view to gaining any girl's fancy,—to leave heart out of the question. Labour not altogether thrown away, though there remained much to be done. Even now, it was a matter of delighted self-congratulation with him when he succeeded in keeping the girl at his side for half an hour at a time; and when she rushed off, as, despite his utmost care she still would do, urged by a sudden impulse of impatience or mere freakishness, he was more annoyed than surprised. But Hal's was a buoyant spirit, and the difficulties of the game merely spurred him on to fresh efforts. Should a man so accustomed to conducting clever flirtations as he be foiled by a country child like this, above all, one so delightfully unsophisticated and ignorant? Perish the ignoble thought!

Such a beautiful place it was! A broad deep cleft in the rocks right in the heart of the forest, in shape like a horseshoe, along whose floor hurried a boulder-strewn stream fed by the dashing waterfall which leapt over the cliff at the top of the glen. A winding, mossy path overhung the river on either side, cut half way between the straight red cliffs above and the grassy bank below sloping steeply to the water's edge. Trees and underwood hung over the water, young trees clung by their roots to the red-brown cliffs and flung over them a delicate veil of green, and trees looked down from the wooded heights above the glen, their leaves quivering against the

intense blue of the sky on this glorious summer day. Sylvia sprang lightly from one wet stone to another, till she reached mid-stream at the foot of the waterfall, where the river, turning a little aside, made a deep wide pool.

"Come and see how quiet the water is here," she called, in her peculiarly clear, fresh voice. Hal was setting up his easel, but he left it at once to obey. Before he could reach her she had crossed the stream and was half way up the opposite bank, holding with one hand to a branch, while she leant over to peer into a bird's nest. Merivale saw her smile as she looked,—he had seen her smile just so to the children she talked with.

He turned away with an impatient shrug.

"I shall have to wait half an hour till my lady chooses to come down, I suppose," he thought, frowning, and busying himself once more with his painting apparatus. But Sylvia was beside him.

"Are you ready for me?" she asked, seating herself in the required attitude.

"I await your pleasure, Miss Sylvia," he answered, with a bow and a sunny smile.

After a moment she laughed softly, and then pouted. "*Miss Sylvia*," she mocked. "Just what my old nurse says."

"Miss Maynard,—I ask pardon," replied Hal with exaggerated gravity, looking at her furtively.

Sylvia frowned. "That's what that grave friend of yours calls me," screwing up her face into what was evidently intended to be a representation of Thornton's normal expression. "I don't like him. I'm afraid of him," she added, pouting again.

"Sylvia!" then exclaimed Hal, radiantly. "'Who is Sylvia, what is she, that all our swains commend her?'" he began to sing, painting away vigorously.

"Who said that?" asked Sylvia, curiously.

"A gentleman named William Shakespeare,—Sylvia."

"Is he alive?" she asked. Hal looked up, but the question was evidently in perfect good faith, and he mentally registered one more astonished shock adroitly disguised.

"No," he replied, "not now; but he knew all about *you* before he died."

"How? Why?" inquired Sylvia, like an eager child.

"Why, he says,—'Who is Sylvia?'" So he must have known that it is a puzzle. I give it up. She isn't an Undine; perhaps she's a Dryad."

"What do you say?" pursued Sylvia, wrinkling her forehead.

"Not a water-maiden, a forest-maiden."

Sylvia still looked perplexed.

"You have heard of Undine, haven't you, Sylvia?" he asked, leaning on his easel, and fixing his bright eyes on her face.

"No," said Sylvia, moving her head restlessly and dropping her eyes. She made a half movement as if to rise.

Hal took up his brushes. "It's a story," he said hastily. Sylvia settled down as he began "Once upon a time," and after the first few words listened attentively.

Hal told the beautiful story well. The situation appealed to his artistic sense. What legend could more appropriately be told here, to the accompaniment of murmuring water? And where should he find a more appropriate listener? He was not disappointed in its effect on the girl.

"Why did she say, 'I thank thee for my soul'?" she asked, when the story was finished. "She was happier without. I would rather be gay without care."

Hal smiled. "Exactly what you are, my child.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling,

he chanted.

"You like me not to have a soul, then?" observed Sylvia.

Merivale started. It was one of her particularly elf-like characteristics,

that trick she had of occasionally understanding something he had thought beyond her.

"Sylvia is perfect as she is," he replied, laughing to conceal his discomfort; "for 'all her swains (of whom let *me* be chief, Sylvia) commend her.'"

"You never answer me," exclaimed the girl angrily; "and I'm tired of sitting still," springing to her feet on the broad flat stone as she spoke. Hal groaned but submitted perforce. To induce Sylvia to sit still one moment after she had once begun to fidget, he admitted, with the modesty of true greatness, to be a task beyond him.

"Let us have lunch," he hastened to propose, for her restless eyes had begun to rove the glen, and experience had made him aware that, unless her thoughts were speedily diverted, she would be off like the wind. "The hardest work I ever had in my life," he murmured, as he unpacked the basket hurriedly, Sylvia watching him uncertainly from where she stood poised on the stone as if for immediate flight. "But if I paint the picture I've got in my mind, my name's made to a dead certainty. Though, by Jove! I believe I'd rather tame this creature than get into the Academy," he added, mentally, as Sylvia, when everything was ready, began to walk with lingering dainty steps towards him, casting bright glances first on him, then on the temptingly spread cloth, and finally all around her, as one whom "every prospect pleases." Hal almost held his breath while he waited to see whether she would endorse the opinion expressed in the next line. Apparently not, for, after a few more seconds of hesitation, she took her place beside him.

Evidently she had not stayed because she was hungry. In a minute or two she jumped up, after crumbling her bread on the stones for the birds, and went to the picture on the easel. After a moment she smiled, as a child smiles when it sees its reflection in the glass,

and Hal came and stood behind her. Presently his arm stole round her shoulder while he went on talking in an even tone, inwardly remarking with some trepidation that this kind of thing was a bold move, and wondering whether it was made too soon. Sylvia started a little, looked down at his hand curiously, but did not stir.

"Do you think I could ever learn to paint?" she asked. "I should like to make pictures of the birds and the creatures."

"Don't learn to do anything so commonplace and like an ordinary mortal, Sylvia. The birds would despise you; you would never get them to talk to you any more."

Sylvia whisked suddenly round. "How do you know they do?" she cried, her large, bright eyes full of startled dismay. "I never told you; *you* are not a child."

"No, but I wish I were, if you would talk to me, Sylvia." He sank his voice to a whisper, and spoke half-banteringly. "Then I should know how you sit like a wood-queen under the trees sometimes, and little feet come softly pattering, and bright eyes look up to you from the ground and down upon you from the branches; and you hear what the merry brown hares have to say, and you know what the impudent wave of the squirrel's tail means, and what the birds talk about when the day is dawning,—eh, Sylvia?" said Hal mischievously.

Sylvia looked at him, and great tears began to glitter on her eyelashes.

"You have no *right* to listen when I talk to the children," she began fiercely, "for grown up people it is nonsense, but—" she struggled wildly to get free, but Hal held her and soothed her, till suddenly she laughed. "What nonsense!" she cried; and then for a moment that indescribable expression Thornton had noticed crept into her face. Hal had also noticed it before.

"Look, Sylvia!" he said, to change the subject. "Tell me what you think of this," and he took a sketch from his

portfolio and handed it to her. It was the head of a girl. Her dark hair was swept back over a white forehead in loose waves. The face had a kind of transparent paleness, out of which, under dark eyebrows fringed with dark lashes, a pair of blue eyes seemed to burn clearly, almost as though there was a light behind them. A long, white throat upheld the head, as a stalk upholds a white flower. In the corner under the sketch was scrawled, "O rare pale Margaret."

"Who is she?" demanded Sylvia.

"My cousin."

"Why do you call her that?" pointing to the words underneath.

"To tease her chiefly," Hal answered.

"She is pale, though," objected Sylvia.

"Yes, but do you think she's pretty?"

"Pretty! I don't know. I never thought about *girls* being pretty. *Birds* are pretty, and squirrels and flowers."

"And girls too, fortunately for us," laughed Hal, looking at her.

"Has *she* a soul?" inquired Sylvia suddenly.

"Yes; more soul than body, some people think."

"Do you like her?" was the next question, put anxiously while she looked straight at him.

"Jealousy,—just the merest *souper*! A most powerful agent," thought Hal, and the laughter suddenly died out of his eyes. "Yes, Sylvia," he replied quietly, gently taking the sketch from her hands and replacing it reverently in the portfolio.

"What is her name?" The question came from a distance, and Sylvia stood with her back towards him, ostentatiously holding out her hands to the spray of the waterfall.

"Margaret Rivers."

"Rivers!" Sylvia was back at his side in a moment, her eyes aglow with eagerness. "Why, Mrs. Rivers has asked me to stay with her, but I wouldn't go. Now I shall. But I shall

hate that pale girl with a soul," she added in her characteristic tone, half-defiant, half-sulky. "I'm going home," she announced, looking back over her shoulder for Hal to follow, which he did, entirely satisfied with the morning's work, though hardly a touch had been added to the picture.

V.

JUNE had slid into July, and Thornton and Merivale were still at the cottage. Mr. Maynard refused to hear of Carl's departure, and almost against his will he stayed, for, if he had spoken truly, the days did not go merrily for him. Mixed with the real affection he began to feel for his host was a considerable degree of impatience. Could he not see what was going on under his eyes every day? But it was plain that though he spoke of Sylvia's eighteen years she was still a child, still his "little daughter" to him, and against his placid security Carl felt powerless,—and yet,—

One moonlight evening late in July he was sitting alone in the porch, when he saw Sylvia come out of the house. He watched her as she bent down to pat and coax the big dogs straining at their chains in an ecstasy of joy at seeing her, and he heard her laugh as they sprang round her. Almost at the same moment she turned with a quick movement towards the forest; the moon shone full on her face, and Thornton saw her suddenly throw up her arms and burst into a passion of tears. The action was childish and yet infinitely pathetic. Carl in the darkness of the porch half rose with some vague notion of comforting her, while he muttered something between his teeth; but in a second almost she was smiling again, while the tears still glistened on her cheeks.

Next morning Sylvia waited long and impatiently for Merivale. She saw him at last coming out of the library followed by Carl, to whom he turned as they reached the door and said a few words. The air of frank

gaiety he usually wore had dropped from his face like a mask, leaving a very different expression in its place. "I leave to-morrow, as I've just been telling Mr. Maynard," he said, in a tone of sullen anger; "so you've rather wasted the penny tract business, Thornton. Keep it till you find an appreciative audience." "Coming, Sylvia!" he added in gay tones.

"And I'm a fool for my pains," was Carl's candid self-criticism. "I might have known there couldn't be much more of it. Why, it's lasted a month!"

VI.

It happened that Thornton and Merivale came to town about the same time that autumn. Merivale went home, and Thornton (who had been staying on at the Hermitage) to his sister's house.

Two years before, he and Margaret Rivers, Hal's cousin, had seen a great deal of one another, with the result that, when Carl left London rather suddenly in the very height of the season, the world was henceforward a different and a considerably sadder place to both of them. But that was an old story; and that anything of this kind had ever happened would never have been guessed by either of these two very self-possessed people of the other, or, indeed, by the world (as it is called) at large. They met again this October as a natural thing, for Mrs. Maitland, Carl's sister, was a constant visitor at Vivian Square, and they met, of course, with irreproachable composure on either side.

At this time Margaret was deeply though silently troubled about Sylvia, who had now been with them some two months. At first sight she had felt strangely drawn to the child, and the feeling she grew to have for her was one of great tenderness mingled with a kind of sadness. There was something so pathetic about her, even when she was merriest,—chiefly when she was merriest, perhaps. Lately Margaret had felt this more strongly,

and she instinctively knew that Thornton was also not insensible to it.

"It hurts me to take her out with me," she said to Carl one day. "It is almost like setting some poor little wild thing free in the midst of a crowd. She has just that hunted look in her eyes. I cannot think why she *will* stay."

Carl knew, but said nothing, and soon Margaret knew also. She had gone into Sylvia's room one night, and found her wrapped in a white dressing-gown sitting before the glass, her hair falling in a shower round her shoulders, her eyes like two stars. Almost before the door was closed she began without any preface, "Margaret, has any man ever kissed you?"

Margaret opened her blue eyes wide and laughed a little. "No, Sylvia," she said.

Sylvia looked surprised, and a little superior. "Oh," she said, "I should have thought they would. But suppose one did?" she persisted.

"I can't suppose it," answered Margaret lightly, half laughing, and colouring at the same time; "unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless of course he loved me, and we were going to be married," she said hurriedly.

"And is that what a man means if he kisses you?"

"That's what any man who kissed me would mean."

"Then Hal Merivale is going to marry *me*," stated Sylvia quietly, her hands folded in her lap, her great eyes blazing with excitement, as she fixed them on Margaret.

She had never before mentioned Merivale's name, whereat Margaret had sometimes secretly wondered; but that morning Mrs. Rivers had announced the news that he was in town, and intended to remain at home and set up a studio. "Surely, surely Hal could never have been so base!" was Margaret's thought after her first start of surprise. "Tell me, Sylvia, does your father know of this?" she asked anxiously.

"No," returned Sylvia sulkily. Then, after a second, "Father thinks I am a little girl," she said resentfully, drawing herself up with dignity.

Before Margaret left her she knew enough about a recent episode in her cousin's life to make her face and her heart full of bitterness. "To think that I once *liked* Hal Merivale," she thought, while her lip curled; but now, "*How* am I going to undeceive and comfort that poor child?" was her despairing question.

VII.

HAL MERIVALE had come to town that autumn in an earnest mood. His picture was finished, and never before had he felt so well satisfied with any of his work. It had been praised too by good critics. They had seemed surprised while they praised it, and Hal himself was surprised at feeling the stir of new possibilities within him. Despite his lightness and buoyancy, Hal was ambitious. He had a great deal in his favour—money, position, friends,—what was there to prevent him from becoming famous? With these reflections, his cousin, Margaret Rivers, had lately occupied a great deal of his mind. He had always admired her. She was the kind of woman a rising man ought to have for his wife. The two years which had passed since he last saw her had added to her beauty, he thought, and the very coldness in her manner piqued him and increased his admiration. The first evening he saw the two girls together he was delighted with the contrast between them. Sylvia was wildly gay and mischievous. In the new train of ideas which he had lately been following he had almost forgotten that Sylvia would be in London; but it was of course charming to see her again. Afterwards when he met her, he remarked more than once how he had always said her prettiness depended chiefly on the setting. "London doesn't suit you, Sylvia," he said to her once. "When are you going to

summon your woodland subjects to take their queen home in triumph?"

One day when Carl Thornton had come to call on Mrs. Rivers, he found her ready to go out. "Margaret and I are going to Hal's studio to see his picture," she explained. "Will you come too?"

The two men had avoided one another by tacit consent since their parting at the Hermitage, but Carl could not well refuse, and after all Merivale was out.

Margaret and he remained standing before the picture, while Mrs. Rivers was examining some old china at a little distance. "How he could have had the heart to paint it!" thought Margaret. Aloud she said, "It's a ridiculous fancy of course, for he has caught her laughing look to perfection; but I think it's the saddest picture I have ever seen."

"Yes," replied Thornton, in an unmoved sort of way. "That's its cleverness, I suppose. Merivale has succeeded admirably."

Some few days afterwards Margaret had arranged to spend a day with friends in the country. She started quite early in the morning, with a feeling of positive relief. "I am getting morbid about Sylvia," she thought on the journey. "If she would only be tiresome as she was at first. But those great brown wistful eyes,—I cannot bear to see them!"

It was late when she returned, and she thought that the maid who opened the door for her looked at her curiously. "Miss Maynard?" she began involuntarily. "She's gone, miss; she went out early this morning. Mistress has been out all day too, you know, but of course she thought Miss Maynard had only gone for a walk, but——"

Margaret went straight up to Sylvia's room; dresses were lying on the bed, on the floor; Sylvia's trunk half packed stood in the middle of the room. Everything was in disorder. Margaret looked round breathlessly, and then she caught sight of a letter lying on the dressing-table. She

crossed the room and took it up. It was addressed to her; and it was open, and she saw that it was from Hal Merivale. Then she understood.

Half an hour later a ring at the bell roused her from a kind of stupor of unreasoning fear, and with a thrill of relief and gladness she heard Carl Thornton's voice in the hall. With the letter in her hand she went straight down stairs to the drawing-room. Disjointed sentences of the letter she had just read seemed to be burning themselves into her mind.

When we were interrupted last night, you began to speak of Sylvia. Poor little Sylvia! As a picture she is charming (I am quoting a remark I have heard several times lately), but do you think I could care for a woman who has no soul? You must have discovered by this time that the poor child is not quite—well, not quite like other people—one does not like to say anything unpleasant when speaking of Sylvia.

Without a moment's deliberation Margaret explained the whole matter to Thornton. It seemed perfectly natural that he should know this last thing,—he knew all the rest.

"But this letter was addressed to *you*," he said, looking puzzled.

"Yes; but Sylvia opened it you see, and read it."

"Opened a letter addressed to *you*!" he repeated.

"Oh," she cried, with a kind of impatience, "I thought you knew Sylvia better. Don't you see that she is morally irresponsible? She never does, or leaves undone, anything because it is right or wrong. She does not know what *is* right or wrong. She will do anything to please anyone she is fond of; *that* she understands; but what is abstract right to her? It is unintelligible! She knew Hal's writing, and she opened the letter to see what he said to me. Any child would have done the same kind of thing before it had been expressly forbidden," she cried, her eyes full of tears.

"Do not be so distressed," he began gently, "we must telegraph to Llwyn-
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y-bryn, but I believe we shall hear. Ah! here is a telegram."

Margaret rushed to take it and tore open the yellow envelope, then she gave it to him. "Sylvia just arrived. Letter follows," was the message.

"Oh, how thankful I am!" she half sobbed, leaning on the rail at the bottom of the stairs and trembling from head to foot now that the strain of a great unformed dread was removed. Carl made a sudden movement towards her, but Margaret had heard the sound of carriage wheels, and in an instant was calm again as she opened the door for her mother.

VIII.

Two days later, in the afternoon, Merivale called at Vivian Place to see Margaret. There was no lamp in the room into which he was shown, and when she came in it was almost too dark to see her face, but Hal plunged into the midst of things at once with characteristic impetuosity.

"You didn't answer my letter, Margaret," he began, "so I have come myself to hear my fate. Margaret," he went on with rising anger in his tone, as she did not speak, "you are never going to be so unjust as to let a ridiculous fancy about that little, half-witted——"

"Stop!" cried Margaret, and he hardly knew her voice, "wait a minute! You may be sorry to have said anything,—unpleasant. Sylvia is dead."

She saw him turn white in the gathering dusk. "*Dead!*" he repeated hoarsely. "What do you mean? She is here."

"No; she went home. She read your letter to me, and then she went home. Mr. Thornton was telegraphed for," she went on in the same hard, mechanical voice which never faltered, "and they had brought her home. She had been to the Torrent Walk late in the evening, and she must have,—slipped on the stones and fallen into the water. There is a deep pool, Mr.

Thornton says,—and she was there. I dare say you know the spot.”

Hal shuddered.

“This was found near the waterfall. Mr. Thornton sent it to me, but I see it is yours; perhaps you had better have it.”

She held out a book to him. He took it tremblingly, and looked at it in a dazed, bewildered way. It was a copy of *Undine*. There was a leaf turned down at the place where Undine says to her husband, “I thank thee for my soul.” Neither of them spoke. Hal sat as if turned to stone.

“Poor little Sylvia,” whispered Margaret at last. “I wonder if she has found her soul now! If she has she owes it to you, Hal. No wonder she is grateful.”

When Hal raised his head the room was empty.

Carl had been summoned by old Mr. Maynard. “You said, if ever you could help me, my boy,” said the old man brokenly when he came.

Then followed terrible days. Carl felt that he could not bear to see the old man’s furtive glance at him, full of dread, yet questioning, whenever he spoke of the “accident.” The outspokenness of Sylvia’s old nurse was, he felt, a relief. “There’s them that’ll have to answer to God for this child’s life, sir,” she said solemnly. “Hadn’t she a heart, because she wasn’t——?” She did not complete the sentence, but there was no need.

For the rest of his life Carl will remember how the glen looked the day before he returned to London. He felt he must see it once again. It was a grey November day. The stream was swollen with rains, and rushed with a hoarse complaining voice over the rocks. The familiar dash of the waterfall sounded inexpressibly dreary in the gathering twilight. A wind was rising, and swept moaning through the naked boughs. Every now and then

a few yellow leaves whirled eddying down from the bare woods above. As he stood there, a shower of dead leaves fell suddenly on the flat stone where a few months ago Sylvia had sat under green boughs for her picture.

Thornton turned hurriedly and walked away. When everything was over he went straight back to Margaret.

As she came into the room he looked at her sad eyes, and then went to her and took both her hands. “I do not ask you to forgive me for coming now, Margaret,” he said, “because you know—— Two years ago I made a great mistake. I thought it was Merivale then. I have suffered for it ever since. Am I to go on suffering?”

Margaret looked at him, and in her eyes he read an unspoken question. “Never!” he said. “Let us have no more mistakes, Margaret, never in that way,—though I would have given years of my life,” his voice trembled, “to have saved the poor child from herself. Then is it, Yes?” he whispered with his arms round her.

“Yes,” said Margaret with a long quivering sigh. Suddenly she broke into a storm of sobs. “Sylvia! my poor little Sylvia!” she cried. “How wicked it is of me to be so happy when you are out there in the cold!”

They persuaded old Mr. Maynard to make his home with them when they were married, and the poor, broken-hearted old man came to them. He spent much time over his books, and was gentle and courtly as of old, but the first time they saw him smile was when Margaret put her baby in his arms. “We want to call her Sylvia,” she said softly, as he stroked the baby’s little brown head delicately, “but——” she hesitated.

“Yes, my dear,” he answered, and his eyes filled with tears; “yes, I should like it.”

MOLTKE AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

THE life and labours of Count Moltke will provide themes for writers of many nationalities for a long time to come. Characters of such various excellence are rare indeed. In him met the patriot, the soldier, the traveller, the omnivorous reader, the untiring student, the master of literary style, the devoted husband, the simple and high-minded gentleman. The peculiar circumstances of his country have naturally brought his military genius into a prominence greater than that vouchsafed to his other qualities. Yet every side of his character contributed its own share to the singular completeness of his public services. To have shattered the bullying militarism of France was to Moltke no mere strategical triumph. It was the end of German servitude, the end of divided counsels, the end of a situation in which one German prince made mean bargains with the common enemy, while another was consumed with patriotic shame. Englishmen above all, despite the lessons of five hundred years' war with France, need to be reminded of these facts. The silver streak of the Channel, as yet unbridged and untunnelled, has, no doubt, proved a safer defence than the Rhine. Yet throughout the world, from Newfoundland to the Pacific, England is beset by French "claims" which generally derive peculiar acidity from their connection with some ancient French defeat. To Moltke, who was born in the days of Germany's shame, her emancipation was a high and holy work. The native of a country which centuries of French aggression had covered with ruins, and whose people long subjection to the will of France had largely denationalised, could have but small occasion to think of himself more

highly than he ought to think. Here lies perhaps the secret both of Moltke's modesty and of his silent concentration on the task before him. It is true that recent French commentators see in this side of his character little beyond "the ferocity of a pietist who looks on war as a divine institution."¹ We see in it rather a recognition that the highest human gifts, the rarest professional skill, were but the means of securing the emancipation of Germany from a yoke as unnatural as it was ancient and strong. A mind so disciplined would regard success as matter not for offensive jubilation but for heartfelt gratitude. And so we learn without surprise that when the white flag appeared on the walls of Sedan, Moltke exclaimed that now perhaps the Reichstag would vote adequate supplies for the national defence. It would argue small knowledge of French ways of thought to marvel at the writer in the *République Française* who censures Moltke's "ignorance of the poetry of war." Had a French marshal had the chance of standing under similar conditions before Mainz or Ehrenbreitstein his comments would, no doubt, have been of a highly poetical nature.

Moltke's military work and his general labours in the cause of German unity will, we repeat, be amply dealt with by soldiers and politicians. At the date of his death half a dozen accounts of his life were already in existence. In time to come the history of his campaigns will long form a subject for elaborate technical comment. His own laborious methods are open to every soldier, though in other hands they may compass but a modest share of his practical success. His political work, again, is likely to

¹ *République Française*, April 26th, 1891.

retain an enduring interest for the patriots of every country. His deep study of the national needs, his untiring advocacy of every measure, however unpopular, which tended to the strength and independence of Germany, the humble devotion of his great genius to the public service—these are examples for imitation by Englishmen as well as Germans. In these few pages neither the soldier nor the statesman will be discussed, but the man as he showed himself in days of comparative obscurity to the readers of his inimitable letters from foreign countries. These writings are insufficiently known in England, owing as well to the lateness of their appearance in an English dress as to the concentration of public interest on his triumphs in the field. We find in them the same combination of serious matter with humorous comment which delights us in the pages of *Eothen*. His power of seizing the features of a new city or country, or of explaining the circumstances of a people by a rapid mental retrospect of their history, is supplemented by a power of expression which is no less remarkable. His private letters, like his military treatises, abound with descriptive paragraphs which present the results of study and experience in a form lucid, concentrated, and clear-cut as a cameo. Be the subject grave or gay, lively or severe, the reader is left under the double charm of matter and manner. Moltke's personal character stands out from every page of these confidential utterances. Here are displayed his unchanging love for friends and relations, his sympathy with distress, his worship of duty, his contempt of ostentation, his deep consciousness of the painful inequalities of human life. Here also we recognise the militant side of a character which, with just a tinge of insular prejudice, we have set up as peculiarly English. Moltke appears as the quick determined man of action, full of resource in difficulty, and alive to the ridiculous side even of a loss or failure.

The German officer, with all his undeniable bravery, self-control, and industry, is not a popular person in this country. The ordinary British civilian knows him, or rather imagines him, as a stiff, narrow pedant, filled with a belated feudal arrogance and with contempt for the humbler classes of his own and every other country. Notions such as these may perhaps be modified by study of the mind of one who was for a whole generation greatest among these decried warriors. "It is impossible," said *The Times*, when commenting on Moltke's death, "that a mind and a character of this kind should have been so long dominant in the German army, and so long respected among the German people, without leaving a deep mark on the rising generation."

Moltke's Letters from foreign countries belong to three periods of time. His *Letters from Turkey* were written during the years 1835 to 1839 to his sister, Mrs. Burt. In the last of these years he joined the staff of the Turkish army opposed to the forces of Mehemet Ali the rebel Viceroy of Egypt, and his valiant son Ibrahim Pasha. Second in order come his *Wanderings about Rome*, which he wrote while holding the position of Adjutant to Prince Henry of Prussia from 1845 to 1846. On the Prince's death in 1846 he paid a flying visit to Spain and wrote his *Spanish Diary*, which records the disgust inspired in him by the only bull-fight that he ever witnessed. The third division of his Letters belongs to the year 1856, the year of the Peace of Paris. In the month of August he attended Prince Frederick William of Prussia (the late Emperor Frederick III.) to the Coronation of the Czar Alexander II. at St. Petersburg. The *Letters from Russia* which described his experiences, were addressed to his English wife, Mrs. Burt's step-daughter, to whom he had been married since 1842. He next visited England with the Prince, who was, two years later, to become our Queen's son-in-law. In

1858 and 1861 he was again in England. No student of Moltke's works can have failed to observe the frequency of his references to the history and political and social conditions of our country. In Asiatic Turkey he praises Colonel Chesney for his "glorious failure" to establish steam-communication with India by the Euphrates Valley, and he announces to his wife that his own surveys now form a continuation of those made by that illustrious officer. In discussing the Turkish views of Western dress he quotes Morier's *Hajji Baba*. From Malatia, which possessed no carriage, he writes that the most wretched vehicle would be here "like Queen Victoria's coronation coach." In Russia, the architecture of English manor-houses, the dome of St. Paul's, the drawing-rooms at St. James's Palace, the "natural velvet of the Windsor turf," the origin and national position of the English nobility, the wages of English labourers, are among the parallels which he employs in the relation of the motley sights and circumstances surrounding him.

From England he accompanied his Prince to Paris, where he spent ten days. Brief as are the comments of his *Letters from Paris* on a sojourn mainly occupied in pleasure, it is abundantly clear that he doubted the stability of the Second Empire. "You must read between the lines of my letters," he tells his correspondent. "Matters here are not in a normal condition. But it would be difficult to specify anything that needs amendment in the actual circumstances. Nobody can be his own grandson, and the position of the founder of a new dynasty differs much from that of the heir of an array of legitimate predecessors. One has only to keep to the old course; the other has to open out new paths, and infinitely more depends on his personality." Such are the sources whence we propose to draw our illustrations of some points in Moltke's mind and character. His own words, though in an English dress,

will best attest his humour, his good feeling, his powers of perception and description, and his large share of that knowledge of the Asiatic character with which Englishmen have achieved such marvels throughout the East.

Here is a description of the Roman Campagna in 1846:—"This waste Campagna has an indescribable charm of its own. It is the home of contrasts, of a past filled with the richest life, and of a present buried in the deepest silence. The castle of the Gaetani cleaves to Metella's grave, and the dome of Michael Angelo rises above Nero's Circus. The graves of Christian martyrs lie side by side with heathen columbaria, and modern high-roads pass through the arches of ancient aqueducts. The thunder-stricken oak of Tasso looks down from yonder hills where Pyrrhus encamped. Steamers cut the flood of yellow Tiber, and soon railway trains will rush through the fields which once bore triumphal cars." In the same year Moltke visited La Carolina, near Cordova, where he found a German colony which aroused in him some bitter reflections. "It was like passing suddenly into a different country, for the people had fair hair and honest square German faces. This is a colony of Swabians which Olivarez, the best of Spanish statesmen, settled here last century to increase the population of the Sierra Morena. Not a soul of them had retained a word of German, for our people are everywhere the best of settlers, the quietest of subjects, the most industrious of labourers, but they cease to be Germans. They are Frenchmen in Alsace, Russians in Courland, Americans on the Mississippi, and Spaniards in the Sierra Morena. Yes! they are ashamed of their own dismembered and impotent country!"

Moltke's Russian visit gave ample scope to his powers of description. Here is a portrait of Alexander II., then the centre of a gorgeous ceremonial, and whose mangled remains Moltke was to see committed to the

grave in 1881. "The Czar made a very pleasant impression on me. He possesses neither the classic beauty nor the marble severity of his father, Nicholas, but he is a singularly handsome man with a majestic bearing. He looks somewhat worn, and one is tempted to believe that events have marked his noble features with that gravity which conflicts with the benevolent expression of his great eyes. . . . Upon his accession he found Europe in arms against him, and within his own boundless empire he has yet to carry out reforms which need the firmest of hands. Could he then meet his mighty task otherwise than seriously?"

In a few lines he sketches the history of the growth of St. Petersburg:—"Two centuries ago no inhabitant of Europe had ever heard of the Neva. The river had flowed for thousands of years through untrodden forests. It bore no vessel on its back, the Finnish hunters alone ranged now and then along its banks. Now, the Neva is famous throughout the world, it is one of the main arteries of the Russian empire, it bears fleets of merchantmen, and provides half a million of human beings with their daily drinking water. It yields the only available clear water, that of all the wells is brown and unfit to drink. It is true that the river also constitutes a permanent danger to the city. The Gulf of Finland narrows like a funnel in the direction of St. Petersburg. A strong west wind drives the sea violently into this gut, the river water is forced back and the course of the Neva is reversed. If this happens when the ice is in motion the danger is increased. The islands are flooded first of all, then the water pours over the breastwork of the walled embankments and everything is submerged, as the highest point of the city is only fifteen feet above sea-level. In 1824 the floods reached the second storeys of the houses. Many people were drowned, and the epidemics, caused by a dampness which nothing could

remove, raged for a very long time. No town with a historical development would have been built in so defenceless a position. But the iron-willed Czar wished it to be there, and so succeeding generations had to bear the consequences." With still fewer touches Moscow is thus brought before us. "When from the lofty terrace of the Kremlin I survey this enormous city, the white houses with roofs of bright green, and surrounded by dark trees, the high towers and innumerable churches with gilded domes, I think of the views of Prague from the Hradschin, of Pesth from Buda, or of Palermo from Monte Reale. Yet here everything is different, and as for the Kremlin, the centre of all this world, there is nothing with which you could compare it. These white battlemented walls, fifty or sixty feet high, the huge towered gates, the mighty palace of the old Czars, the palace of the Patriarch, the bell-tower of Ivan Veliki, and the many quaint churches—these form a whole which cannot be found elsewhere in the world."

Here again is a dip into the past days of Russian subjection to the Tartars:—"In the evening I drove to Petroskoi. . . . This fortress, painted red and white, with its lights falling through lofty windows on the dark forest below, is like some fabulous structure in the *Arabian Nights*. In this country every monastery and castle is fortified. They constituted the only points which could be held when the Golden Horde came rushing on with its twenty or thirty thousand horsemen and devastated all the flat country. Long after their yoke had been broken, the Tartars in their Khanate of the Crimea were terrible enemies. The watchmen gazed unceasingly from the summit of the Kremlin towards the wide plain to the south, and when the dust-clouds arose there and the great bell of Ivan Veliki sounded the alarm, then every human being fled behind the walls of the Kremlin or of the monasteries, against which the fury of the mounted hordes

dashed fruitlessly and broke. In the monasteries the Christianity, the learning, and the civilisation of Russia found safety, and from them in later times proceeded her liberation from the rule of Mongols and Poles."

Nothing in Russia impressed Moltke more strongly than the devoted submissiveness of the people, whether soldiers or civilians. "The Russian," he writes, "must positively have a master; if he has none, he sets himself to find one. Each community chooses its *Starost*, or elder, from its white-haired men, else it would be like a swarm of bees without a queen. 'Our land is good, but we have nobody over us. Come and rule us.' Thus ran the message of the Russian commons to Rurik the Varangian, And so it is with the Russian soldier. Without his captain he would be in deadly perplexity. Who would think for him, lead him, or punish him? His captain may possibly defraud him of his due or ill-treat him in anger, but nevertheless he loves him better than he would a German officer whose punishments are just and well-considered. If a European soldier were to see his non-commissioned officer drunk, discipline would become impossible; but the Russian puts him to bed, wipes him clean, and obeys him as faithfully as ever on the morrow when his fit is over."

The following extract deals with a humble personage whose lot remained unaffected by the glories of his Czar's coronation. On entering the army he had ceased to be a serf and so lost for ever the right to be maintained by his owner. He had now been discharged without a pension:—"To-day a discharged soldier, crippled at Sebastopol, asked me for alms Here was a man who, but a few months back, had bled for his country, and was now begging—begging in full sight of the Kremlin, the heart of this empire which owes its very existence to its faithful, God-fearing, brave, and patient soldiers. Surely these devoted sufferers must be heirs of Paradise.

The newly-made freeman with his long grey cloak and humbly bared head went off into the wide world of Holy Russia, and we——drove in the Czar's carriage to a magnificent dinner." A similar passage occurs in Moltke's description of the Kurdish campaign of 1838:—"At the gate of the captured fort I met a Kurd who was carrying his wounded brother. The poor fellow had been shot in the leg, and his bearer told me that his agony had already lasted a week. I sent for the surgeon, who said, 'Why, the man is only a Kurd!' He repeated this remark several times and with a raised voice, as though to say, 'Don't you see that your request is mere folly?' Now it is simply disgraceful to send 3,000 men into the field attended by one ignorant barber. One of our gunners was run over eight days ago, and even to-day not a soul knows whether his leg is broken or merely contused. Meanwhile the man lies helpless in his tent. This condition of the surgical service will, I hope, make Hafiz Pasha apply to the Seraskier Before the Turks have instituted their botanical garden and their high school at Galata Serai they will have lost hundreds of their best and most willing soldiers."

Most of the subsequent passages illustrate Moltke's singular appreciation of a humorous speech or situation:—"The common Turk cannot imagine why his Sultan should take the trouble to turn himself into a Giaour, and still cherishes the belief that the Elchis, or foreign ambassadors, have only come to beg the Padishah to confer a crown on their kings. 'Why,' said a mollah in the meeting at Biredjik, 'should not ten thousand Osmanlismount their horses to-day and ride to Moscow with a firm trust in Allah and their sharp swords?' 'Why not, indeed?' answered a Turkish officer, 'so long as their passports are countersigned at the Russian Embassy.' This officer was Reshid Bey, who was educated in Europe, but he spoke in French—a language in which

he could say anything, for not a soul understood him."

Moltke was terribly hampered in one of his journeys by the slowness and indolence of the Turkish official who accompanied him. "Without your champagne," he writes, "I should never have towed my fat Effendi so fast from Samsun to Karpuz. I always held out to him the prospect of a *Gumushbashi*, or 'Silver-Head,' if he rode well and we reached our quarters for the night. On a starry night," he continues, "I was standing on the ruins of the old Roman fortress of Zeugma. Deep down in a rocky ravine below me glittered the Euphrates, and the sound of its waters filled the peaceful evening. There did I see Cyrus and Alexander, Xenophon, Cæsar, and Julian pass by me in the moonlight; from this very point had they seen the empire of Chosroes' dynasty across the river, and seen it exactly as I saw it, for here nature is of stone and unchangeable. So I determined to sacrifice to the memory of the great Roman people those golden grapes which they first introduced into Gaul, and which I had carried from the western to the eastern frontier of their broad empire. I hurled down the bottle which dived, danced, and slipped down the stream towards the Indian Ocean. You will be right, however, in surmising that I had first—emptied it. . . . That bottle had only one fault—it was the last I had."

The following conversation will remind many of the interview between Kinglake's British traveller and the Pasha:—" . . . The next night I slept in the tent of a Turcoman chief. . . . After I had made myself as comfortable as I could, the chief, Osman Bey, came in and gave me a friendly greeting. When the influence of coffee and pipes had dispelled the silence in which such visits always begin, he asked for news from my Cimmerian home, much as we should question an inhabitant of the moon were he to fall like an aerolite on our planet. 'Had we got the sea with us?'

'Yes, and we take walks on it in the winter.' 'Did we grow much tobacco?' 'We fetched most of it from the New World.' 'Was it true that we cut off the ears and tails of our horses?' 'No, we only cut their tails.' 'Had we springs of flowing water?' 'Yes, except during a frost.' 'Had we any camels?' 'Yes, but they were only shown for money.' 'Did we grow lemons?' 'No.' 'Had we many buffaloes?' 'No.' He was nearly asking me whether the sun shone with us or whether we had nothing but gas. Meanwhile, and with a muttered 'Allah! Allah!' he suppressed the remark that my country must have been originally meant for polar bears."

At Nevsher, on the Kizil-Irmak, a personage named Kara Jehenna, or Black Hell, who had taken a leading part in the massacre of the Janissaries in 1826, refused either to receive Moltke or to give him horses. "I settled matters by walking straight up into his room, where his Hellish Majesty and I met like two men who are equally anxious to surrender no part of their dignity. . . . I took no notice of his presence, had my heavy boots pulled off by my servants, and then, covered as I was with every variety of soil, I marched up to the best seat in the room. It was only then that I saluted my host who, in order to give me a taste of his European manners, answered 'Addio!' . . . 'What have you heard about me?' said he. 'That you are a good gunner and are called Black Hell.' It is not every one who would have taken this infernal sobriquet as a compliment, but it won my friend's heart. Breakfast and coffee were at once provided, and, in addition, most excellent horses, to the great delight of my Tartar." At Constantinople Moltke overheard some Turkish ladies criticising a party of Jewesses sitting near them in the Valley of Sweet Waters. ". . . The ladies were much shocked by the indecent exposure permitted by the Jewish veils, which actually showed the face from the eyebrows to the upper lip, and also by the fact that the

she-infidels were drinking brandy. 'Is that propriety?' asked a broad dame. 'Any decent woman would confine herself to a cup of coffee, a pipe of tobacco, *et voilà tout!*' I mention this for the information of ladies at home."

There were comic points even in the magnificent ceremonials of the Russian coronation:—" . . . After the Great bell of Ivan had recorded the hour, two richly-dressed heralds, with golden staves, tabards and helmets, issued from the Gate of the Redeemer . . . it was a great pity that one of them wore spectacles on his nose." Again at a service in the Chapel of Peterhof:—"The choir chanted a piece of the most impressive kind with a skill that was matchless. Composition and execution were alike unsurpassable. To my abject despair, a venerable Excellency behind me joined in the singing and was always out of tune, *sotto voce* it is true, but quite loud enough for my ears." A little later:—"We drove to the beautiful Smolnoi Church . . . near it are several palatial buildings for the reception of spinsters of noble birth. As, however, the youngest of them is, and indeed must be, forty years we did not stay there very long. . . ." Again:—"The fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul is said to contain the huge cash reserves which form the security for the paper money in circulation . . . But I did not count them

It is difficult to part from Moltke's Letters without citing the passage which he devotes to the Mosque of St. Sophia, and with which I shall conclude. Here again Kinglake's immortal description of the Sphinx presents a singular parallel in spirit and dignity:—"Memories cluster thickest about the temple which Constantine erected to the Divine Wisdom, and which still raises its limestone walls and leaden domes high above the last hill between the Propontis and the Golden Horn. There she still stands, the ancient Sophia. Like a venerable dame in a white robe and with her grey head resting on her mighty crutches, she gazes over the crowds that throng about her in the present, away to the land and sea in the distance. Deserted by her champions and her children, this Christian of a thousand years was forcibly converted to Islam. But she turns away from the grave of the Prophet and looks to the east at the face of the rising sun, to the south towards Ephesus, Antioch, Alexandria, Corinth, and the Redeemer's Grave, to the west which deserted her, and to the north whence she expects her deliverance. Fire and siege, riot, civil war and fanatical destruction, earthquakes, storms, and tempests have broken their strength against these walls which have received Christian, Heathen, and Mahomedan emperors beneath their arches."

HAROLD A. PERRY.

THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE.

THE great characteristic of the present Session down to Whitsuntide has been its unparalleled dulness. Something of this is doubtless due to the disruption of the Irish party, for when they were in full fighting array there were often some lively afternoons and evenings, although the liveliness was not much to the taste of sticklers for Parliamentary etiquette and decorum. To see all Mr. Parnell's pack in full chase after the Irish Secretary, or endeavouring to disturb the bland serenity of Mr. Smith, was sport in which all the spectators could take an interest, from the Speaker himself to the attendant in the Strangers' Gallery, who is always on the watch for surreptitious opera-glasses. But gloom and depression have settled down upon the Irish benches, and crushed out every spark of Irish humour. When the Irishman is low-spirited he is the most melancholy animal alive. The Englishman goes on much as usual, dogged, obstinate, silent, perhaps a little sullen. The Irishman gives everything up until the dark hour passes over him. Mr. Sexton and Mr. Tim Healy are the only two of the once formidable band who have still any particle of the fighting spirit left in them. And even they are not what they were. They drag themselves to the fray because they feel they ought to be in it; but they strike at random, and their blows fall wide of the mark. Their task is not rendered lighter by the strange, fitful, phantom-like appearances of their former leader, coming and going like Banquo's ghost, and refusing to be "laid," though he has been duly exorcised with bell, book, and candle, and specially cursed by the Healy family into the bargain.

Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healy may be

seen defending the Irish position with what spirit they have been able to summon up, when Mr. Parnell suddenly glides in and takes his seat between them. To the observant stranger up aloft he seems to have ascended from a trap-door, or to have emerged from the back of the scene, like the deceased Corsican brother. There is no doubt of the impression which he creates. There is a "movement of repulsion." Mr. Tim Healy folds his arms and looks stern, after the manner of Napoleon at St. Helena. Mr. Sexton betrays an awkwardness of manner which shows that he has not yet become quite accustomed to treat Mr. Parnell as a foe. Mr. Justin McCarthy, if he happens to be there, looks as though he would like to have a friendly chat with his old chief, provided no one were looking. One afternoon Mr. Parnell settled that difficulty by drawing near to Mr. McCarthy and entering into conversation with him, to the infinite disgust of the other rebels who have unanimously agreed never again to speak to the uncrowned king. Yet if Mr. Parnell were to meet one of them in a secluded spot, and hold out his hand, the probability is that the mutineer would seize it with gratitude and rejoicing. For though the deposed leader has been driven into a corner, and may never get out again, the magic of his influence has not yet wholly departed from him, and when he sends that wizard-like glance of his round his former vassals, they shrink from meeting his eye. Nothing in this uncertain world is half so uncertain as politics. The man who is down in the dust to-day may be at the top of the tree to-morrow. The cause which appears to be lost all at once comes to the front, and sweeps every-

thing before it. Some of Mr. Parnell's late supporters are fully alive to all this, and do not feel by any means sure that he will not turn the tables on them even yet. When he appears in their midst there is a flutter like that which goes on in a farmyard when a hawk is seen poised in the air just overhead. Even Dr. Tanner is cowed.

One of the strange things about this very queer Session is that Mr. Parnell is left entirely alone. He has some followers still left, but where are they? Colonel Nolan may usually be seen fidgeting about here and there, but he is by no means a master of Parliamentary tactics, as any observant person may have inferred from seeing him on one occasion leading the Parnellites into a formal division when there were only five of them to pass between the tellers. Mr. Parnell would doubtless be very glad to exchange Colonel Nolan for Mr. Sexton, and to throw another man or two in if that would clinch the bargain. But where is the genial Mr. Dick Power, a favourite with everybody, who was wont to summon the Parnellite army together whenever there was fighting to be done? He has never been to the House since the breach in the party became too wide ever to be closed. Probably he cannot bear to look on at the miserable sight of old friends stabbing each other. Where is Mr. John Redmond, an undeniably able man? Where is everybody who could help Mr. Parnell in his time of need? The deserted leader looks furtively from beneath the hat which is drawn over his brows, and sees only one or two second and third-rate henchmen who can be of little or no service to him. Then he rises, stalks past friends and foes without a word, and vanishes under the gallery, followed by the inquisitive eyes of Mr. Balfour, who even now is all attention the moment Mr. Parnell rises to speak. He is quite satisfied to take scraps and fragments of what the others say; but not the lightest of Mr. Parnell's words appears to escape his ear.

The nature of the work in which the House has been engaged is not calculated to kindle any enthusiasm in the ranks of either party. The Conservatives, as a body, came into Parliament pledged against any large measure of Land Purchase in Ireland, especially if it involved, directly or indirectly, the use of the national credit. They stormed against a measure of that kind when Mr. Gladstone proposed it, and many of them are now fully as much of opinion as they were then, that no further concessions ought to be made to Irish agitation in this direction. How can they be expected to render hearty and cordial assistance to the progress of a measure which differs from Mr. Gladstone's in form rather than in substance? It has been rare to see a full quorum in the House at any stage of the discussions in Committee. Under the stern discipline of party, men can be brought up to vote for principles which they have denounced with might and main, but they will chafe under their bonds, and secretly try to shuffle out of them. The Conservative party find themselves compelled by the hard necessity of their position—the position of holding office without a majority of their own—to carry out, piece by piece, Mr. Chamberlain's "unauthorised programme." They remain in power on condition of throwing overboard, one after the other, the old articles of their faith. Can it be supposed that men like Sir John Mowbray and Sir Walter Barttelot, repositories of the ancient traditions, perform their daily penance with a blithe heart? Of course Mr. Chamberlain is delighted. He looks on with a cynical smile while the country gentlemen of England are being thrust into the traces to drag his coach over the stony roads. He is quite content to have Lord Salisbury called Prime Minister so long as he pulls all the strings in the background. He enjoys the realities of power without any of its risks or responsibilities. His very manner in the House betrays his consciousness that he is master of the Tory battalions. If Mr. Balfour

is doing his work fairly well, Mr. Chamberlain sits for half an hour or so looking at him with cold approval, or shuts his eyes and imitates Lord Hartington's tranquil indifference to all that is going on. If Mr. Balfour stumbles, he crosses the floor of the House and whispers to him, or makes a sign for him to go behind the Speaker's chair for a brief consultation. He may perhaps condescend to say a few words himself, with that air of supreme satisfaction and of contempt for everybody else which endears him so much to his former political associates. That Mr. Balfour has stumbled more than once over this unmanageable Land Bill must have been obvious to Mr. Chamberlain as it is to the less vigilant stranger in the gallery. The Irish Secretary always seems bored to death—that is a part of the rôle which the papers long ago marked out for him, and he plays it to the life. But of late he has lost the art of making people think that he takes an interest in what he has in hand. He has made it perfectly clear that he knows very little about the Bill of which he is in charge, and cares less. Did he not declare on one occasion that he had but a very imperfect comprehension of an elaborate sub-section which he had himself moved—in his own words, that he only “understood it more or less”? Stretched out at full length, with his feet resting against the table, and weariness and disgust written in large characters all over his face, he has dragged his way through a Bill which he is well aware cannot possibly be a “final” measure. It can only prove, at the best, a stopgap to fill up the interval until new demands are made. Those demands will come, and they will have to be complied with, but the Conservative party will have disqualified themselves from raising any further objections to pledging British credit for enabling Irish tenants to become landowners. The same principle must be extended to England in due time. It is too tempting in itself to be lost sight of.

A man first of all gets a “fair rent” fixed—that is to say, he gets it reduced twenty or thirty per cent. Then he gets it further reduced by another twenty per cent., and on paying this lower rent for forty-nine years he becomes master of the freehold. Is anybody crazy enough to suppose that such a beautiful system as that will always be left as an exclusive privilege in the hands of the Irish? If it is to be conceded only to “revolution,” then we may depend upon it that the requisite qualification will in due time be supplied on this side St. George's Channel.

But there is still another cause of the long nightmare which has weighed so heavily upon the House this Session. It has been felt in former Sessions of this Parliament, and it arises primarily from the peculiar nature of the leadership under which the House is now placed. There is a certain kind of safety in mediocrity, but the most buoyant spirits will sink under incessant contact with it. They say that Lord North was a very dull man, although contemporary testimony does not corroborate that impression. At any rate, we who are now alive never saw Lord North, while we have seen Mr. W. H. Smith. No one would wish to say an unkind word of the great “utility man” of the Tory party—the man who has been Secretary of State for War, First Lord of the Admiralty, Chief Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant, First Lord of the Treasury, Leader of the House of Commons—in short, who has walked with perfect complacency into every office that was indicated to him. Head of the Army, Head of the Navy, Chief of the House of Commons, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports—surely here is a career worthy the study of those who desire to know how to get on in the world with very moderate abilities. There is nothing like it in English political history. What would one not give to have it summed up by the Disraeli of old days? Did he not compress the history of Lord Goderich into half a

line—"the troubled phantom of Lord Goderich crossed the stage"? A dozen "Lives" of poor Lord Goderich could not tell the story better. One would like to see the same masterly hand touch off Mr. Smith.

From my corner in the gallery, which I have occupied off and on a good many years, I have watched Lord Palmerston leading the House of Commons, and his method of doing his work often comes back to my mind when I survey Mr. Smith's smiling countenance. Lord Palmerston was blunt and straightforward, not an orator, not given to indulgence in oratorical flourishes or gaudy speeches, but always going straight to the mark. He was brief, pungent, emphatic, but never dull. Then there was Disraeli, always original, always saying or doing something which nobody expected. "Dizzy" was the first man asked for by every one who came into the Strangers' Gallery for the first time. Sometimes he would put his eye-glass up and look steadily at the clock, and then we had a good view of the Disraelian curl hanging over the forehead, and of the sallow face beneath, with its impenetrable aspect, and its apparent unconsciousness that any one was gazing at it. Perhaps Mr. Disraeli had his faults: it is not worth while raising that discussion just now; but no one can say that he was dull. The skies then were always in motion; lightnings often flashed around them, and sometimes there were sudden darkness and the crash of a storm. Upon the whole, that also was a man whose like we shall probably never see again.

Then there was Mr. Gladstone. Some people say that he has no sense of humour, and it may be so, although I have heard him say things which in other people would be called humorous. Not long ago he was speaking in the House when Mr. Goschen rather hastily and vehemently interrupted him. Mr. Gladstone quietly said, "I was not quite prepared for this interruption," and then with an air of meek resignation he added, "I suppose it is a part

of the maintenance of the Union." But, whether humorous or not, would any man in his senses dream of calling him dull? He may be anything else you please, but he cannot be that. His readiness and promptness, the quickness of his repartee, his incomparable way of putting things, the manner so skilfully adapted to every shifting mood and temper of the House, the grace and felicity of his language, his perfect adaptation to circumstances—all these qualities, not to mention his extraordinary eloquence, would have sufficed to render Mr. Gladstone's leadership memorable in Parliamentary history. As for his politics and his policy, I leave others to wrangle over these things. I, a mere outside observer, have nothing to do with them. Of one thing I am sure, and it is that the slipshod manners and customs and style of the present day will not permit of the rise in Parliament of another Gladstone. That kind of man belongs to the past.

It appears, then, that mediocrity was not always considered the one thing needful for Parliamentary leadership. Men have achieved distinction without it. But now it is an essential part of the equipment of any man who wishes advancement in politics. It is not at all surprising that a Prime Minister should have no wish to embarrass himself with too many clever men. It must be a convenience in many respects to have to do with people who will not obtrude their own opinions, but be content to take them on the authority of the head of the Cabinet. Mr. Disraeli understood that, and therefore he took care to surround himself in the House of Commons with commonplace persons—such men as Ward Hunt, Selater Booth, and others who need not be mentioned, and some of whom, thanks to their mediocrity, are in office to-day. Lord Salisbury, at the outset of his present administration, had to do with one clever man, and we cannot wonder if he has no desire whatever to repeat the experience. But then it is possible to have

plenty of cleverness without any principle or judgment, and it may have been Lord Salisbury's bad luck to hit upon a colleague of that description. Naturally enough, he found rest and peace in the society of estimable persons like Lord Cross, Lord Knutsford, Mr. Smith, Baron de Worms, and so forth. Mr. Balfour was too loyal to be troublesome, and Mr. Goschen was too well pleased with obtaining the position for which he had been struggling all his life to be otherwise than docile. So they all jog along well satisfied with themselves and the world, marvelling sometimes how in the name of all that is wonderful they have become what they are. Surely there are some bright spirits in the Cabinet who cannot even to this day have recovered from their astonishment at finding themselves in Downing Street. The outer world has not yet solved the riddle.

The things, we know, are neither rich
nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got
there.

What would it matter about having a Ministry of mediocrities, with three or four brilliant exceptions, if the business of the country got well done? But that is the very thing that does not happen under the present Administration. Every Session of this Parliament has been the same. The beginning has been confusion, the middle a scene of turmoil and bitter recriminations, the end mere Chaos and old Night. Even if there had been no obstruction and no unnecessary delay, the House of Commons could not possibly have got through the work provided for it by the leader, who, it is popularly supposed, must at the very least be a highly capable man of business. Get a reputation for certain qualities, and it matters little whether you possess those qualities or not; the world will persist in seeing them in everything you do. Nothing in the least degree resembling good management has been displayed in the

present Parliament. Hence we have seen the confiscation of the time hitherto allotted to Private Members, the jugglery of "morning sittings," involving a certain "count out" at night, autumn sessions, great schemes produced late in the session sufficient to occupy the whole of that session, such as the Licensing proposals last year and Free Education this. I wonder whether any watchful and discreet person, not a violent partisan of either side, is preparing notes for a perfectly candid and truthful history of the present Administration. It would be a very valuable contribution to the political records of the time, although it might not confirm the popular estimate of several eminent and renowned "statesmen."

One of the great secrets of Mr. Smith's success is that he never quarrels with the House of Commons. Either he lets it have its own way, or he contrives to give it the impression that he means to do so. He does not seek to drive it. Mr. Goschen has not acquired this art, and consequently he and the House very soon get to loggerheads. His manner is harsh and dictatorial; he assumes the tone of a ruler who will brook no contradiction or opposition. The House of Commons will not stand that from anybody. It may be easily cajoled, but it cannot be forced. Mr. Smith waits upon it in the attitude of one who is anxious to carry out its wishes, and to receive any orders it chooses to give. He may, indeed, venture to remind Hon. Members that there is such a thing as duty to Sovereign and country to be considered, but having gone so far as that, he leaves the disposal of events entirely in the hands of his most approved good masters. He never contradicts or snubs anybody, unless it has been made quite clear that the House looks to him to administer some reproof of the kind to an erring brother. Even then, Mr. Smith conveys the needful lesson with a deprecatory wave of the hand and a beaming smile. Mr. Goschen is not cut out for this sort of

work, and Mr. Balfour is still less adapted for it. During the closing hours before the Whitsuntide recess the Chancellor of the Exchequer was called upon to lead, the Lord Warden having very wisely gone to Italy. Mr. Goschen nearly contrived to stir up strife which might have caused a great deal of mischief. He has a knack of rubbing the House the wrong way. The Cardinal who gets elected Pope is sometimes the one who excites the fewest jealousies and animosities. It is on the same principle that the leadership of the House of Commons was disposed of when Lord Randolph Churchill threw away the most magnificent chances a man ever had in this world. And the House has never regretted the change.

The truth is, everything in the Lower House is at present in a transition state. The "new era" must come ere long, and the changes of the last sixty years will be as nothing to those which will then pass over the political world. As I look down upon the actors in the drama now approaching the last act, it often occurs to me that few of them are destined to remain in their present engagements. Family influences will wax fainter and still more faint; the old "claims" will be disregarded. The Conservatives have ceased to "conserve." The Liberals are broken up. One great man towers above everybody else in the House, but he is in his eighty-second year. What sort of a party has he at his back? An unruly mob, divided into half-a-dozen factions, each with two or three persons pushing, struggling, and fighting to lead it. These factions at times take a delight in exhibiting open insubordination towards their distinguished leader and defiance of his authority. I have seen him appeal to them very earnestly to vote with him on a particular question concerning which his vast experience rendered him a safe guide, and with studied discourtesy they have marched ostentatiously into the opposite lobby and voted against him. On a certain special occasion Mr. Gladstone's mor-

tification and disappointment at the treatment he had received from his own followers were too plain to be concealed. If the veteran of public life, with his immense claims upon his party, cannot keep in order Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Storey, Dr. this and Colonel the other and Sir something else, who in the world will be able to do it? Is Mr. John Morley eager to try his hand at such an undertaking? Could Sir William Harcourt succeed where Mr. Gladstone has failed? Pretty nearly every man in the Liberal party of the present day wants to be his own leader. If they were in office the pressure of the constituencies might tend to keep them in their proper places. But the conditions are such as to give rise to no little uneasiness in the minds of the real leaders.

As for the week which preceded the Whitsuntide holidays, few who were present in the House are likely to forget it. The business before the House led it deeper and deeper into the abysses of dulness; the expectation of being ill filled every one with despondency. Mr. Palgrave, the chief clerk, was left alone in his glory; great gaps appeared in the Reporters' Gallery; no ladies ventured into the Chamber; rows of empty benches on both sides met the eye. Poor Mr. Plunkett, the First Commissioner of Works, whenever he showed himself was surrounded with an angry crowd of Members casting at him words of obloquy for permitting the Russian or Chinese microbe to obtain complete mastery in the Palace of Westminster. Why Mr. Plunkett did not have the presence of mind to take the influenza himself, and so obtain a plausible pretext for withdrawing from the scene, he alone can tell. It is to be hoped there will be a change for the better in all respects ere the long-suffering legislature has advanced much further with its labours. Yet there is another shadow already falling upon it. The odious duty of expelling a Member has had to be performed once, and it will have to be repeated. The

Government will not attempt to shield one of its own supporters who has fled from justice in circumstances not even to be mentioned here. There are Private Members who would take the matter up if the Ministry did not, for the feeling is becoming general that outrageous and abominable scandals connected with Members of Parliament must no longer be tolerated. What a Session, then, is this likely to be in history!—two Members expelled for vile misconduct, a thing never recorded before; a general *auto da fê* of principles and professions once ten-

aciously defended, the struggle for office becoming more and more desperate, until almost all the former landmarks have been destroyed, and both of the historic parties preparing to bid anything and everything for votes at the next election! Those who are in the very thick of this contest are probably so deeply absorbed in the probable issue as to be all but insensible to every other consideration. But we, the spectators, cannot notice all that is going on or is in preparation without some very serious misgivings.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO.

SOME forty minutes before reaching Venice the express from Trieste and Udine passes the village of Maroco,—as any doubting traveller may verify by consulting his old, well-thumbed copy of the official *Indicatore delle Ferrovie per l'Alta Italia*. But few trains stop at that insignificant platform. The station-master spends long, leisurely days between his beans, his tasselled maize, and the flaunting hollyhocks of his garden, undisturbed for hours at a time by any summons from a busier world. Now and then an old peasant woman rattles past with her milk-cans, or her load of fresh-cut grass, goading her donkey up the poplar-bordered road. There is scarce any other traffic. Indeed, there is nothing to distinguish Maroco, at first sight, from a hundred other such leafy hamlets scattered about that green and level country. If the place leave any impression at all upon the traveller's mind (already alert and a-tune for Venice) it can only be an impression of greenness and long continuance; a passing glimpse of humble, ancient houses; brown roofs, unimportant and enduring as the village fortunes which they shelter. And yet, for all this show of peace, here, too, there have been changes. Maroco hath had losses. The old fields lie out under the sky much in the old way; but the train puffing past clanks and jolts heavily across the very turn in the brook where the Prince's white oxen trooped to drink in the cool of the evening.

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The strip of turf on which the station-house is built was long the Prince's favourite bowling-green; yet there is not a fragment of boundary-wall, not a vestige of carved stone left to show where stood the finest mansion of the place and time; for I hesitate to attribute undue importance to the local tradition which gives the name of Prince Ferdinand's Castle to a half-ruined farmhouse (a low grey building of rough stone) standing on a slight grassy eminence above the road. It is the same authority which claims that the fresco still dimly glorifying the stable front (a piece of work in very tolerable preservation when one considers its age, and clearly identified by many generations of village priests as the Dancing Daughter of Herodias) is in fact nothing else than the likeness of a young Jewess whom the Prince had met with shortly before his famous and infelicitous visit to Belmont.

I quote the legend for what it is worth. It is always interesting, in a way, as an example of the fashion in which some turn or mischance in a man's life will strike the public fancy, to stick there like a burr long after all that the man himself held for important in his experience lies buried with him, as forgotten as the place of his grave. And for the antiquary the tale has the additional merit of preserving the old title of Prince of Maroco, or Prince of Morocco, as the name was diversely spelled; a dignity which had its origin solely in the popular imagination.

For (as the latest historical research has now proved to us beyond all cavil), despite the lordly appellation by which he was universally addressed, and by which, with the reader's permission and for the sake of greater clearness, we will continue to designate him, Prince Ferdinand of Morocco was but the only surviving son of a bold and successful trader ;—a man himself of mean birth, whose very considerable wealth was amassed in a series of desperate mercantile adventures, chiefly along the sea-coast of Bohemia. Many of these exploits can only have escaped the name of piracy by reason of their extreme remoteness ; yet the results were golden. And these same results, looming larger still in the popular mind, had long since won for their latest owner his princely nickname. He had borne it for so many years now that it had grown to sit easily upon him, like an old doublet ; and yet it was by force of circumstance rather than by premeditation, more by good luck than goodwill, that Prince Ferdinand found himself at three and twenty years old sole master of all his father's violently-acquired wealth ; living in peace in the green old homestead, where that worthy buccaneer had planned to end his own stormy days, and where the safe domestic walls were still hung with strange warlike weapons of foreign use and make. Odd articles, too, of a ship's gear gave a salty smack of adventure to the sober farmhouse furnishings. The horse-block by the door was built of rare island wood, and had once made part of the cargo of a stout Venetian argosy homeward bound from Tripoli. There were rich faded silks, and stamped leather from Spain, to hang along the walls ; and tapestry enough stored in the dusty garrets to have decked the old house in bravery from eaves to foundation stone, if such had been the young heir's pleasure.

It was an authority he held by purest accident. The youngest of three brothers, with no mother known to him by name, he had been left at home to grow up among the farm dogs

and horses, with very little more care, or more prospect in life, than they. Had it not been for the example, the exhortation, the partial authority of Father Fabrizio, his confessor, it is doubtful indeed if the young Prince could even technically have avowed himself a Christian. It was the priest then who looked to all such matters, who punctually collected tithe, who examined with practised eye the accounts of the intendant, and, being in truth the only clerk among them, kept up such desultory communications with the adventurers of the Bohemian coast as the time and the men he had to deal with rendered possible. It was, finally, the good priest himself who brought to the lad the news of his inheritance. The first tidings of such a change were carried to the presbytery by a mendicant friar making his way across the country to his convent in Murano, by Venice city ; and a day or two later brought confirmation of his tale, and the visit of no less a personage than the late owner's chief mate and right hand man—one Messer Alessandrio of Chioggia, and as great a cut-throat and ruffian as ever set sail for a prize.

How this worthy ancient had settled in his own mind to finish his days in comfort and idleness beside his old commander's son ; how for weeks he flattered the lad, drank with him, gamed with him, affected to treat him as an equal in every form of wickedness, and, in a word, fooled him to the top of his bent, while the quiet priest looked on ; how the new comer parted, bit by bit, with every item of his precious information (being an eye-witness both to the old captain's death, and to that strange sudden seizure of the heart which had carried off the two elder brothers in one and the same hour), and how, having listened, observed, and waited, the urbane ecclesiastic had found his moment and bowed the bully and braggart to the door,—all these are matters which need not detain us now. While the dice were falling and the flushed young simpleton calling out for more wine, the priest and the pirate

had played their own little game for higher stakes than ever showed upon the table. And Father Fabrizio having won the rubber, helped himself to a modest pinch of snuff and reflected further.

The reflections of blameless men are apt to travel slowly. By the time Father Fabrizio had fairly settled his formula two years or more had slipped away, and his old pupil had left boyhood far behind him. He stood there now, a dark-skinned, taciturn, heavily-built young man, with no other good looks about him than such as arise naturally from unbroken health and a very unusual share of physical vigour. Oddly enough, he was rather averse than otherwise to making a display of this extraordinary strength of muscle. On any point which touched himself personally he was wild and shy as an unbroken colt; yet doubtless it was the consciousness of so much reserved force which lay at the root of certain fits of frantic, childish boasting which now and then broke out from him and clashed upon his general attitude of reserve. In temper he was at once passionate and reticent. There slumbered in his blood a sluggish and fiery strain, which under other guardianship might have promised mischief. And here showed plainly the result of the good priest's forethought. For arrived at man's estate, and master of the largest fortune in the country side, the young Prince answered to his master's call like a child, like one of his own dogs. There was indeed something curiously childish about him still; ignorant, sensitive, proud, vindictive, affectionate, he required as careful handling and humouring at moments as a peevish girl. He had no friends, and from pride or shyness made no efforts to associate with the youth of the place, though he clung with almost more than a child's faith to the man who had brought him up. He had never, even for half a day, imagined himself in love. Such, at three and twenty years of age, was Prince Ferdinand of Morocco. For the last six months the young

man had rarely clapped eyes upon his guardian without being greeted with some short pithy exposition or homily upon the advantages of a rich marriage; and on one dull afternoon in April, when for the nonce the past winter seemed set upon returning, when the young leaves shook drearily in the dry teasing wind and the dark sky was fretted with sudden gusts of hail and cold rain, the indefatigable priest seemed to have toiled up the hill from the village through the wild weather with no other purpose than to impress this lesson upon his late pupil's mind more fully. As he sat in the chimney-nook, his black skirts pulled up over his knees, his wet buckled shoes steaming before the fire, the good man's even voice made a little monotonous rivulet of sound in the great bare leather-hung *sala*, and dribbled on and on through the dusk with almost the continuousness of the rain. For with the fading of the daylight the night had set in wet.

"And consider, my son," Father Fabrizio repeated with soft persistency, "my good lad, do but consider that in doing as I bid you you are but carrying out the expressed wishes, not to say the commands, of my late patron, your excellent father, and may the holy St. Nicholas of Tolentino have his erring soul in mercy,—amen! There was not, I may say, a dearer project to his mind. The lady's father and your own were closest friends in youth. It is true that they took to different forms of commerce," the priest added with a short cough, "but let that flea stick 't' the wall. They had been friends; and 'tis a noble estate; a virtuous and noble lady."

"I hate women," said the Prince.

"I am told," replied the ecclesiastic smoothly, "that the lady is very fair."

For all answer the young man snapped his fingers, and at the signal every dog in the room opened its eyes or lifted its head, and one noble old hound rose slowly from his place among the rushes on the floor, and thrust a

cool damp nose into his master's outstretched hand.

"Good old dog! Besides,—you taught me to hate 'em yourself," said the Prince.

The priest folded his fingers together softly inside his long hanging sleeves. "My son, we are taught many things, many things in our raw youth. There came a young signor here once from Venice who vowed she has locks like sunshine—like a golden fleece. I have heard that he was not the only one to find this so. Many Jasons come in search of her."

"I know her name is Portia; you told me that yourself. She lives at Belmont. I never knew any man called Jason. I had a bitch puppy once called Medea, but she died in the distemper," says the Prince, yawning heavily.

"Her name is Portia,—sunny-locked young Portia. You yourself were but a child, playing about this very room we sit in, the day your father heard the news of her birth. He swore then that since it had pleased the saints to send him three lusty sons, and to his old rival but this one frail daughter, it should go hard but one of his fine boys should have the handling of the money and the girl. I have heard him repeat the oath a hundred times after dinner, good man! And if any one of you had chanced to please him,—*What! backed the young horse that all my knaves are shy of? How now, beaten the groom? quotha. Tush! bully boy, thou shalt grow up, so thou shalt, and wed me Mistress Portia, quotha.*" 'Twas his thought day and night; he was always at it. When men told him of the three caskets and the old man's device against fortune-hunters,—*Three caskets?* says he, *Ay, and my three sons to set against 'em.*—It would have gone hard," said the priest, "but he had had the fingering of the Belmont moneys, an' he had lived."

"And suppose that I and my two brothers,—rest their souls!—had each gone in turn and each chosen the wrong casket? What then? And all

for the sake of making sport for a yellow-haired madam. Am I not her equal in birth—in breeding—in fortune? Shall I be afraid of my own deserving? 'Twere damnation to think so basely, master priest, and so I tell you." He flung one hand up in the air, scowling darkly. "And then,—there is an oath to be sworn as well," he said in a different voice.

"Ay!" said the priest, "a solemn oath."

"Not that I should mind the oath. I am no marryer; not I!" said the Prince. "God save us from the women, say I."

Then in an instant the expression of his face altered to a look of keenest attention. "Who comes here? I hear horses on the lower road. Who comes so late?" he asked, turning around in his chair.

"Nay," said Don Fabrizio, "it is the rain spitting against the window. But, concerning that same oath——"

"I tell you I hear voices," says the Prince.

"—— true, if you fail in this matter of the guessing you are bound never to speak to other lady in the way of marriage. But what then? If it jump with your humour not to wed, but to leave your fortune to swell the coffers of our Holy Mother Church, why then indeed, my son, I——"

"Look at the dogs!" cried the Prince. "Are there masques in the town, good father? I have not heard old Jezebel give tongue so clearly since last bear-baiting at Easter. Down, old girl! Quiet, good dogs, I tell you!"

With two strides he crossed the room and flung the door wide open upon the black and dripping night. A gust of wind and rain rushed in on the instant, scattering the ashes on the hearth-stone and whipping the smouldering red embers into a flame which went blazing and crackling up the huge square chimney. "Now whoever you be, come in out of the night in God's name," cried the Prince heartily. As he stepped back to let two dark heavily-cloaked figures

pass by him into the shelter of the firelit room some sudden fancy struck him. "And I pray you not to judge the quality of our welcome by the yelping of our country-bred curs," he added with a new and marked courtesy of demeanour, which the taller of the two strangers instantly acknowledged with the finest air in the world; explaining how he and his young companion had lost their guide and then their way, and bowing his acceptance of Prince Ferdinand's eager hospitality with an ease of manner and an apparent habit of the best society which sadly embarrassed his young host.

The Prince indeed seemed entirely to have lost his head over this sudden social emergency. He was in and out of the room a dozen times in as many minutes, calling for grooms to take the strangers' horses, for lights, for more fire, for supper, with all the cordiality that youth and curiosity and the shy, exaggerated friendliness born of a lonely life could suggest. The priest, too, had bidden the travellers a grave welcome; but while the elder and leader of the pair was elaborately apologising for the abruptness of their entrance, his reverence's watchful eye had remained fixed with a certain cold persistency upon the younger stranger. This was a slightly-built lad of perhaps seventeen, who kept his cloak about him and wore a fantastic velvet cap pulled low down on his eyes over his black curls. It must be owned that he bore the priest's scrutiny but indifferently well, twisting himself about on his stool where he sat before the fire; repulsing the dog's rough advances with a somewhat faltering touch of a very white hand; and every now and then throwing a glance of mingled defiance and appeal over his shoulder at the preoccupied face of his friend.

At last, and as Jezebel's attacks grew more pressing, "Ah, Lorenzo, good Lorenzo, call away the dogs! The great ugly beast would sure eat me!" the page cried out in a voice half

between crying and laughter; a voice which made the priest start again, and cross himself, and look more closely.

"Hullo! what pretty puppet have we here? The poor dogs won't hurt you, boy. Down, Jess!" said the Prince smiling. "What, puppies, must I take a whip again to the pack of you? It is not yourself, boy, but what you carry under your cloak that they would worry," the young man added carelessly.

"Ay! 'tis the monkey. I told you how it would be if you brought that monkey with you, sweetheart. What! cheer up, pretty Jessica! Never cry at a word.—She gave away the ring off her finger for the shivering little beast, only a week ago, at Genoa. By my faith! I would give just another such a turquoise to the man who would rid me of the ape," called out the elder traveller, and turned to his host with a frank good humoured laugh.

"*She?*" says the Prince with a stare.

"She, — he — little Jessica — my torch-bearer."

"The times are troubled. If you are making for Venice there are many broken men, disbanded soldiers, common thieves and what not, to be met with along the road. Your—sister does wisely to wear such a dress while you travel alone," observed the priest leaning back in his chair with a quiet smile. "I have a cousin, a worthy merchant, one Messer Salanio—"

He pressed his finger-tips together and kept his eyes on the fire.

"To Venice? Oh, we are not going back to Venice," cried out the pretty page in vast alarm, clapping his white hands and springing to his feet with a bound. The great muffling horseman's cloak fell in a heap to the floor; the monkey clung, chattering and scolding, to his mistress's gaudy doublet. "Lorenzo! if there be faith in man you are not taking me back to Venice? I am a Christian! I am no Jewess now! *You* will not send me back?" she cried breathless, and panted, and

sprang to the Prince's side, looking, imploring, into the young man's startled face.

"Now sit down, sit down, good Jessica. Now here's a coil! Faith! If I had meant to pass her off as my torch-bearer for long I should have had to teach my tongue to keep truer measure. I do not know how it is," said Lorenzo, turning to the priest, "but having spent my substance it would seem I am an unthrift still in words."

"It is a common failing," observed Father Fabrizio benignly.

"You will not let them send me back!" sobbed pretty Jessica.

"I let any one touch you?—not for twenty thousand brothers!" said the Prince.

"Sir!" cried Lorenzo, starting up and clapping his hand to his side.

Prince Ferdinand, too, had risen to his feet. "Don't cry, pretty lady," he said, and flushed red all over his face. "What! do you think I am afraid of that tall fellow's bare bodkin? Let him keep his steel to earn his dinner. I tell you a whole army of brothers with swords shall not carry you one inch towards Venice, while I am here and you say 'no' to the going. Look at that arm! Look at that fist! Touch it; feel it; don't be afraid. I am the strongest man in all the country. I think very likely I am the strongest man in all the world," the young giant said simply. "If he were not your own brother, just to show you, I could break the backs of half-a-dozen like him," he said, and laughed.

Jessica's long-fringed eyes were quite dry now. She looked from one man to the other and watched their faces and held her breath with a kind of soft guilty pleasure. "Sir," began the Venetian once more. His voice turned to dust in his throat. Twice he had to pause and moisten his dry lips with his tongue. "You gave us hospitality," cried Lorenzo. "Now Heaven grant me patience!—You have made us welcome.—Hell and fury!—Sir, if you loose not my—my—that lady's hand—"

"What then?" asked the Prince, and laughed.

It wanted but another half minute and the two were at each other's throat like dogs. But while they yet hesitated, and drew deep choking breaths, and glared at one another with fixed eyes, of a sudden Jessica had given a low liquid cry and run in between them. "But, good Lorenzo—Fie, fie, my lord! so strong and you would frighten a woman!—But, Lorenzo!—indeed, indeed," said the girl pouting her lips, "it was the monkey who began it all. I'll never ask you to buy me another pet, Lorenzo." And she stood there, smiling, panting, pressing them apart with her white childish fingers. "It was all the monkey, my poor little monkey and your bad angry dogs," she repeated, and drooped her long eyelashes over her dark glowing eyes. And the monkey clung there, gibbering and scolding upon her delicate shoulder; the changeful firelight shone and danced on every tag and glistening buckle of her pretty fantastic dress.

All this while the priest had never moved a finger or a muscle. He sat with his knees to the fire and stared at the points of his own shoes; but now he lifted up his quiet voice without turning. "My daughter," quoth Father Fabrizio, "that was very well spoken; Christian or Jewess, you have spoken the right word. For what is man who forgets himself but surly dog, or evil ape alive for mischief? Truly, my old eyes have looked upon many miserable failures of virtuous promise, but never before to-night did I witness warmer welcome turn more quickly to cold steel. Never before have I heard host insult guest across this old table, which is even now spread for the kindly meal they are to share in common. And never," said the priest, raising his voice, "never, until this day, did I, or did any man, touch the limit of hospitality between the four walls of this old house."

The Prince hung his head. "I was wrong," he said huskily.

He saw Jessica's eye watching him, and the blood leapt to his cheeks and darkened all his swarthy visage. "There, bear no malice, man. There's my hand on't," he said with evident effort; and would have taken the other's gloved fingers into his own great brown palm, but that Lorenzo drew back, muttering, "I am no friend to saucy priests. There has been over much already to-night of this giving of hands," the Venetian declared, scowling in his beard.

"I have a cousin," observed Father Fabrizio in a milder voice, "one worthy Messer Salanio, an excellent gentleman, and much about the Duke's person. He often favours his poor country kinsman with news of Venice, such as would escape us otherwise. And even lately—"

The two strangers exchanged a quick and somewhat anxious glance. "I know Salanio, that is, I have seen him often. A worthy gentleman, indeed," said Lorenzo hastily, "and no sworn enemy to good living. In my place he would have long since asked leave to break bread with our good host; ay, and to pledge you in a glass of your own wine, my lord," the nimble-witted Venetian added smoothly.

Yet as they all drew in their chairs to supper he was perhaps the first to be aware that never once did the Prince remove his fixed eyes from their study of pretty Jessica's mocking downcast face. On the other hand it was certain he made no smallest attempt to speak to her. Only his eyes followed her without cessation. Once, when a cold blast down the wide chimney made the girl shiver and draw in her shoulders beneath her thin boy's doublet, then the Prince was on his feet without a word. He left the table and walked over to an old press which stood between the windows, and stood there for a moment or two rummaging among the shelves while the other men sat in their places and watched him behind his back. Presently he faced around again, and in his hand was a red

silk scarf or handkerchief, a piece of rich Eastern stuff shot with gold and embroidered along the edge with fine seed-pearls. "It is cold," the young man said, and dropped the silk in passing on Jessica's knee and went back to his own seat at the head of the board.

But the girl cried out at the beauty of the fabric, and passed it lovingly through her fingers, and then glanced over at Lorenzo and flung the silken web down upon the table. "It was made for a princess to wear, for the Duke's lady, not for a poor girl only just a Christian," she protested, pouting. Then she gazed at it again and her fingers twitched. "It is cold!"

"My mother brought it away with her from the court of the Dey of Algiers. She was a Barbary slave from the country nearest to the sun, when my father saw her and stole her. And she stole *that*," the Prince said simply.

"A black slave, my lord? Oh!" says the Jew's daughter tossing her curly head.

And then, within five minutes, she had twisted the sumptuous trifle about her shoulders, and sat there fingering her wine-glass and looking down, conscious and smiling. The red silk lay close about her white throat; the flaming Eastern hues burned like flame under her pale, smooth, oriental cheek. Prince Ferdinand never moved his eyes away from her face.

"Do you like jewels—gold?" he asked abruptly.

And then Shylock's heiress lifted up her wonderful long eyes, and saw Lorenzo sitting opposite, very black and stern, and the mild-faced priest watching her. "Gold? Oh, I remember an evening once in Genoa with a friend—we spent four-score ducats one night at a sitting. He swore—one that was there—it was not the money that gave the occasion its richest price. But I have heard my father preach that young men steal maiden's souls with many vows of faith," she said softly, "with many vows of faith and ne'er a true one."

"So you *do* care for gold. I am glad," said the Prince; and the blood was in his face in an instant.

The dawn of another day was breaking, the clear, still, fresh April dawn, before Father Fabrizio had fairly succeeded in putting out of his mind the memory of the smile, the glance, the tone, with which those last words had been spoken. All night long, as he tossed and twisted upon his bed, the priest had been racked and mocked by a new fear which would never let him rest. "To have brought him up all these years, watched over him as over my own son, and to lose all for a girl—for a girl clad like a strolling player—a girl and a monkey!" he groaned over and over to himself a thousand times; and in the impotent violence of his disappointment he beat with both fists against the wall nearest his bed. To have watched, waited, plotted, succeeded,—and all for this! The thing was intolerable. Had he not foreseen everything? But no man could foresee this. It was witchcraft,—plain, damnable witchcraft. And in the dark corners of his room he seemed to hear something move; he could see the withered mysterious face of the ape, see the beast grinning at him in shadowy derision across its mistress's shoulder, and his blood ran cold about his heart. "*Retro, Sathanas!* get thee behind me, Satan! Beelzebub! fit and evil plaything for the old Jew's daughter! To have brought him up all these years and to lose him for such as this! The finest youth, the richest fortune, and oh, the dearest lad!" the old priest sighed heavily.

For twenty years the childless man had been hardening his heart against this child of his adoption. For twenty years he had strengthened and tested day by day his power over the growing boy. Without one thought of pity he had sentenced the young man to a youth without companions, and established his own speculations upon the wants of that affectionate lonely heart. For twenty years, without a break, he had kept his quiet gaze fixed on the old bucca-

neer's ill-acquired fortune. To acquire it in turn, to govern it, to handle all those moneys had become a necessity in Father Fabrizio's life. It was his fixed idea, his persuasion. When the old man died he had thanked God. The two elder sons had been hurled out of life in an instant; and the priest had felt that heaven was working on his side. The project of marrying Ferdinand to the heiress of Belmont, with all its chances of defeat, and behind that defeat the protecting oath against other women,—this plan had come to the man of God like a direct inspiration from above. He had thought of it, dreamt of it, worked for it. And now, in a night, behold! the long laborious scheming of all his life lay there broken, futile, defeated, a thing for children to scoff at. "*So you do care for gold? I am glad!* Ah, fool, fool, fool!" the old man cried out in the darkness.

And withal his heart ached for the boy. Those two white hands that already had their childish fingers close shut upon all that money, would they shut less tight upon a foolish lad's trusting heart? "Fool! oh, fool, fool, fool!" the old man sighed drearily, and turned and twisted upon his bed in the dark night.

So when the dawn broke, the clear April dawn, he had not yet closed his hot eyes in sleep; but lay there, heavily thinking, when a voice roused him, calling his name beneath the barred and shuttered window.

It was the Prince with his dogs; and across one shoulder he carried a young fruit-tree plucked up by the root, covered with thick pale blossom and as big in the stem as a man's wrist. But in his other hand he held a folded bit of paper. "Come down and speak to me, good father!" he cried, and his voice rang joyous and loud in the still morning.

But when the priest had gone silently down to him (stepping with a great shiver into the crisp, new air, out of that melancholy, stuffy little box of a room) it was as if all the young man's

assurance had dropped away from him ; and he laughed and stammered and grew red in the face and would not speak his errand, but tried to talk of other things, like a girl.

"Good Father Fabrizio, come up with me to the house. I will show you something when we get there," he entreated. And then he looked up at the young apple-tree he was carrying and shook it, so that many of the blossoms fell upon the dewy grass ; and he looked down at them and laughed aloud. "I plucked it up by its root with a single strain. It looked so white," he said, "and so sweet, growing out there beside the brook in the darkness. I could not sleep ! Have you slept, good father ? After midnight the rain was over, but it was a cloudy night. The brooks are swollen ; you could hear them running, far off, under the trees. Before the light came they were making a sound like singing."

"And you carry those flowers to that heathen woman ?" said the priest.

"Ah !" cried the young man drawing in a long, long breath of the buoyant morning air. And he threw up his hand, the hand with the letter in it, and his dull eyes shone out like living jewels from his dark impassive face.

"I thought you hated women ?" the other continued, bitterly.

It was a weak thing to say, but he was a broken and a beaten man, and he knew it. And his head ached for lack of sleep, and all his person looked old and haggard and disappointed as he crawled up the hill towards the manor-house, and every now and then turned his head and stole a look at the young conqueror stalking on at his side.

"I thought I hated them too," the lad said simply, "and she came. And what else is there ? Why, all night long I have been playing the watchman for her sake. I walked in the wet dark fields, and the stars came out, and the moon, and all night long my heart has been living in her breast."

Then he looked down at his hand. "I cannot read it," he said, "but I know she has not been sleeping this night.

For when I wandered back to the house, before the first dawn, this paper was lying thrust under my door, on the threshold of my chamber. If she placed it there herself—" he looked up into the priest's white face, and his voice broke off into a glad, inarticulate murmur. "But I cannot read it. I am no clerk, not I. Why did you never teach me to read my letters, good Father Fabrizio ?" asked the Prince.

They were entering under the great gateway of the courtyard as he spoke, and already the first rays of the rising sun were turning to pink all the little floating fleecy clouds overhead.

"Give me the letter," said his pale companion.

He broke the seal deliberately (the other standing beside him and watching his face like a dog), and all of an instant the whole attitude and expression of the man was different. "This is not,—not from the heathen woman," he said briefly. His eye glistened and ran down the page, two burning spots of red glowed on either thin hollow cheek.

"Not from her ?"

"Lorenzo writes this to you."

"Lorenzo ? Oh ! her brother. The tedious city fool ! And I to think she was asking me for something !" called out the Prince peevishly, and flung himself down in a rage on the horse-block before the door.

"He writes this *To His Unknown Host*," said the priest ; and his voice quavered with some suppressed emotion.

To my Unknown Kind Host. As there might be too great a kindness kindled did we stay longer, I pray your merciful indulgence and thus churlishly depart, taking with me my young wife, for whose disguise, as for the calling of her "sister," I can plead naught but necessity, and the prudence which Fortune seemed to enjoin.

Then followed minute after minute of a dead silence.

"He signs himself *The Fate-constrained and grateful Lorenzo*," said the priest. But his voice shook now

with a new feeling, and he did not dare lift his eyes to where the young man sat motionless, and let his hands hang, and stared at the rising sun.

In the new golden light all the birds in the country side were singing. And now one of the stable helpers came out of a door hard by, and crossed the yard to see after his horses. One of the dogs ran after him, but the other only followed for a step or two, and then came back and laid his great paw on his master's knee, and pushed his nose into the young man's face. And then the priest felt something rise like a hard lump in his throat, and his heart turned sick and his lips twitched, and he could not bear the mere sight of the dumb anguish that was bringing him the very golden victory he had prayed for through all the scheming years. And step by step he crept nearer to the horse-block until the skirt of his long black gown brushed against the dogs, and he laid his hand timidly upon his pupil's shoulder. "Ferdinand," he said. "Ferdinand, my son."

The Prince seemed scarcely to hear him at first. "What do you want?" he asked, and looked up with dull eyes.

"My kinsman Salanio, worthy Salanio, wrote to me of a young Jewess who has lately fled with her lover from Venice, bearing much of her father's treasure about her. And the robbed father vows vengeance; he holds a bond, Salanio tells me, upon one Signor Antonio, a merchant of Venice—"

"Ay, you know the story.—I've believed in you and trusted you, Father Fabrizio, since I was a little fellow that could hardly speak your name. But you knew the story all the while. *She* knew it. When she laid her hands—so—upon my arm, and looked up into my face—so—she knew it. You all knew it—all of you," said the Prince, and hung his head in bitter silence.

"Ferdinand,—" began the priest.

And then, of a sudden, it seemed as

if ten devils had waked in the old buccaneering blood to set a heart aflame. The Prince sprang to his feet. His dark face was blackened with passion until his features grew thick like a negro's, and the veins on his forehead rose, knotted themselves, and stood out like cords. Twice he opened his white lips as if to speak, and twice his voice broke and quavered thinly like a child's speech. Then, in another instant, his glance rested on the young fruit-tree he had brought in and leaned up against the wall of the house under *her* window; and at that a kind of dumb-rage possessed him, and he fell upon the innocent flowery branches, twisting them and tearing them into splinters; he snapped the thick, elastic, juicy young trunk across his knee as if it had been a walking stick of dry wood, and hurled the stripped and dishonoured blossoms in handfuls to the ground. The dogs ran and smelt at them where they fell.

"I brought them for her," he said, in an awful choked voice. "For her, the damned jilt! The girl who robbed her own father.—Take me to Belmont, priest. Have out my horses. I ride a-wooing to-day. Oh! I have learned the lesson! I have learned what a woman could teach me! Has she money, that other one,—the one with the yellow hair? Money? Land? Jewels? Does the other one love gold, too? Ha, ha! I'll show her how to spend it. Four-score ducats at a sitting, in Genoa—at a sitting! Take me to Belmont, I tell you. Do you think she would not have me, *me* with my black skin and my broken heart, if only there be gold enough? Broken heart? God's blood! what heart have we here that is broken? Is it yours, Father Fabrizio! The priest's heart? Wait until we see Portia, my pretty, sunny-locked Portia! That will cheer you again, my bully Jack-priest! Ah, you shall hear me swear to her!—Jilts, jilts, all of them!—Yellow locks or black curly hair,—soft, little, dark curls that twist around a man's heart, like snakes!—Oh, I will make the

heavens fall but she believes me! I'll go to her as a Prince! I'll swear my mother was a Queen! She shall hear royal blood raging in me!—Jilts!—Oh! I'll rant the merchant's daughter down in rare fashion; a playhouse Prince against her playhouse virtues. She shall hear me brag of the battles I have fought for her; ay! and how I crossed the Hyrcanian deserts, the vasty wilds of Arabia; how I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look, out-brave the daringest heart on earth, and pluck young sucking cubs from the she-bear, or mock the lion roaring—all for one smile of love from pretty, pretty Portia!" He threw up his arms. "Have out my horses! I tell you, priest, I go a-wooing!" he cried boisterously.

And then, all of a moment, something seemed to melt and break within him. He threw himself down once more on the horse-block, his feet trampling the broken flowers. "Oh! I am grieved," he said, in a soft voice like a weak woman's. The dog Jezebel thrust her shaggy head up against his cheek, and he let her lick the salt tears from his face unheeded. "Oh! I carry a grieved heart," said the Prince.

How his Highness of Morocco went to Belmont, his wooing of fair Portia, the Test of the Golden Casket, and the disastrous ending of that suit, are all matters too well known to stand in need of further mention. By his own request, Father Fabrizio did not accompany his old pupil on that bootless errand. Whether at the last he repented of his past insistence, if he would fain have dissuaded the desperate young man from his perilous adventure, or if, with the cheap and compact wisdom of middle age, the priest comforted himself by the reflection that past passion is spent passion and gold a matter of certainty,—it would be impossible now to decide. After Prince Ferdinand's return the two men never alluded again to the circumstance which had so strongly urged on his departure. Presently, the priest, giving up the care of the

village church to younger hands, climbed the hill and found a place for himself in his old pupil's silent and gloomy house. In three years this had been the only acknowledged change in their way of living.

But those whose interest it was to observe him had long noticed a strange alteration, and that for the worse, in all the young master's habits. For one thing, he drank heavily. He had always been of a taciturn nature, but now for days at a time he never opened his lips. He seldom went out of the house, stalking about the place from empty room to empty room as if he were ever seeking for somebody. And if the priest rebuked him for the waste of substance which all these negligences permitted, the young man would make no reply at all, but stare with blank gloomy eyes into the face of his instructor; or, it may be, break out into a wild laugh and a wilder jest about the devil looking after him while the Church looked after her own, which made the frightened servants cross themselves again while they listened.

But it was observed, too, by these same universal observers, that Father Fabrizio waxed more patient, more apologetically conciliating, more tender to these humours day by day. The old man's attitude towards his late pupil had grown almost pitiful in its humility. He indulged him now as if in a desperate effort to make up for all that was irrevocable; and having discovered that news of Venice was almost the only thing which had the power of breaking through the young man's heavy reserve, the priest hardly allowed a month to pass without pressing for a visit from his old cousin and correspondent, the Venetian merchant Salanio. This latter worthy was a stout, well-fed gentleman, with a blue cheek where his beard was clipped close, and an inquiring twinkling eye. He dearly loved the pleasures of the table, and the promise of a merry night spent over Prince Ferdinand's old wine could bring him to the

country with much of the speed, if not the innocence, of a homing pigeon.

Late one April evening, when supper was over, the cloth drawn, and the window set wide open, so that odours from the lilac bushes in the garden mingled sweetly with the aroma of a huge flagon of excellent old Lambrusco freshly opened, as the three gentlemen sat about the old carved table, sipping and tasting, and then sipping again in preliminary coquetry with pleasure, there entered one of the Prince's servants with an announcement which seemed to sit heavy upon his mind, so that he shuffled sillily in his speech and hung his head, and could scarce be frightened by his master's impatience into mumbling that "there was one without, a Jew, an old man but very terrible, and has eyes that pierce like a sword, who swears he is no pagan Jew but a Christian,—and would fain beg a night's shelter,—and, if it might be so, bread."

"A Jew! a Christian! Come! this is matter for his reverence," says the Prince, filling up his wine-glass afresh. And he bade the servant show the old man in.

"My son, consider! In this house we have had enough of Jews;—consider! And my good cousin, your guest, would scarce sit at board with one of the race," cried Father Fabrizio.

"Nay, if the dinner were good, I know not. I have sat at meat with ancient Shylock before this. Ay, so I have. True, 'twas in the old days, before our noble Duke had judged and despoiled him. I never sat at dinner with a Jew before empty flagons—not that empty flagons rule at Morocco," says Salanio, with a good-natured wink at his host.

But the young man took no notice of the compliment beyond an impatient stare. "Let those who do not like my company leave it. No offence to you, Master Venetian," he said sullenly, and with an oath bade the servant not keep the Jew beggar waiting at the door.

"Now the holy saints, and more

especially the excellent St. Fabrice, my exalted patron, send that the pagan brute do not bring us another mouthing monkey," the good priest muttered in his beard, and almost at the same moment the door opened and Messer Salanio dropped his glass upon the table before him, and sat staring at the incomer with all his eyes, while his lower jaw hung loosely.

"Blessed St. Anthony of Padua!" the Venetian spluttered, "I thought the man dead and in his coffin these two years or more! Why,—Shylock! The man has not so much as one poor ducat left, that's clear. And his hair is gone white, and there's a hole in his hose, and another in his gaberdine. What, old Shylock, what news on the Rialto? Cam'st thou from Venice, man? Why, how now, Shylock? What news among the merchants?"

"Shylock—the Jew Shylock?" said the priest, and sank back in his chair.

"When I saw thee last thy coat had the fewer rents in it. It was at the Duke's court, if thou rememberest it, Shylock, and after judgment given for Antonio, my good Antonio, my honest Antonio! Oh, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!"

"Shylock the Jew! Shylock the own father to that woman-thing Jessica!" moaned the priest.

"Who?" called out the Prince, leaping to his feet with an oath.

Then the old man advanced a step nearer to the table, and first he looked all about the room and the walls of the room like a trapped beast; and then he looked into each one of their faces. His eyes, set deep under white shaggy brows, burned in their red-rimmed sockets, burned with the fire of a blank, an eternal accusation. His clothes hung about his meagre frame in poor rags and fragments, and his countenance was ploughed, as it were, with passion, and rigid with an awful stony grief.

"I was that rich Jew, Shylock," he said, "and once I had a daughter."

"She is dead, Jessica is dead," cried out the Prince in a strange voice. And then he dropped down again in his seat. He filled his glass, the bottle clinked, the wine spilled between his clumsy trembling fingers.

"Thank you, good Signor Salanio," the old man went on. "I have known those of your race who had shorter memories for old favours and men disgraced. Believe me, I thank you in my heart for your gentle—Christian—courtesy."

"Faith, thou art a Christian thyself, old villain, or the Duke was the more deceived. Bid me not think the matter needs fresh looking into, at thy peril, Jew! Thou art as good a Christian as e'er a priest made by driving out seven Hebrew devils with a wash of holy water," quoth the burly merchant.

"I am," answered Shylock, "believe me, a most excellent Christian."

"Ay, thou hadst need. And how fares good Lorenzo? And your pretty slight baggage of a daughter? The little witch! Faith, I was of the party the night she gave you the slip. I had a friend knew the tailor who made the wings she flew withal."

"She was damned for it," said Shylock.

"Can't you let the talking be? The man is half starved. Give him supper, give him wine. There's nothing mends a heart like wine," says the Prince.

"Ay, supper, supper! Sit down, old gossip, and show us how a starved Jew-Christian can feed on the flesh of baptised hogs. No offence, your reverence," called out Master Salanio with another great laugh. "And Lorenzo, your son Lorenzo, lives then, worthy Shylock?"

"Ay."

"At Belmont still, I warrant you?"

"Ay."

"Ah, I heard as much. I heard as much," said the Venetian approvingly, and folded his fat dimpled hands over his little, fat paunch. "Ah—" he gave a long comfortable sigh. "Lorenzo

was heir to his wife, an' I remember the judgment rightly. A brave judgment, an excellent judge, a very Daniel gave the judgment,—eh, old wolf?"

The Jew looked up from his plate without answering. His upper lip was drawn back, his teeth were bare and gleaming like the teeth of a rat when the rick is tumbled.

"Lorenzo claiming part jurisdiction over your wealth; the noble Duke taking his full share; yourself an enforced Christian, and so cut off from the help of your tribal devils; your losses by Antonio; the costs of the suit;—ha, ha! Well, 'tis no wonder if you carry what's left you on your back. And Jessica," his voice took a kindlier tone, "pretty Jessica gone too! In child-birth, I warrant you. Poor little, mischievous, smiling Jessica."

"Let the man alone, will you? God's blood, sir! do I keep an ordinary that you may bait my guests under my eyes and at my very table? Let the old man be, I say!" roared the Prince.

The bottle had gone round so many times before this that Salanio only answered his host's remonstrance with a lazy good-humoured chuckle. "No offence,—Jews,—devils,—pretty girl," he added vaguely, and in the very act of half spilling and half filling another red bumper of wine, he stopped short, lurched heavily forward, and so, his head reposing peacefully among the emptied glasses, fell into a profound and noisy sleep.

Time had no meaning to the good man as he thus drunkenly slumbered. It might have been the very next instant, or long hours might have passed for aught he knew, when he was awakened by a rude and trembling hand, and by a voice which, even to his half unconscious ears, seemed to babble awfully of disaster and sudden death. As he stumbled to his feet, he was first aware of a change in the light, and the broad morning sky shining pale and still beyond the open window; and then his bewildered gaze

followed mechanically the direction of Father Fabrizio's shaking hand, and looked down—down on the floor, where one of the dogs was whimpering strangely, and pawing and snuffing at his master's stiff extended figure.

The Prince was quite still and lay upon his back as he had fallen. One hand clutched at the torn front of his velvet doublet, the other was thrown out wildly with loose, sprawling fingers, which the dog was licking. There was a smile as free from care, as happy as the smile of a child, upon the young man's gloomy face.

"His eyes are open,—he is drunk," the merchant whispered, and stared and shivered even as he said it.

"He is dead. I loved him, God help me! I thought it was the gold; and it was himself. And now he is dead," said the priest.

There was wine still standing on the disordered table, and with a crude instinct of giving something to a man in pain, Salanio poured out a draught and would have had his cousin empty the goblet; but Don Fabrizio only pushed his hand away.

"The night was long," he said, in the same toneless, dreary way, "and the Jew slept on his chair, but my boy sat there,—there where your arm is,—and every now and then he would turn his eyes towards the old man and draw a great sigh. At last, as the dawn was breaking, he roused himself,

and he woke the nodding Jew and inquired of him where Jessica lies buried? 'At Belmont,' said the Jew, and then my boy sighed again and pressed money in his hand and bade him go out of the house in God's name. Methought after that the load on his heart seemed lightened, for he stood by the open window for a long time looking up at the paling stars. And once he spoke, 'It seems,' he said, 'an emptier world, an emptier world with no little Jessica in it!' And even as I would have answered him, for his mood was gentle, he clapped hand to heart and fell, as you see him, as both his brothers fell before him. And I knew that my lad was dead."

"Now God rest him!" said fat Salanio. "But the Jew, good cousin? In God's name, can we not overtake and fine the felon Jew?"

He ran to the window and leaned far out. The sun was up, a wave of limpid morning air blew in his heated face. The birds were singing all together in the dewy lilac bushes of the garden. The poplar-bordered road wound away, white and empty, to the low horizon. All that sweet, green, level country, dotted with blossoming fruit-trees, lay like an open map under his eyes. And, far or near, there was no trace of Shylock.

GEORGE FLEMING.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

If it was absolutely necessary and inevitable that a life of Laurence Oliphant should be written, everybody will admit that the task could not have been entrusted to wiser or more capable hands than Mrs. Oliphant's. Her practised literary skill and her right feeling were sure to enable her to produce an interesting narrative, while avoiding the obvious temptations which lay in her path to create dramatic effect. Moreover, the work required to be done with the delicate and sympathetic touch which only a woman could bring to it, for the most remarkable passages in the career of Laurence Oliphant, those upon which the attention of the world was certain to be concentrated, lend themselves only too easily to a sensational method of treatment. Mrs. Oliphant has in no way disappointed the expectations which were formed when it was announced that she had undertaken to relate the strange story of her gifted kinsman. We cannot, indeed, say that she has drawn a veil over the almost inexplicable actions of Laurence Oliphant in some most important epochs of his life; nor do we say that she has unduly magnified them. It was in the very nature of such a biography that it should disclose many painful incidents, and lay bare to view some weaknesses of character which cannot either be wholly defended or thoroughly cleared up. It is always difficult to form a right judgment on the conduct of another, since we must for ever remain in ignorance of the true motives that may have shaped that conduct, and the most that we can do is to guess at them from surrounding cir-

cumstances, or criticise them from our own standpoint. The difficulties in the case of Laurence Oliphant are exceptionally great. Most of those who knew him will feel very strongly that if he could have been consulted on the subject, he would have said, "For pity's sake let me sleep in peace when I am gone. Let there be no life written of me. 'Good friends, for Jesus' sake, forbear.'" But here is the book before the public, a thing not to be hidden away, containing within it nearly all the materials upon which the world will form its estimate of the man who once seemed likely to succeed in everything, and who ended by succeeding in nothing. It has provoked, and it will continue for some little time to provoke, more or less comment, and in this place also some few remarks must be made upon it.

The side of Oliphant's character which stands out most vividly in the pages of his biographer is that which led him into regions whither ordinary men cannot follow him, and where his own experiences, to our senses at least, were so disastrous. But it should be clearly understood that this was by no means the side which struck his friends; it was even possible to know him for many years without being aware of its existence. He was above all things a man of unbounded common sense—shrewd, practical, going straight to the mark in the most intricate business affairs, comprehending everything that was put before him almost at a glance, overflowing with new ideas and original suggestions. In the course of a somewhat wide and studious observation of men in many countries, I have seldom met with one whose advice was more valuable on a matter of business, or who could concentrate his faculties more readily on any enter-

¹ *Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant, and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife.* By Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. Two Vols. London, 1891.

prise in which he was engaged. It became necessary at one time that he should occupy himself with the affairs of an Atlantic Cable Company, and he did it with so much tact, energy, and ability, that those who were responsible for the undertaking would have been quite willing to place the entire management under his control. The experienced city-men with whom he was associated had the highest appreciation of his services. Yet the fatal evidence of Mrs. Oliphant's narrative justifies the conclusion that he mismanaged his own life, and made shipwreck of the happiness of others. It is possible that the biographer had no wish to drive that terrible lesson, and that only, deep into the mind of the reader; but there it stands, written in letters of fire all across her work. Perhaps there was no other way of presenting the facts; and yet as they are set forth even by a kindly hand they create an impression of Oliphant which his friends must grieve over, though they cannot hope to shake it.

Brilliant, versatile, and accomplished we all knew Oliphant to be, and yet there was some deep defect in his composition which prevented him from reaching the distinction to which his natural abilities, had they been accompanied with steadfastness of purpose, would undoubtedly have carried him. Whatever he undertook to do he did well, but when he had done it he had a tendency to fly off from that particular field of effort, and to take up something new. He was the very man, one might have supposed, to succeed in the diplomatic service; but somehow or other he allowed all his chances to slip through his fingers. He had not the requisite concentration of mind or sustained industry to bring him to the front at the bar, to which he once thought of devoting himself, and even the pursuit of literature he followed in an uncertain, irregular, spasmodic fashion. He could not put himself into the traces and go on dragging the same load up the hill day after day. Before one

could say that Oliphant had settled down at last, he was off to the uttermost parts of the earth, and as a rule, no one knew in which direction he had gone. Months or years afterwards he would re-appear in his old haunts, not changed in any respect, dealing with the subjects of the day as one might who had been doing nothing else but studying them, and greeting his friends as if he had only been away for a short walk in the park. If he wanted money, he would go to work for one of the papers or magazines, and get as much as he needed. But the desultory turn of his mind never forsook him. The moment he felt conscious of any degree of restraint, he vanished. He would work in his own way, and at what he happened to like, or not at all.

In the year 1867 I received a letter from Mr. Delane, the great editor of *The Times*, which journal I then had the honour of representing in the United States, asking me if I could ascertain the whereabouts of Laurence Oliphant, who had once more mysteriously disappeared from the view of all his friends. I had known Oliphant two years previously, and was acquainted with some of his peculiarities, and it at once occurred to me that if he desired to remain undiscovered he would not thank me for leading an exploring party in search of him. But being further urged, I think in the name of his mother, who had become exceedingly anxious about him, I made some cautious inquiries, and gradually felt my way nearer and nearer to him, first through a friend who had a delightful house on the Hudson River, where Oliphant had been taken care of during an attack of some illness. Then I heard that he had become a "Shaker." The Shakers are an honest and industrious folk, having their chief settlement at a village called New Lebanon, in the State of New York. I never heard a word said against them even by those who held in utter detestation all the rest of the Communistic Societies established in

the United States. The fruits of the industry of the Shakers, in the shape of chairs and other articles of their special design and manufacture, may be met with in pretty nearly all parts of the Union. Oliphant would have come to no harm if he had gone to these worthy people, but I soon ascertained that he was in another part of the State, and in reply to a letter he came to New York to see me.

I soon found that he had already fallen into the hands of Harris, whose influence over his subsequent life produced events more startling and incredible than Mrs. Oliphant would venture to reproduce in the pages of a novel. Who was Harris? A "Swedenborgian preacher" and an "uncultured American," says Mrs. Oliphant. But he was not a Swedenborgian and not an American, except by naturalisation. At the time to which I am now referring, Oliphant was very chary of speaking about Harris; but he told me that he was engaged in the "great work of his life," and his manner was very serious and subdued. In after years, when he became more communicative on the subject, he always led me to believe that he sought out Harris, and that Harris did not seek him. In whatever way the connection between the two men began, the power of Harris over Oliphant soon became absolute and supreme. Harris is now well advanced in years, but he retains the same sort of power over all who are brought into intimate association with him. He does not seek to make proselytes; it was partly in order to avoid notoriety and keep his "community" within narrow bounds that he emigrated from New York to California. That Laurence Oliphant, his mother, and his wife made over all their property to the Brocton community is undeniable; yet I have always understood that Harris did not profit by it, and this impression is supported by statements from Harris's followers which have appeared since the publication of Mrs. Oliphant's book. One of these followers asserts

that Harris's "entire worldly possessions consist of a house and the portion of ground on which it stands, both allotted to him by the community, and some shares in the wine company." There were no means of getting rid of much money within the community itself. The people grow or make what they require for their own use, and money is not often needed. If it be true, as some one has stated, that Oliphant detected one of the jewels or ornaments, which his wife had given up, on the neck of another woman, it would only have been in accordance with the laws of the society, which ordered that all things should be held in common. The jewels were, at any rate, not sold to produce money for Harris's personal advantage. And it seems perfectly clear that he could not have retained his marvellous hold upon all who gathered round him if he had been discovered in any fraudulent or dishonest act. It is true that Laurence Oliphant was obliged to make a threat of legal proceedings in order to recover possession of his property, but that property had not been dissipated; it was preserved almost intact. And, to the best of my belief, Oliphant never cast any doubt on the personal integrity of the man whom he once looked upon as the bearer of a special message from Heaven.

The truth is that Oliphant had a predisposition to succumb to the influence of a man like Thomas Harris. The old religious paths which have led myriads to a haven of safety were not sufficient for him. He saw that Christianity, as judged by the lives of many who professed it, was a failure. It was, in fact, no longer the religion taught by Christ. Those who undertook to expound it and to spread it abroad were no better than false prophets. "The devil's stronghold," as he wrote to a friend, "is now as it was when Christ came, not among the publicans and harlots, but among the sects." No man was more of the world when in it, no man seemed better fitted to enjoy it. He entered into all

its moods, and understood all its caprices. Wherever he went he was sure to be received with delight. He had a manner which never failed to charm, his conversation was delightfully fresh and varied, his originality and wit seemed to be inexhaustible. One would have supposed that weariness of spirit was to him a thing unknown. In reality, it was seldom absent from him for long together. A voice was always crying in his ears, "Live the life." Had he been content with the old teaching as it exists for us in its original form, he might have found what he wanted. He preferred the gospel according to Harris, and to what destination that led him is recorded with melancholy fidelity in the pages of his biographer. The people among whom he lived seemed to him to have no belief in Christianity, and therefore he arrived at the conclusion that mankind had outgrown Christianity, and that it was not adequate to the requirements of the present age. "Where," he asked in *Piccadilly*, "are the fruits of modern Christianity? If it be absolutely true, and all-sufficient for purposes of regeneration, how am I to account for the singular fact that there is as much wickedness in London in the year 1865 A.D., as there was in Jerusalem in the year 1 B.C.?" From this frame of mind he passed to the confident expectation of a new Revelation. He remarked in one of his letters to his friend Mr. Liesching, "That God, after having spoken to the world for thousands of years directly through the lips of man and through no other channel, should now, at the moment of its greatest extremity, utterly abandon it, is not a reasonable supposition." He was constantly watching for the instrument through which the Divine message was to come, and at length he believed he had found it in Thomas Harris.

Did Harris himself ever put forward any pretensions of this kind? Oliphant never expressly said so, though he thoroughly believed that supernatural signs or visitations came

to Harris and to those who put faith in him. On this point he frequently spoke to me in 1867. The condition of the human race warranted the expectation of a further declaration of the divine will. I asked him if he thought that Harris must be regarded as a prophet sent from Heaven. He did not say yes or no, but he impressed upon me his favourite line of thought. The world was sinking deeper and deeper into sin and corruption. It was impossible to suppose that this could be allowed to go on. Messages adapted to man's necessities had been sent from Heaven in former ages; they would be repeated when the time for them came. We had to watch for that time and be prepared for the messenger. Why should not the good tidings come through Harris as well as another? There is a spiritual element in man which is capable of indefinite expansion and development, and the more it is cultivated the nearer will man be brought into contact with the ruler of the universe. And by this, he explained, he meant actual contact. He wrote to Mr. Liesching to the same effect, though whether at the period of his conversations with me I am unable to decide, for Mrs. Oliphant rarely gives any dates with the letters she quotes. "We enjoy evidences," remarked Oliphant in this undated letter, "both of an external and internal character which the world would call supernatural, encouraging us when we are obeying His will, checking us when we are going astray, and uniting us daily more nearly to Him and to each other." And again: "All we claim is a direct consciousness of divine guidance, without the comfort and consolation of which, mercifully vouchsafed to us, it would be impossible to support the trials and spiritual sufferings we are called upon to bear for His sake."

These trials were of no imaginary kind. Here was Oliphant, a highly cultivated and extremely sensitive man, throwing aside all the pursuits for which he was best adapted, renouncing his friends, and doing the work of

a common labourer or street hawker—for he told Mrs. Oliphant that he “cadged strawberries” along the railway at the command of Harris. The rule of Harris was one of iron. He parted mother from son, wife from husband. It may almost be said that the existence of Lady Oliphant was bound up in Laurence. Harris refused to allow them to meet, even when they were in the same village together. Oliphant was sent off to Europe or elsewhere on some mission, and he was not permitted to say farewell to his mother, or to write to her during his absence. When he married, Harris kept him apart from his wife, under a “system” which, according to Oliphant’s explanation to me, was so utterly incredible that I should hesitate to repeat his story, even if respect for the dead did not render silence a duty. The wife was sent away from Brocton to California, and after a time Oliphant went to the new settlement in the hope of being allowed at least to see her again. Permission was refused. It was what Oliphant himself describes in one of his letters as a “severe and scorching discipline,” and what his mother called “a fiery ordeal.” But there was warrant for this of a higher kind than any which came from Harris. The Oliphants wished to act upon the most literal interpretation of the sacred words, “Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My name’s sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.”

The account of Harris given by Oliphant to his wife shows the true light in which the “prophet” was regarded. “I have sometimes,” he wrote in one of his letters, “been conscious that the most successful things I have done have been owing to the strength I derived from an internal *rapprochement* with Mr. Harris who was fighting down influences opposing me at the time.” “We have each of us,” he continued, “to feel more knit into his organism than

into each other. His functions are pivotal, and we, in a sense, meet in him, for our breath is in some mysterious way enfolded in his. All he knows of you is through the conspiracy of your united breaths.” He inspired his wife with the same devotion to Harris, and with the same high purposes which were in his own heart. “What more intense happiness could the world give,” he wrote to her when she was still Miss le Strange, “than to see my darling overcoming all opposition, and, like some flaming angel, leading on the suffering womanhood of her world to new and unsuspected possibilities of victory?” “You will become,” he told her, “a divine decoy, luring with angelic art those round whom the evil ones have woven their toils, out of them, and getting them upon strong, safe ground.” When one reads the distressing sequel of all these burning hopes and mystical exaltations, a feeling of regret once more passes across the mind that a merciful oblivion could not have been thrown around the entire history. Nearly all who were vitally concerned in it have passed away. It may excite the curiosity of the outer world, but the world has properly no concern with it.

In the midst of this strange existence, Oliphant would now and then emerge, as before, into the common light of day, brimming over with new projects of all kinds, knowing everything about politics, society, literature, and the events which had taken place since he had last been seen upon the stage. He was always in demand at the *Times* office, and after some three years of seclusion at Brocton he consented to act as correspondent of that journal during the Franco-German War. But he suddenly returned to New York about the time of the Commune, and told me the story mentioned by Mrs. Oliphant, that he had been summoned back by Harris. A bullet had passed over, or close by, his head and he at once recognised Harris’s signal. He related the circumstance with a smile on his face,

but he evidently believed in the message. Again he represented *The Times* in Paris in 1871, and he also wrote a good deal for *Blackwood's Magazine*, where his contributions had for years been welcome. He was usually a long time in finding a subject for his pen, though when he had once decided upon it, writing an article or a sketch was a pleasure rather than a labour. But he had to choose his own subjects. He never could work out a suggestion from others. In 1872 he married one of the most charming women that this generation has seen, and in the following year they went to live at Brocton. But Oliphant from time to time reappeared in London, and as years went on it became obvious that his theories with regard to the spiritual life of man were increasing in strength. I have not the heart to trace the events which led to the final rupture with Harris, and to the new enterprise which led Oliphant to take up his abode in Syria. One evening, in 1886, after his wife's death, we met at the Athenæum. He walked out with me, and we went along Pall Mall, and by Piccadilly and Regent Street to the Athenæum again, and this round we repeated several times, Oliphant all the time telling me the most wonderful, bewildering, thrilling story of his daily and hourly relations with his wife since her removal from the world, and of his conversations with her, and of man's dual nature and the extraordinary complications to which it gave rise, that mortal ears ever listened to. I was obliged to turn from him occasionally, to look at the people passing by and listen to the roar of the traffic, to convince myself that I was walking the streets of London and was not wandering in a city of dreams.

Not the least remarkable part of the history is that since the publication of Mrs. Oliphant's book, two or three of the followers of Harris have not hesitated to assert that the tragic close of the unfortunate connection with the Brocton community was brought about by Laurence Oliphant's

revolt against the head of the sect. According to these statements,¹ Oliphant claimed the possession of "mediumistic powers," and believed that he had received a message directing Harris and all his disciples or friends to repair at once to Palestine, otherwise "he and all his people would perish." In a word, he stirred up a mutiny against Harris, and soon afterwards his mother died—"the first victim," as the spokesman of Harris in this country significantly puts the matter. It has been stated that Harris distinctly threatened Oliphant and his wife with death if they did not return to their allegiance to him, and although this is denied, Mr. Harris's representative does not hesitate to express his belief that if they had obeyed the prophet, both might "at this day have been alive and well." The same gentleman states that he "knew perfectly well" Oliphant's death "was inevitable if he continued to follow on in the same way in which his wife met hers." By acting in a spirit of opposition to Harris, they "allied themselves with the occult influences that were seeking to destroy his whole work in God for humanity, and in this way they were actually bringing to the test of a life struggle the fact of whether Mr. Harris's work was of God or not. And here, consequently, was fulfilled the word spoken by that apostle who was called 'a rock,' that 'judgment must begin at the house of God.'" And it must be added that Oliphant himself appears to have entertained much the same belief. A lady, in whom he had much confidence, expressed to him, during his last illness, her fears that he had been struck down by the malign influence of Harris. Oliphant laughed and replied that he had "no doubt Harris's devils had been busy with him." It is, of course, easy to say that all these people were mad, but those who knew Oliphant in-

¹ Made in letters from Mr. Arthur A. Cuthbert to the *Standard*, May 27th and June 4th, and in the *Birmingham Mail*.

tinately have never been able to accept that explanation in his case. A man may doubtless be sane on all subjects but one; but who can decide whether or not the mysterious experiences which Oliphant used to relate were entirely imaginary? His biographer takes care to speak very cautiously on this dangerous topic. "It would be presumptuous," she says, "to pronounce judgment even upon these thaumaturgic movements. There are too many mysteries of the spirit unknown to permit us to come to light and arbitrary conclusions upon such a matter." To Oliphant, his contact with the life beyond that which we know here was the one great reality; in comparison with it, the men and women around him were merely shadows. Severe judgments have been pronounced upon him since the publication of this book. For a time, at

least, it has become useless for his friends to protest that a finer and nobler nature, or a man more thoroughly sane concerning all points upon which it is possible to bring a man's opinions and convictions to a practical test, never existed. Harsh interpretations have been placed upon the manner in which he exercised his influence over his wife. It is said that he sacrificed everything and everybody for his own hallucinations. Few, indeed, are the men who have not suffered in some degree from having had their biographies written, no matter by how trained or skilful a pen. Far better for most of them would it have been if we could only have seen them "through a glass darkly." Laurence Oliphant was not destined to be an exception to the rule.

L. J. JENNINGS.

THE STORY OF A FALSE PROPHET.

EACH age has its illusions—illusions which succeeding ages with a recovered sense of sanity are often apt to record as the most incomprehensible of crazes. "That poor will-o'-the-wisp mistaken for a shining light! Oh, purblind race of miserable men!" is the quick, contemptuous comment of a later, clearer-sighted generation. But one may question if such comment be always just. May not the narrow vision, too unseeing to be deceived, betoken a yet more hopeless sort of blindness than the wide-eyed gaze which, fixed on stars, blunders into quagmires? "Where there is no vision," it is written, "the people perish;" and though stars may prove mirage and quagmires clinging mud, yet a long rank of shabby, shadowy heroes, who, more or less wittingly, have had the hard fate to lead a multitude to destruction, seems to suggest that such deluded multitudes are no dumb, driven cattle, but, capable of being led astray, have also the faculty of being led into the light. And if this, to our consolation, be the teaching of history anent those whom it impartially dubs impostors, then wasted loves and wasted beliefs lose something of their hopeless sadness, and in the transfiguration even failures and false prophets are seen to have a place and use.

No more typical instance could be found of the heights and depths of a people's power of illusion—and that people one which in its modern development might be lightly held proof against all illusion—than the suggestive career of a Messiah of the seventeenth century supplies to us. Undying hope, it has been said, is the secret of vision. When hope is dead the vision perchance takes unto itself the awful condition of death,

corruption, for thus only could it have come to pass that that same people, which had given an Isaiah to the world, under the stress of inexorable and inevitable circumstance brought forth a Sabbathai Zevi.

"Of all mortal woes," so declared the weeping Persian to Thersander at the banquet, "the greatest is this: with many thoughts and wise, to have no power." Under the crushing burden of that mortal woe the Jewish race had rested restlessly for over sixteen weary centuries. Power had passed from the dispossessed people with the fall of their garrisoned Temple, and under dispersion and persecution their "many thoughts and wise" had grown dumb, or shrill, or cruelly inarticulate. The kingdom of priests and the kinsmen of the Maccabees had dwindled to a community of pedants and pedlars. Into the schools of the prophets had crept the casuistries and subtleties of the Kabbalists; and descendants of those who had been skilful in all manner of workmanship now haggled over wares which they lacked skill or energy to produce. East and west the doom of Herodotus was drearily apparent, and to an onlooker it must have seemed incredible that these poor pariahs, content to be contemned, were of the same race which had sung the Lord's songs and had fought the Lord's battles. In the seventeenth century the fires of the Inquisition were still smouldering, and Jewish victims of the Holy Office, naked and charred, or swathed and unrecognizable, were fleeing hither and thither from its flames, across the inhospitable continent of Europe. Nearer to the old scenes was no nearer to happiness; the furthest removed indeed from any present realization of ancient pros-

perity seemed those wanderers who had turned their tired, sad faces to the East. The land on which Moses had looked from Pisgah ; for which, remembering Zion, the exiles in Babylon had wept ; for which a later generation, as unaided as undaunted, had fought and died—this land, their heritage, had passed utterly from the possession of the Jews. "Thou waterest its ridges : Thou settlest the furrows thereof." Seemingly out of that ownership too the land had passed, for His ridges had run red with blood, and in His furrows the Romans had sown salt. Jews had been grudged a foothold in Judæa from the very first century after Christ, and from the date of the Crusades any dwelling-place in their own land was definitely denied to the outcast race. A new meaning had been read into that ancient phrase, "the joy of the whole earth." The Holy City had come, in cruel, narrow limitation, to mean to its conquerors the Holy Sepulchre, all other of its memories "but a dream and a forgetting." And now, although the fervour of the Crusades had died away, and the stone stood at the mouth of the Sepulchre as undisturbed and almost as unheeded of the outside world as when the two Marys kept their lonely vigil, yet enough still of all that terribly wasted wealth of enthusiasm survived to make the Holy Land difficult even of approach to its former rulers. Through all those centuries, for over sixteen hundred slow, sad, stormy years, this powerless people had borne their weary burden, "the greatest of all mortal woes." Occasionally, for a moment as it were, the passions of repulsed patriotism and of pent-up humanity would break bounds, and seek expression in a form which scholars could scarce interpret or priests control. With their law grudged to them and their land denied, "their many thoughts and wise" under cruel restraint were dwindling into impotent dreams or flashing out in wild unlikeness of wisdom.

It was in the summer of the year 1666 that some such incomprehensible craze seemed to possess the ancient city of Smyrna. The sleepy stillness of the narrow streets was jarred by a thousand confused and unaccustomed sounds. The slow, smooth current of Eastern life seemed of a sudden stirred into a whirl of excited eddies. Men and women in swift-changing groups were sobbing, praying, laughing, in a breath, their quick gesticulations in curious contrast with their sober, shabby garments, and their patient, pathetic eyes. And the strangest thing of all, it was on a prophet in his own country, in the very city of his birth, that this extraordinary enthusiasm of welcome was being expended. The name of the prophet was Sabbathai, son of Mordecai. Mordecai Zevi, the father, had dwelt among these townfolk of Smyrna, dealing in money and dying of gout, and Sabbathai Zevi, the son, had been brought up among them, and not so many years since had been banished by them. In that passionately absorbed crowd there must have been many a middle-aged man old enough to remember how the turbulent son of the commonplace old broker had been sent forth from the city, and the gates shut on him in anger and contempt ; and some there surely must have been who knew of his subsequent career. But if it were so, there were none sane enough to deduce a moral. It was in the character of Messiah and Deliverer that Sabbathai had come back to Smyrna, and long-dead hope, quickened into life at the very words, was strong enough to strangle a whole host of resistant memories, though, in truth, there was a great deal to forget. It was at the instance of the religious authorities of the place, whose susceptibilities had been shocked by the utterance of opinions advanced enough to provoke a tumult in the synagogue, that the young man had been expelled from the city. To young and ardent spirits in that crowd it is possible that this early experience of Sabbathai

bore a very colourable imitation of martyrdom, and the life in exile that followed it may have appealed to their imaginations as the most fitting of preparations for a prophet. But then unfortunately Sabbathai's life in exile had not been that of a hermit, nor altogether of a sort to fit into any exalted theories. Authentic news had certainly come of him as a traveller in the Morea and in Syria, and rumours had been rife concerning travelling companions. Three successive marriages, it was said, had taken place, followed in each instance by unedifying quarrels and divorce. Of the ladies little was known; but it came to be generally affirmed, on what if sifted perhaps amounted to insufficient evidence, that each wife was more marvellously handsome than her predecessor. And then, for a while, these lingering distorted sounds from the outside world had died out in the sordid stillness of their lives, to rise again suddenly, after long interval, in startling echoes. The wildest of rumours was all at once in the air, heralding this much-married, banished disputant of the synagogue, this turbulent, troublesome Sabbathai, as Messiah of the Jews. What he had done, what he would do, what he could do, was repeated from mouth to mouth with an ever-growing exactness of exaggeration which modern methods of transmitting news could hardly surpass. One soberly circumstantial tale was of a ship cruising off the north coast of Scotland (of all places in the world!), with sail and cordage of purest silk, her ensign the Twelve Tribes, and her crew, consistently enough, speaking Hebrew. A larger and certainly more geographically-minded contingent of converts was said to be marching across the deserts of Arabia to proclaim the millennium. This host was identified as the lost Ten Tribes, and Sabbathai, mounted on a celestial lion with a bridle of serpents, was (or was shortly to be, for the reports were sometimes a little conflicting) at the head of this imposing

multitude, and about to inaugurate a new and glorious Temple, which, all ready built and beautified, would straightway descend from heaven, and where the services were likely to become popular, since all fasts were forthwith to be changed into festivals.

The rumours, it must be confessed, were all of a terribly materialistic sort, and one wonders somewhat sadly over Sabbathai's proclamation, questioning if the promise of dominion over the nations, or the permission "to do every day what is usual for you to do only on new moons," roused most of the long-repressed human nature in those weary pariahs, the nation of the Jews, to whom it was roundly addressed. All the cities of Turkey, an old chronicler tells us, "were full of expectation." Business in many places was altogether suspended. The belief in a reign of miracle was extended to daily needs, and trust in such needs being somehow supplied was esteemed as an essential test of general faith in the new order of things. So none laboured, but all prayed, and purified themselves, and performed strange penances. The rich grew profuse and penitent, and poverty, always honourable among Jews, came in those strange days to be fashionable.

And now, so heralded, and in truth so advertised, for what a bill-posting agency would do for similar worthies in this generation a certain Nathan Benjamin of Jerusalem seems to have done in clumsier fashion for Sabbathai, their hero was among them. Nathan, it is to be feared, was less of a convert than a colleague of our prophet, but to tear-dimmed eyes which saw visions, to starved hearts which by reason of sorrow judged in hunger and in weakness, prophet and partner both loomed heroic. It is curious, when one thinks of it, that the same race which had been critical over a Moses should have been credulous over a Sabbathai Zevi. Is it a possible explanation that the art of making bricks without straw, however difficult of acquirement, being at any rate of the nature of healthy

out-door employment, was less depressing in its results on character than the cumulative effect of centuries of Ghetto-bounded toil? Something, too, may be allowed for the fact that the Promised Land lay then in prospect and now in retrospect. Altogether perhaps, in this instance, the idol does not give quite an accurate measure of the worshipper. A Deliverer was at their doors, a Deliverer from worse than Egyptian bondage; that was all that this poor deluded people could stop to think, and out they rushed in ludicrous, reverent welcome of a light that was not dawn. With a fine appreciation of effect, Sabbathai gently put aside the rich embroidered cloths that were spread beneath his feet; and this subtle indication of humility, and of a desire to tread the dusty paths with his brethren, gained him many a wavering adherent. For there were waverers. Even amidst all the enthusiasm, there was now and then an awkward question asked, for these shabby traders of Smyrna were all of them more or less learned in the Law and the Prophets, and though their tired hearts could accept this blustering, unideal presentment of the Prince of Peace, yet their minds and memories must have made occasional protest concerning dates and circumstances. And presently one Samuel Pennia, a man of some local reputation, took heart of grace, and preached and proclaimed with a hundred most obvious arguments that Sabbathai had no smallest claim to the titles he was arrogantly assuming. Law and logic too were on Pennia's side; and yet, strange and incomprehensible as it seems to sober retrospect, he failed to convince even himself. After discussions innumerable and of the stormiest sort, Pennia began to doubt and to hesitate, and finally, he and all his family became strenuous and, there is no reason to doubt, honest supporters of Sabbathai. Still the tumults which had been provoked, though they could not rouse the multitude to a doubt of their Deliverer, did awake in them a

desire that he should deign to demonstrate his power to unbelievers, and a cry, comic or pathetic as we take it, broke forth for a miracle—a simultaneous prayer for something, anything, supernatural. It was embarrassing; and Sabbathai, one old chronicler gravely remarks, was “horribly puzzled for a miracle.” But in a moment the cynical humour of the man came to his help, and where the true prophet, in honest humility, might have hesitated, with “Lord, I cannot speak; I am a child,” on his lips, our charlatan was ready and self-possessed and equal to the occasion. With solemn gait and rapt gaze, which, as a contemporary record expresses it, he had “starcht on,” Sabbathai stood for some seconds silent; then, suddenly throwing up his hands to heaven, “Behold!” he exclaimed in thrilling accents, “see you not yon pillar of fire?” And the expectant crowd turned, and in their eager, almost hysterical, excitement many believed they saw, and many, who did not see, doubted their sight and not the vision. Those who looked and looked in vain were silent, hardly daring to own that to their unworthy eyes the blessed assurance had been denied. So Sabbathai returned to his home in triumph. No further miracles were asked or needed, and doubters in his Messiahship were henceforth accounted by the synagogue as heretics and infidels and fit subjects for excommunication. In his character of prophet no religious ceremonial was henceforth considered complete without the presence of Sabbathai, and in his character of prince and leader unlimited wealth was at his command. Here, however, came in the one redeeming point. Sabbathai's ambition had no taint of avarice about it. He took of no man's gold and of no woman's jewels, though both were laid unstintingly at his feet. Then, suddenly, at this period of his greatest success, subtly appreciating, it may be, the wisdom of taking fortune at the flood, Sabbathai announced his intention of leaving Smyrna, and

the month of January, 1667, saw him embark in a small coasting-vessel bound for Constantinople, where a reception altogether unexpected and unprophesied was awaiting him. There had been great weeping and lamentation among the disciples he left, and there was proportionately great rejoicing among the larger community his presence was to favour; for, by virtue of the curious system of inter-communication which has always prevailed among the dispersed race, the news of Sabbathai's movements and intentions spread quickly and in ever-widening circles. It reached at length some ears which had not been reckoned upon, and penetrated to a brain which had preserved its balance. The Sultan of Turkey, Mahomet IV., heard of this expected visitor to his capital, and when, after nine-and-thirty days of stormy passage, the sea-sick prophet was entering the port, the first thing he saw was two State barges, fully manned, putting out to meet him. It may be hoped that he was too sea-sick to indulge in any audible predictions, or to put in sonorous words any bright dream born of that brief glimpse of a brother potentate hastening to greet his spiritual sovereign. Any such prophecy would have been all too rudely and too quickly falsified. It was as prisoner, not as prophet, that Sabbathai was to enter Constantinople, and a dungeon, not a palace, was his destination. The Sultan had indeed heard of the worse than midsummer madness that had seized on his Jewish subjects throughout the Turkish Empire, and he proceeded to stay the plague with a prompt high-handedness which a Grand Vizier out of *The Arabian Nights* could hardly have excelled. For two long months Sabbathai was kept a close prisoner in uncomfortable quarters in Constantinople, and was from thence transferred to a cell in the Castle of Abydos. Of the effects of this imperial reception on the prophet himself we shall judge in the sequel, but its effects on his followers were, strange to say, not at

all depressing. To these faithful deluded folks their hero behind prison bars gained only a halo of martyrdom. Was it not fitting that the Servant of Israel should be acquainted with grief? The dangerous sentiment of pity added itself to the passion of love and faith, and pilgrims from all parts—Poland, Venice, Amsterdam—hurried to the city as if it were a shrine. Sabbathai took up the rôle, and by gentle proclamation bestowed the blessings and the promises which had been hitherto showered down in set speeches. And so the madness grew, till a sordid element crept into it, and at first, curiously enough, increased it. In the crowd, thus attracted to the neighbourhood, the Turks saw an opportunity for making money. The price of lodging and provision for the pilgrims was constantly raised, and by degrees a sight of Sabbathai or a word from him came to be quite a source of income to his guards. The necessary element of secrecy about such transactions acted, both directly and indirectly, as fuel to the flames. The Jews in the spread of the faith and in their immunity from persecution saw divine interposition, while the Turks naturally favoured Sabbathai's pretensions, and continued to raise their prices to each new batch of believers. But complaints were bound in time to reach head-quarters. The over-crowding and excitement was a danger to the Turkish inhabitants of Constantinople, and among the Jews themselves Sabbathai's success begat at length a more disturbing element than doubt. A rival Messiah came forward in a certain Nehemiah Cohen, a learned rabbi from Poland. A sort of twin Messiahship seems first to have suggested itself to these worthies. Nehemiah, under the title of Ben Ephraim, was to fulfil the probationary part of the prophecies on the subject, and Sabbathai as Ben David to take the triumphant close and climax. So much was agreed upon, when Sabbathai, who was still a prisoner, became a little apprehensive of a possible change of parts by Nehemiah

who was at large. Disputes ensued, and ended in an appeal by Sabbathai to the community. A renewed vote of confidence in their native hero was recorded, and Nehemiah's claims to a partnership were altogether and summarily rejected. His own pretensions thus disallowed, Nehemiah at once turned round and hastened to denounce the insincerity of the whole affair to such of the Turkish officials as would listen to him. He was backed up by a very few of the wise men of his own community who had managed to keep their honest doubts in spite of the general madness; and presently by much effort a messenger was despatched to Adrianople, where Mahomet IV. was holding his Court, with full particulars of Sabbathai's latest doings. The Sultan listened to the story, and was literally and ludicrously true to the strictest traditional ideal of what one may call the sack and bowstring system, and there is no doubt that, in this instance, substantial justice was secured by it. Without excuse or ceremonial of any sort, without farewell from the friends he left or greetings from the curious throng which awaited him, Sabbathai was hurried into Adrianople, and within an hour of his arrival, deposited, limp and apprehensive, in the presence-chamber. The giant's robe seemed to be slipping visibly from his shaking shoulders as, sternly desired to give an account of himself, he, the glib cosmopolitan prophet, begged for an interpreter. Without comment on this sudden and surprising failure in the gift of tongues, the request was granted; and patiently, silently, Court and Sultan stroked their beards and listened as the marvellous tale was unfolded. Were they doubtful or convinced? Was he after all to triumph? It almost seemed so as the story ended, and the expectant hush was broken by the Sultan quietly requesting a miracle. Wild thoughts of a lucky stroke of legerdemain which should recover all, must have instantly occurred to this other-world adventurer. But no audaciously

summoned pillar of fire would here have served his turn; the astute Sultan meant to choose his own miracle.

"Thou shalt not be afraid . . . of the arrow that flieth by day. A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh unto thee." In the most literal and most liberal meaning the pseudo-prophet was requested to interpret these words of his national poet. He was to strip and to let the archers shoot at him, and thus make manifest in his own flesh his confidence in his own assumptions.

Not for one moment did Sabbathai hesitate. A man's behaviour at a supreme crisis in his life is not determined by the sudden need. It is not to a single, sudden trumpet-call that character responds, but to the tone set by daily uncounted matin and even-song. Sabbathai was as incapable of the heroic death as of the heroic life. It had been all a game to him; the people's passionate enthusiasm, that pitiful power of theirs for seeing visions, were just points in the game—points in his favour. And now the game was lost; he was cool enough to realise this at a glance, and to seize upon the one move which he might yet make to his own advantage. With a startling burst of calculated candour he owned to it all, that he was no prophet, no Saviour, no willing witness even; only a historical Jew, and very much at the Sultan's service.

Mahomet smiled. The tragedy of the situation was for the Jews; the comedy, and it must have been irresistible, was his. Then after due pause he gravely proceeded, that inso-much as Sabbathai's pretensions to Palestine were an infringement on Turkish vested rights in that province, the repentant prophet must give an earnest of his recovered loyalty as a Turkish subject by turning Turk and abjuring Judaism altogether. And cheerfully enough Sabbathai assented, audaciously adding that such a change had been long desired by him, and that he eagerly and respectfully wel-

came this opportunity of making his first profession of faith as a Mahometan in the presence of Mahomet's namesake and temporal representative.

And thus the scene, at which one knows not whether to laugh or cry, was over ; and when the curtain rises again it is on the merest and most exasperating commonplace ; on Sab-bathai, fat and turbaned, living and dying as a respectable Turk. For the actors behind the scenes, there was never any call, to hail a Saviour or to mourn a martyr. For them,

this puzzling bit of passion-play was just a mirage in the wilderness of their lives ; and for many and many a weary year, foolish and faithful folk debated whether it was mirage or reality. For his dupes survived him, this sorry impostor of the seventeenth century ; and their illusion, hoping all things, believing all things, withered into delusion and died hard. Such faculty perhaps, for all its drawbacks, gives staying-power to man or nation. It is where there is no vision that the people perish.

K. M.

MIRABEAU.

IT is now nearly a hundred years since the most remarkable man of a remarkable time closed his life's work in a failure more deplorable for his country than for himself. Mirabeau is not only an extraordinary man ; the history of his fame is almost more extraordinary than himself. It is not now possible to write anything new about him, for his fascinating personality has attracted more students than almost any other character of that interesting period, but a few words may be permitted in summary of what has been done before. The complete picture which shall include all the various sketches has yet to be made.

As a biographical study his figure is so peculiar that he has been taken as a type to work out the influence of heredity and circumstances on character. A whole history has been written of his ancestry by M. Loménie to divine the formation of so singular a man. Few things could be more interesting than to read the records of a race where Dumas's heroes are found walking, talking, and fighting duels in the flesh ; and the culmination of these caricatures hardly escapes being a caricature himself.

The history of his history, if the phrase is intelligible, would be a romance in itself, if a biography could be a man and awake a personal interest. Several times has his fame died, and been born again under new conditions. Not understood in his life-time, not understood at his death nor thirty years after, there are few great men over whom opinion is even now so much divided. Two considerable books have been published on his life, the *Souvenirs de Mirabeau*, and his correspondence with the Comte de Lamareck, each of which has revolutionized the public estimate of him.

He was born and educated to be a revolutionist. By his nature turbulent and unrestrainable, until the age of forty every authority that should have aided him was against him. But he broke through the restraints which should have bound his spirit and rose superior to them. This man, who was above law as he knew it, the law of the family, the law of society, the law of the State,—what law did he impose on himself ? It is here no question of deciding how far a moral sense is due to education, or whether Mirabeau can be absolved because he had neither the nature that submits to restraint, nor the example and precept which supply the deficiencies of nature ; it is a question of simple fact. With Mirabeau morality was at the best little more than a question of taste. It is perhaps not just to accept what has been said of him, that he was one of those men who mistake a sentimental admiration of the good for an acknowledgment of the principles of morality. The good that was in him was more than that ; great and noble qualities he really possessed. Dumont, who was one of those most capable of judging him, says that he knew no one who could be led so far by a sentiment of honour ; but adds that in him there was nothing uniform or restrained. Lamareck, while he describes him as one in whom all the energies and passions were striving for an outlet at once, in another passage bears emphatic testimony to the noble parts of his character which, he says, became more and more apparent as their intimacy advanced.

Yet magnificent as Mirabeau's understanding was, it placed no restraints on his appetites. A sort of standard of his own, dictated not by reason but by desire, forbade certain tricks and

devices which he considered disgraceful, and imposed a code of honour which placed bounds only on his means and not on his ends. We find him writing to Madame Monnier (Sophie) whom he was seducing, "These [his audacities] are the ruses of war; but to betray hospitality, to ask a favour and deceive a benefactor, these are horrible perfidies, and this remorse would poison even my smallest pleasures." The greatest charge that can be brought against Mirabeau, the greatest stain on his character as a man, is that he prostituted his intellect to justify his passions, that he was not guided by reason but employed it as a cloak for his self-indulgence.

There can be no greater mistake than to attempt the discovery of Mirabeau's political opinions from remarks selected from his various writings and speeches. In the first place it is rendered impossible by his manner of work, of borrowing from various authors, procuring a large part of it ready-made from his friends, and even reading aloud in the Assembly speeches composed by others without looking them over beforehand. Dumont wrote as many as nine of his speeches, while Duroverai, Reybaz and Clavière were responsible for others. Once, according to his friend, Mirabeau trusted for his speech on the veto to a book by a certain Marquis de Caseaux, and he had so little mastered its contents that in the Assembly he was compelled to read aloud large parts, of which the crabbed and tortuous style, contrasting with his own occasional outbursts, betrayed his device to his audience. Further, it is only necessary to compare the picture of him given by Dumont at the opening of the Assembly with his final judgment a year and a half later, in order to see the change that was brought about in Mirabeau by experience. If we look at the Letters to Lamarck we can see still more clearly the process of his political education. He was to a certain extent an opportunist, and in 1789 especially he was far from having

fixed theories, when no man knew what the day might bring forth. Not without political principles, not without definite ideas, not without a wonderful insight, he knew that few things were impossible, and that on circumstances his own career depended. "Those men will drive me into the arms of the people in spite of myself," he said of the nobility before his election for the *Tiers Etat*. Before all things it was necessary for him to make himself a power; and this necessity of forging an instrument, his popularity, has been mistaken by most men of his time, and by many since, for his real work. Victor Hugo, refusing to believe in his connection with the Court, wrote an elaborate panegyric on the great Tribune of the People. All doubts on this matter have been set at rest by the Lamarck Correspondence, and we now know that Mirabeau himself would not wish for the reputation which others claimed for him.

No man advanced quicker than he on the road of political wisdom. In his notes to the Court we can see the statesman grow before our eyes, and this more certainly because it is the only part of his work which was entirely his own. At first he does little more than sketch the condition of France, pointing out the dangers which must at all hazards be avoided. Then follows distinct advice on definite points, with careful consideration of temporary difficulties and the course to be pursued. Then there gradually grows up in his mind a conviction that some great change must take place in the royal policy, and this idea develops and takes form until from it emerges a plan unrivalled at once in its wisdom and its grasp of detail. Since we have the evidence of a friend, a remarkable observer, who was for a long time in the most intimate connection with him, and again the proof of the real work which he accomplished alone and unknown to this friend, the comparison of the two gives an insight into his character whose value cannot be over-estimated.

For instance, Dumont tells us what it would be difficult to believe were his word not supported by his character, and subsequently partially explained by himself, that Mirabeau was quite destitute of the qualities necessary to a chief of a party in the Assembly. He had too great a love of success to wish to share it with others, or to retain from motives of policy a word, or phrase, or piece of information that would produce an effect. Neither did he possess sufficient industry for the tedious business of collecting a party, regular attendance at the sessions, little conferences and petty condescensions to persons individually of small importance. This, and Dumont was an extremely acute observer, we could scarcely believe, if he did not continue that no man learnt so much or so quickly from experience as Mirabeau. His intelligence, which was able to see the future as no one saw it at the time, was not above remarking the qualities in which he was inferior to his contemporaries. At the age of forty-two he was able to train himself in new habits of work and thought. "I see," he said, when he attempted an impromptu reply in the style of Barnave, "that to speak well on a subject it is necessary to know something about it;" and this was from the orator who had had the greatest success of any man of his time. But his standard did not depend on popular applause. Reybaz, one of the chief of his collaborators, said of him in the last six months of his life, that he was an eagle compared to what he had been at the beginning.

Before the opening of the States General there was not a man in France who possessed less capital than Mirabeau of either wealth or reputation with which to work out a political career. Of notoriety he had plenty. From one end of France to the other the prosecution of his lawsuits and the scandal of his amours left hardly a name with a more doubtful reputation attached to it. He is at this time the typical political adventurer, and so he

appears in the writings of those who knew him before the Revolution, not only in his general position, but in the circumstances of his private life. Sir Samuel Romilly, in Paris at that time, who had known him before in England, gave him no encouragement to renew the acquaintance. Mirabeau, however, was not to be denied, and, though Romilly was in the house and refused to see him, in an hour he had enchanted Dumont, unknown to him before, and made him a firm friend. There was no resistance possible to such a man. To disdain he opposed unparalleled effrontery; men in the middle class of life he charmed by his air of a great noble and by the flattery of his attentions. If this were not equally powerful with men accustomed to real good breeding, he had more solid qualities to recommend him. It is curious to compare the effect produced by Mirabeau on two entirely different types of men, such as Dumont and Lamarck. The first, trained in systematic habits of thought, but quiet and retiring in life, although not valuing very highly his intellectual qualities, was overwhelmed by his subtle grace of manner and his power of pleasing. Lamarck, on the contrary, found in Mirabeau the exaggerations in style and manner, noticeable no less in his dress than in his conversation, which mark the man who aspires without attaining to the reputation of good breeding and perfect manners. But when topics were introduced where knowledge of men or a comprehension of politics was necessary, he was astonished at the brilliancy of his ideas and the force of his remarks. All things to all men as Mirabeau wished to be, he was as yet by only two or three recognised as a man of remarkable ability.

But 1789 was not a time when ordinary positions were made by ordinary means. And after all, in addition to his talents, there were many things in his favour. The very badness of his reputation, which excluded him from so many careers, at least drew on

him the eyes of all. He had, moreover, a considerable renown as a writer, which gave a circulation to his opinions impossible to other men. After the first suppression of the *Courier de Provence*, his original journal, and the substitution for it of the *Lettres à mes Commettants*, the new paper had three thousand subscribers in the first week. But it was without doubt by his eloquence that he chiefly raised himself to a great position. It is not of much importance to look for traces of it in the speeches which have come down to us even in his own organ. The speeches were nearly always written for him by others, while the effect of them on his audience was due mostly to the alterations and additions which he effected as he spoke. For these he picked up inspiration from every conceivable quarter, a remark dropped in the corridor beforehand, an interruption from the *Côté Droit*, or even from notes handed to him in the tribune which he read in the middle of his discourse. These, which were the really individual portions of his speeches, would be omitted or misrepresented in the fair copy printed next day. There are few of his striking sayings recorded, and these are scarcely superior to some passages which we find among his letters.

His power of carrying away his audience was marvellous, and his talents were rendered far more conspicuous through the procedure observed in the National Assembly. Every orator brought his speech ready-made on the question of the day, and read it aloud quite independently of what might have been previously said on the subject. This was fortunate for Mirabeau. If in debating power he was inferior to the Abbé Maury or Barnave, in the ordinary sittings his speech was better delivered and nearly always better reasoned, for his coadjutors were all singularly able men, and the Assembly would turn with pleasure to his speech after five or six wearisome readings. He seems to have been one of the few men who could read a speech

with all the fire of impromptu eloquence. There is a story of Mollé, the first actor of the Comédie Française, who once rushed up to him after a speech, and, congratulating him profusely, told him with tears in his eyes that he had missed his vocation in not having been an actor!

In six months or less his popularity was astounding. The fish-women, on the evening of October 5th, who had marched down from Paris in the day and poured into the galleries of the Assembly in Versailles, continually interrupted the speeches, crying out, "Leave that alone! We have had enough of that! Let us hear our little mother Mirabeau!" Often his popularity with the gallery was of service to him. When the Assembly, who in spite of, or because of, the power which he wielded over them, refused to hear him, he compelled attention through the support which he received from the spectators.

In the country he was almost the only Deputy with more than a local reputation. Dumont relates the answer of a postilion when he objected to him that his horses were poor creatures. "Yes; those two are not much; but," pointing to the one in front, who did the chief part of the work, "my Mirabeau is good." His fame kept on increasing up to his death, even after he had for some time lost the support of the extreme party. One of the most remarkable and emphatic tributes of the popular favour was, that the people still called him Comte de Mirabeau after the abolition of titles by law. The same indulgence was extended to him in other respects. Clavière said to some one who objected to Mirabeau's extravagance: "If it cost the state a million it would be well spent. It raises authority in the eyes of the people, and he is the only man from whom the Jacobins would stand it." The most splendid proof of his fame is the universal consent which at his death his character of political adventurer was wiped out. His bad reputation had stood in the way of his

connection with the Court and with men like Lafayette and Necker, but at the end of his life, and after his presidency of the Assembly, his quality of statesman was acknowledged by all. Dumont said of him, writing in 1799, "He is the only man to whom the honour has been paid of believing that if he had lived he might have arrested the Revolution."

Let us turn from the exterior and unreal life of Mirabeau, great as it was. It is curious that his fame should rest on a double basis, that for different reasons it should flourish equally in his life-time and one hundred years after his death. In his life-time he was the popular Tribune with a reputation built up for the greater part on the work of other men. His best work, if it had been known, would have at once destroyed his popularity. When society after his death had become gradually acquainted with the manner of his work and the small part of it that was original, a new source of information came to build up his renown more solidly and more grandly than before. This Mirabeau himself knew, and said as much to Lamarck before his death. The originals of his notes to the Court had been all returned to him and carefully preserved, and these he handed over to Lamarck with a commission to vindicate him with posterity.

This side of Mirabeau's life has even a certain beauty in it. Capable of living up to a high standard, he needed a man whom he esteemed to sustain him by intelligent appreciation and reprove him by his character. It was this quality in him to which Dumont referred, when he said that he knew no one who could be led so far by a sentiment of honour as Mirabeau. The whole tone of the correspondence is raised by the character of Lamarck. One of the old Seigneurs in the refinement of his feelings and the delicacy of his sentiment this man possessed real integrity, dignity, and force. Mirabeau valued his abilities highly,

especially in military matters, and in his letters took him more into his confidence than any of his friends. In return the combined frankness and delicacy with which Lamarck relates the unfortunate passages of Mirabeau's career are the best advocates for the character of both one and the other.

Already in June, 1789, Mirabeau made an attempt to open through Lamarck, whom he had met previously, a channel for communication with the Court. Meeting him in the Assembly he was asked by Lamarck to a dinner *tête-à-tête*, where they entered into a long and confidential conversation on Necker and the state of the country. "Where are you going with your incendiary views?" said Lamarck. Mirabeau in his answer showed his real inclination and the point from which a start must be made: "The fate of France is decided. The words liberty, consent to taxation, have resounded through the kingdom. We shall not get out of this situation without a Constitution more or less similar to that of England." He implied that he was driven to his present course by the necessity of making a position. "The time is come when men must be estimated by what they carry in that little space behind the forehead between the two brows." Then he added, "The day when the royal ministers will consent to reason with me, they will find me devoted to the royal cause and to the safety of the monarchy." A few days later, again dining with Lamarck in company where he could not talk freely of politics, he whispered as he went out, "Let it be known in the palace that I am more for them than against them."

In the first few days in the Assembly he had divined already the course events were bound to take. As eager for liberty as the greater part of the Assembly, he found that their want of method and reckless rejection of experience would lead them into courses incompatible with good government. He was full of bitter reproaches against the members,

and wrote in his journal an elaborate skit on one of the sittings. His friends noticed that these outbursts were more furious when he had made an unsuccessful speech, and put them down to wounded vanity. Dumont remarked later that his great wisdom and foresight were not understood because men did not see so far as he did; and much of his anger at the folly of the Assembly was attributed to injured self-love.

He was helpless in the false position in which he found himself. On being reproached by Lamarck with the contradiction between his real opinions and his speeches in the Assembly, he answered,—“But what position is it then possible for me to take? The Government rejects me, and I can do nothing but place myself on the side of the Opposition, which is revolutionary, or run the risk of losing my popularity, which is my power.”

Such was his situation for three months after the taking of the Bastille until the King came to Paris. To different men he appeared under different aspects. Lamarck alone knew his real opinions and intentions, and made it his business to obtain confidence for him with the Court or in the Ministry. The Court looked upon Mirabeau as the demagogue waiting for his price. They were willing enough to stop his mouth, but as for seriously seeking his aid or advice, the Queen openly said she hoped they would never fall so low as that. The public, on the other hand, implicitly believed in him, partly on account of his eloquence and courage, partly because his past life seemed sufficient pledge that he would never make terms with privilege or authority.

There is another opinion which is the most interesting of all, that of his collaborators. Dumont believed that he saw him through and through,—“There never was a man who had less power of retaining what he thought—he is the most indiscreet of men.” But he never was the thorough confidant of Mirabeau's plans, and living

in complete intimacy, as it seemed to him, he was in a position at the time to see less clearly than any one else. Being himself part of the machinery which worked the great figure-head in the Assembly, he did not understand even the truth that was in the popular view. All Mirabeau's actions were judged as those of a private man; whereas he was on a plane above the ordinary level, whether regarded as the Tribune or as the future Minister. His abstention from voting on August 4th seemed a piece of cowardice; in reality it was an act of sagacious policy. His tirades against the Assembly seemed the result of wounded vanity instead of the just indignation of the statesman. Clavière and Duroverai had even a lower opinion of him than Dumont. Continual and bitter quarrels broke out between them and Mirabeau, only patched up because both one and the other hoped to raise themselves ultimately to the Ministry by his popularity. Dumont, more amiable and more patient, but continually doubting the integrity and real ability of Mirabeau, was only retained by the personal charm of the great man, and subsequently broke away and went for a time into Switzerland. How completely he was mistaken will be seen later; some of this Dumont saw and acknowledged at the time of Mirabeau's death, but the whole truth he never knew.

In the Assembly his influence was now exerted to strengthen the Government, but always from his independent position. On the affair of the veto he was more monarchical than the Ministry themselves. Never lacking courage, he had come down to the Assembly with a speech prepared against the popular opinion, only to find that this vital point had been sacrificed by Necker to gain popularity. Certain to meet defeat, he refused to risk the danger of opposing a popular motion without the prospect of a solid advantage. Similarly he abstained from the session of August 4th, when the young nobles emulated one another in sacrificing not only their own property, but

that of others. "Some there were," says Dumont, "who, as they found themselves ruined by some proposition just passed unanimously, hastened in their turn to involve other people in the same misfortune."

The days of October 5th and 6th were the turning point of Mirabeau's career, not from any part that he took in the events of those days, but because after that time a definite idea arose in his mind of the measures necessary to restore an orderly government in France. He has been accused continually of having been one of the secret organisers of the popular movement which brought the King to Paris. If the new light thrown on his ideas did not show how entirely such a policy was opposed to his plans, there is definite evidence to prove that this supposition was extremely improbable. Lamarek bears witness to the presence of Mirabeau in his house the whole of the 5th, until the meeting of the Assembly, after which time Dumont, who was not unsuspicious, accounted for all his time until the Assembly went to Paris on the next day. And this is the time when, if he had had any connection with the movement, he should have watched its progress or at least seen the leaders of the mob.

The first step which Mirabeau considered preliminary to the re-establishment of authority was to get the King away from Paris, and, if possible, to induce the Assembly to accompany him. This idea he conveyed in a memoir to Monsieur, the future Louis XVIII., who was much struck by its statesmanlike ability. In it he pointed out the danger of allowing the tyranny of the Paris mob to control the Assembly and paralyse the central authority. "Winter is approaching, grain may be lacking, the bankruptcy may fall on us. What will Paris be in six months? Some decisive measure is necessary, but there is extreme danger in attempting any movement that is not well considered. To retire to Metz or to any frontier would be to declare war on the nation

and abdicate the throne." So clearly did he foresee the fatal consequences which actually a year and a half later followed the flight to Varennes, and the King's subsequent connections with Brunswick. "To retire into the interior and rally the nobles around you would be no less a folly There is little more to be hoped if you break all relations with this present Assembly." His distinct advice was to concentrate the guards half-way between Rouen and Paris, and for the King to go openly to Rouen while there was yet time. Rouen was a strong position controlling the food-supplies of Paris, and its position far away from Germany or Belgium would not awaken suspicion of flight. Once there, a proclamation should be made to the nation, setting forth the reasons of the step and inviting the Assembly to follow the King. Confidence was to be restored by the adoption of such liberal parts of the Constitution as were workable, and by the formation of a strong Ministry.

It is impossible to exaggerate the wisdom and foresight of this plan, which offered safeguards against all the evils which subsequently came to pass. If carried out with dignity and determination, it is very probable that the Revolution might thus have accomplished itself peacefully. At any rate the conservative elements would have been preserved to France, instead of becoming its enemies both within and without the kingdom. There is little doubt that, if even a civil war had followed, the combination of the reactionary interests of the Court with the constitutional party under Mirabeau, would ultimately have triumphed over all opposition. There can be no less doubt that after July 14th there was no danger of the re-establishment of the old *régime*. The alternative, in the most unfortunate circumstances, would have been better than the actual course of affairs.

It was at this point that Mirabeau left Dumont and his old collaborators behind him. Some attempt he made

to communicate to them his full ideas, but Dumont received them with so much horror that Mirabeau never completely confided in him. A few hints of his ideas leaked out, but so imperfectly that Dumont afterwards represented the plan as a projected journey to Metz or some other fortress, which was exactly contrary to Mirabeau's expressed opinion.

This design, it is needless to say, was never carried out. The King and Queen were far from seeing their position so clearly as to believe that decisive resolutions were necessary. Besides, as Monsieur pointed out, even the Queen was incapable of influencing the King sufficiently to induce him to carry out consistently a determined plan. And as yet the Queen saw many degradations preferable to following the advice of Mirabeau. Probably this was the last occasion on which a possibility presented itself of a peaceful solution of the great difficulty. Mirabeau, seeing the nation drift helplessly into danger without a hand or head to guide it, powerless himself to prevent it in any way, fell into the greatest despondency. Lamarck also, reflecting his opinions and despairing of the monarchy, withdrew to Belgium when he thought that he could be of no future use. What added the last touch to the gloom of the prospect was the law of November 7th, by which it was decreed that no member of the Assembly could be also a Minister. For some time Mirabeau had endeavoured to enter the Government by the influence of Lafayette, all-powerful since October 5th. This was combined with a powerful attack on the Ministry early in November. Lafayette refused to do more than offer a quiet bribe such as the embassy to England, while the extreme party had divined Mirabeau's secret intention and checkmated it by the Self-denying Ordinance. Mirabeau in his anger proposed an ironical amendment to the motion that no Deputy of the name of Mirabeau should be eligible to the Ministry.

The next few months are a blank, except for a few desponding letters which passed between the two friends. During this period Mirabeau aimed no higher than to get Monsieur into the Ministry, so that he might have one man through whose means he could exercise an influence on affairs. He had a high opinion of the prince's ability from the skill with which he had extricated himself from a charge of complicity in the conspiracy of a certain Marquis de Favras. Obtaining no more success in this direction in April, Mirabeau made another effort to conciliate Lafayette. It failed, and failed through Lafayette's own fault, as he afterwards confessed with regret in his Memoirs.

At last the Court made advances through the Austrian ambassador, the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, and Lamarck to the great man. It was mainly the work of Mercy-Argenteau, who had much influence with the Queen. He had been introduced by Lamarck to Mirabeau in the preceding winter, and had been much impressed by his force and his ability. A bargain was struck between Mirabeau and the King, by which the debts of the former were paid with a monthly allowance of six thousand francs, and the promise of a million if his project succeeded.

This is the ugly spot in Mirabeau's public career, and one which cannot be glossed over because it is too apparent and too important. Ste. Beuve has summed it up in a few words: "He was not bribed, but allowed himself to be paid!" Yet at the same time there can be no more serious charge than a want of delicacy. His object was the public good, and if he had neglected this object he could have lived in comparatively easy circumstances. By the will of his father, who had died in the previous July, he had inherited an income of fifty thousand francs, but one so encumbered with lawsuits that it would have required a year's labour to obtain possession of it. This leisure he could not give, and his other means

were so entirely exhausted that he was reduced to borrow money from Lamerck to pay his valet. In these circumstances, when his services to the State were beyond price, it is only by an artificial standard that he can be condemned.

It would be tedious to recapitulate at length the various schemes of Mirabeau as circumstances altered, unless at the same time the course of events could be simultaneously described in detail. The communications with the Court were made sometimes through the ambassador, more often by note. To avoid all risk of discovery there was no meeting between Mirabeau and the royal family, except in August, when he was allowed to see the Queen at St. Cloud and kiss her hand. Mirabeau carried away an impression of Marie Antoinette which increased his devotion to her, but she, unfortunately, who could never rid herself of the belief that he was the author of the riots of October 5th and 6th, looked upon him with horror. It is perhaps the most deplorable circumstance in the history of the Revolution that these two persons could not have been brought completely in relation with one another. There can be little doubt that over the Queen, as over all, Mirabeau would have thrown that enchantment which he possessed the power of giving to any person who pleased him and whom he wished to please.

It is possible to gain an adequate conception of Mirabeau's consummate ability only by reading through some of his more important notes, such as those of June 1st, July 3rd, July 26th, October 16th, and December 28th of 1790. Quotations from them will give no idea of the wonderful detail which was combined with the fullest grasp of the whole tendency of French politics. There are some famous and oft-quoted passages of the most far-seeing political wisdom, such as that in which he points out that the work of the Assembly had not been altogether hostile to the monarchy: "The

idea of forming a single class of citizens would have pleased Richelieu . . . several years of absolute government would not have accomplished so much for the royal authority as a single year of liberty!" On the other side of the Channel Burke almost at the same time was pointing out, but with a different intention, the same fact. Mirabeau's opinion was that if progress were arrested at this point the reaction would not be violent: "I declare my belief that a counter-revolution is dangerous and criminal."

The plan in his note of December 28th is probably the greatest state-paper that was ever written. It was no question at that time of openly fighting the Assembly, for the Court was too much an object of suspicion; it was no less than a gigantic attempt to make use of the mistakes of the Constitution in favour of the royal power, and to direct the public discontent, which he foresaw, into channels that would be useful to him. He had a man in the Ministry on whom he could absolutely depend, Montmorin, who was to be the centre of the various organisations which he set on foot. Round this man, and depending on the control which he had over him, clustered all the great branches of an enormous design. In the first place there was to be an organised movement in the Assembly itself, by which a certain number of deputies were grouped round several of the well-known members, as Barnave, Cazalès, Duquesnoy, and Talleyrand, with whom Mirabeau had already come to an understanding. These groups, working independently, and controlled only by Montmorin, were to have no avowed connection with Mirabeau or with one another. So different is this idea from the English conception of party, that it may seem at first sight wholly unworkable; but it must be remembered that it was co-operation only in attack that was needed, for which purpose the several standpoints would be an advantage. Then Paris and the provinces were not left without control. A

magnificent system of secret police for Paris was actually set on foot by Talon and Sémonville, which served afterwards as a basis for the celebrated bodies of Garat and Fouché. This was the only part of the plan not frustrated by Mirabeau's death, and many of the reports were sent in, which have the greatest value. For the provinces there was an organised band of travellers to report on the condition of provincial feeling, and to convey to head-quarters all the movements of the popular pulse. A second system of travelling book-agents, distinct from the first, conveyed through the length and breadth of France an assorted series of political works entrusted again to a separate department of authors. These works and journals, to be prepared under the supervision of Clermont Tonnerre, were carefully adjusted to the particular tone of local feeling, and based on the reports of the first class of travellers.

This is the machinery which Mirabeau's death alone prevented from being put in motion. Lamartine calls it a huge plaything, where the number of cogwheels and excess of friction

would have made motion impossible. No man can pretend to say for certain whether it would have succeeded or not. It must have had an immense influence, and after all it was not so different from Roland's *bureau de correspondance publique*, and the organisations of the Jacobin clubs. Both these latter were inferior editions of the same idea which had an incalculable effect on opinion, while neither was in such able hands as those of Mirabeau.

The great man, or the great movement, which would have been victorious? The head whirls as it contemplates the question, and we are inclined first one way and then the other without being able to arrive at a certain conclusion. While he remained in a private and unofficial position the Queen would never have trusted Mirabeau, nor carried out entirely the best and most complete of his plans. At the same time it is impossible not to think that as time went on, if Mirabeau had found himself in Roland's place, he would not have lost Roland's great opportunities.

G. B. D.

CHALFONT ST. GILES.

THERE is in the south of Buckinghamshire a quiet rural district as yet untraversed by railways and still retaining much of the old-world charm and quaint simplicity of a bygone age. On the north-east the railway penetrates to Rickmansworth in Hertfordshire, on the south to Uxbridge in Middlesex, towards the west is the line which threads its way in a northerly direction through the pleasant vale of Aylesbury. Between them lies an oblong extent of country, as yet but little known to the Londoner—a land of green fields and shady woods, of gently-rolling hills and smiling valleys, where the violet and the primrose still bloom unharmed by the hand of the spoiler, and the dog-rose and the honeysuckle scent the air as one wanders through the quiet, unfrequented lanes. There is no neighbourhood in England which, lying close to the smoke and turmoil of a great city, is nevertheless so little disturbed by the strenuous struggle for existence that rages in all its complex activity not many miles away.

It was in this secluded district that Milton found a refuge among the Quakers in 1665, the year of the Great Plague of London; and to-day we are making a pilgrimage to the scene of his sojourn. We pass down the main street of Uxbridge, the last country-town now remaining to Middlesex; and, crossing into Buckinghamshire by a bridge which spans the sluggish Colne, we find ourselves in the open country. As we look upon the quiet fields and breathe the pure, fresh, morning air, we remember how the great poet, to whose sequestered retreat we are hastening, has told us that

Wisdom's self

Of seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse Contemplation,

She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-to ruffled and sometimes impaired.

We follow the high road which leads to Beaconsfield and Oxford, and, after ascending a gradual incline, we gain a prospect of the pleasant Buckinghamshire country through which we are about to pass, and trace the course of the Misbourne stream, as it wanders through a picturesque valley amid grassy slopes and richly-wooded hills.

It is a delicious day in early winter. The pale blue sky is dappled with soft grey clouds; the slanting rays of the winter sun break gently from the east, and fall with mellow influence over the misty landscape, touching the vapours that rest in the valleys with light, and wrapping the russet woods on the hill-tops in a mantle of amber and gold. The pastures have not yet lost their autumn verdure, and the moist green blades are glittering in the morning sun; the haws and hollyberries are burning brightly in the thickets, and the birds break out once more into the rapturous carol of spring.

We turn to the right into the Misbourne valley, and before it is noon reach the little village of Chalfont St. Peter. The houses cluster round a ford in the Misbourne, and the two roomy old inns, with their high archways and capacious stables, stand looking at each other across the stream, recalling pictures of the coaching days of the past. The woods close by are those of the Grange, once the residence of the notorious Judge Jeffreys, but, at the time which interests us now, the abode of a very different man. Here lived Isaac Penington, the Quaker apostle, a relative of the Fleetwoods, and a man of note in the days of Milton,

who was indirectly the cause of the poet's coming to Chalfont St. Giles. He was the founder of the Quaker colony in Buckinghamshire, which numbered among its members his son-in-law, the famous William Penn, and his disciple Thomas Elwood, the young friend of Milton. Penington himself had been converted by George Fox, and like his master suffered unnumbered persecutions at the hands of Churchmen and Puritans alike. He was a man of extraordinary literary activity; but he seems to have gained time for writing during his frequent imprisonments. The titles of his treatises, such as *Babylon the Great described, the City of Confusion in which Antichrist reigns*, or, *The Jew Outward, being a Glass for the Professors of the Age*, or, *The Axe laid to the Root of the Old Corrupt Tree*, show the outspoken fervour of their contents. When Milton came hither among the Friends, Penington had not long been released from Aylesbury gaol: Elwood was soon to go thither; and Penn, a young man and as yet untried by persecution, had just returned to England from his travels.

Elwood gives in his autobiography an interesting account of his first introduction to the poet. As a boy he had made some progress in learning, but he had forgotten what he had learned; "Nor was I rightly sensible of my loss therein," he says, "till I came among the Quakers." He toiled hard to regain his former knowledge; but, making little progress, he obtained through Isaac Penington an introduction to John Milton, "a Gentleman of great note for Learning throughout the learned world for the accurate Pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions." "This Person," he goes on, "having filled a public Station in the former times, lived now a private and retired life in London, and, having wholly lost his sight, kept always a man to read to him. . . . I took a lodging near his house, and thenceforward went every day in the afternoon, and sitting by him in his

dining-room read to him in such Books in the Latin Tongue as he pleased to hear me read. He, perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued Learning, gave me not only all the Encouragement but all the Help he could; for, having a curious Ear, he understood by my Tone when I understood what I read and when I did not; and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me."

Such was the beginning of the friendship which four years later brought Milton to Chalfont St. Giles. Elwood's enthusiasm and devotion to literature must have attracted the now aged poet from the first; and the youthful Quaker's independence of mind in regard to matters of doctrine must have awakened the sympathetic interest of one who had given the best years of his life to the defence of civil and religious liberty. Milton had long before this emancipated himself from ecclesiastical bondage; he had abandoned the Presbyterianism of his riper years as he had given up the Church of his youth; he had made the discovery that "New Presbyterian is but Old Priest writ large." With him the exercise of private judgment was an inalienable privilege, deriving its sanction from that inward inspiration which possessed equal authority with the sacred writings as a guiding power and a rule of life. George Fox's doctrine of individual inspiration went even farther, for he held that it is "not the Scriptures, but the Holy Spirit, by which opinions and religions are to be tried"; and this, of course, was nothing more or less than the assertion of the supremacy of reason in a pious form. It was the extreme point of reaction against the arrogance of authority, and even Milton could not go so far. We know too that he did not follow Fox's views with regard to oaths, military service, and the preaching of women. But the simplicity, the intense conviction, and the consistent life of the Quakers must have won his admiration no less than

their rejection of the tyranny of creeds.

We continue to ascend the valley of the Misbourne, until, after a walk of more than two miles, we pause by a stile where a pathway leads down through the meadows to the margin of the little stream. A row of elms and chestnuts stands by the running water, and a venerable church tower looks down at us from over their topmost branches; while through the spaces between the leafless boughs we can see the roofs and gables of a picturesque hamlet, nestling closely amid orchards and gardens, and sheltered on all sides by gentle wooded hills. A faint wreath of blue smoke floats lazily in the clear atmosphere overhead; and the soft rays of the winter sun, as they fall upon the quaint old houses, mark their irregular outlines and add richness to the colouring of their dark red walls. It is Chalfont St. Giles, the refuge of Milton, and the birthplace of *Paradise Lost*. We pass down the meadow, and crossing the clear swift brook we find ourselves in the village churchyard.

The church is an ancient building of chequered flint, brick, and stone, with windows of two lights divided by mullions. It is Sunday, and the bells are ringing for the afternoon service; so we enter, passing between six young villagers who are pulling lustily at the ropes and appear to be accomplished ringers. We look at the curious old frescoes on the walls, and at the effigy of Thomas Fleetwood—great-grandfather of the two regicides and of Cromwell's son-in-law—who kneels in full armour with his two wives and eighteen children behind him, the girls with little mob-caps, the boys bare-headed with frills round their necks. But there is nothing here to remind us of Milton, and it is probable that he never was within these walls.

For Milton was no church-goer; he worshipped in a temple made without hands. Alone in the grandeur of his spiritual isolation, like Moses amid the august solitudes of Sinai, he held con-

verse with the Supreme Being in the remote elevated region to which his own sublimity of thought had raised him. To one who has reached such a mental altitude the ministrations of a fellow-creature are but a hindrance, being inevitably devoid of sympathy, and rites and ceremonies lose their meaning, for the teachings of symbolism are unnecessary for the instruction of superior intelligence. It was this magnificent seclusion of mind, deepened during the composition of *Paradise Lost*, and immensely furthered by abstention from political and religious controversy since the Restoration, that had already withdrawn Milton from the narrowness of contemporary orthodoxies, and given him something of that calm, that almost prophetic clearness of vision, which had been the prayer of his youth in *Il Penseroso*. For soon after his departure from Chalfont we find him advocating a wide and almost universal toleration, speaking gently of Prelacy and the Church of his early years, and only excepting Popery from his scheme of general indulgence. To err, he says, is human, and God is merciful to the sincere seeker after truth. Many of his own doctrines—such as that of the inferiority of the Second Person of the Trinity, and of the lawfulness in certain circumstances of polygamy—were heterodox in the extreme, and enough to separate him from any of the religious sects of his day. The more he diverged from contemporary formulas the greater became his religious toleration; and if he still made some reservations, the only wonder is that they were so few. But though Milton had learned to speak gently of the Church, he could not accept her ministrations. To his mind a State-paid minister was a "hireling" who had "subscribed slave," and with such a one he could not enter into spiritual brotherhood.

But the bells have long since ceased to ring, and the six young men who were pulling the ropes have departed. They have fulfilled their duty in summoning others to prayer, and they have

something else to do this fine Sunday afternoon. We remain till the conclusion of the service, and then passing through the churchyard, and beneath an archway that pierces an ancient gable adorned with dark oak tracery, we find ourselves on the village green. What a picture of repose and perfect tranquillity! Not a sound breaks the stillness of the winter afternoon, for the little hamlet is resting; the worshippers have dispersed to their homes, and the voices of busy life are hushed. We stand and gaze down the wide grassy expanse to where, at the further end, the ducks are sleeping by the quiet pool, and the elms and chestnuts are spreading out their giant arms, as though in protection of the little community beneath. On either hand the lowly dwellings stand grouped with a picturesque absence of design; a moss-grown gable, a projecting chimney, an ivy-clad porch, a length of crumbling richly-tinted garden wall over which the boughs of the apple-trees are bending, a dusky, warmly-thatched barn, with eaves where the swallows nestle in the short summer nights. Two or three villagers stand together in the centre of the green, but we cannot hear their voices; a veteran in his shirt-sleeves leans by the door of his cottage, smoking his pipe and seemingly lost in reflection; a cart-horse is nibbling the grass close by and enjoying his day of rest. There is no other suggestion of life till a pretty black-eyed girl passes us accompanied by a sturdy young rustic. They are going for the Sunday walk to which they have been looking forward throughout six long days of toil; they are happy, we think, but they do not speak, and perhaps they have nothing to say. We watch them as they pass—Corydon in his Sunday suit of shining black, Phyllis in her smart brown jacket; they seem to care as little for what “hypocrites austere talk,” as for the risk of their neighbours’ railery. It may be that there are neither hypocrites nor busybodies in this old-world nook.

The aspect of the village can have changed but little since Milton came here in the year of the plague. It was time to depart from London. The gloom of death had fallen over the stricken city, and the watch-fires were burning in the streets, revealing the corpses of the dead and the agonies of the dying, and throwing a flickering light upon the house-doors marked with crosses to show that the pestilence had found its victims within. It must have been a relief to the blind, heart-broken old man to breathe the country air again, and to know that he was once more in the Buckinghamshire fields. And yet there was something peculiarly sad in this return to a neighbourhood in which he had spent the happiest days of his life. For scarce a dozen miles away lay Horton, the last resting-place of his mother, and the scene of his tranquil youth, where he had spent five happy years culling the flowers of ancient and modern literature, and enjoying with all the zest of young receptive genius those enchanting visions of country life and scenery which throw their spell over his earlier poetry. From this delightful retreat came forth *L’Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, the twin idyls in which Nature is viewed through her reflection upon a twofold mirror of the human mind; *Lycidas*, the noblest dirge and the most exquisite pastoral in the English tongue; *Comus*, the so-called masque, with its “Dorique delicacy” of lyric lay and majestic march of metre. No lesser offspring could have arisen from this union of youthful genius with Nature at her fairest. But what a contrast between the second sojourn in Buckinghamshire and the first! The country scenery that had charmed the poet’s youth—the “hedgerow elms on hillocks green,” the “russet lawns and fallows gray,” the upland hamlets—and Chalfont may have been one of them—with their “secure delight” and jocund festivals upon a “sunshine holiday,” the “cottage chimney” smoking between the oaks, the

"archèd walks of twilight groves"—all had faded away like some radiant dream of the early night in the long dark hours that follow; and though the voices of the fields may have brought back to him some ray of departed brightness, some half-forgotten pictures of the past, the vision could only bring with it a reflective melancholy in place of a fresh creative inspiration. For not only had his blindness severed Milton from the world of Nature, but chilly age and the failure of a noble cause had parted him from sympathy with his fellow-men; the hand of the musician had lost its cunning, nor could it again touch those rare spontaneous chords which ravish our human senses and speak to our human hearts.

And so it is that *Paradise Regained*, which was written here, breathes but faintly the aroma of the woods and fields. There are, indeed, a few delightful homely touches—such as the description of the aged peasant,

Following, as seemed, the quest of some
stray ewe,
Or withered sticks to gather, which might
serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow
keen,
To warm him wet returned from field at
eve;

or that of the disconsolate disciples, "plain fishermen," who "close in a cottage low together got" by a creek in Jordan, "Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play," bewailed their absent Master; or the charming pastoral scene later on, when, as the night wore out,

the herald lark
Left his ground nest, high towering to
descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with
his song,

where we seem to recognise once more the inspirations of Horton reawakened by the rustic environment at Chalfont St. Giles. But these are only a few stray flashes of the picturesque across a night of rhetoric; for already an

"age too late" and "a climate cold" as Milton himself complains, had quenched the fire of his poetic fancy.

And what an interval had separated these two periods of retirement in the Buckinghamshire fields! The long years of the Latin Secretaryship lay between—years of strife and fanatical controversy, which had injured the poet's health, destroyed his eyesight, and consumed the best energies of his ripened intellect. And now the cause of freedom was to all appearance lost, and the result to Milton was poverty, solitude, infirmity, ruin; and to his friends exile, proscription, death. The revels of the Restoration, the orgies of Whitehall, from which he prays for deliverance, had now continued for five years:—

But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian
bard
In Rhodope, when woods and rocks had
ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drowned
Both harp and voice.

And the prayer was heard; for during these years of darkness that serene majestic mind had soared into a higher region, from which it had been too long held back by the bonds of religious and political strife. In the defeat of his cause lay Milton's triumph, and the Restoration had given us *Paradise Lost*. Herein lay the consolation of the aged poet,

On evil days though fallen and evil tongues,
In darkness and with dangers compassed
round,

for his was now the restful happiness of one whose life-work is complete. The great epic for which he had been preparing from his early youth, "long choosing and beginning late," and rejecting every call save that of duty to the defence of liberty, was at last accomplished; and when Milton came here, bearing with him the precious manuscript, nothing was wanting but a few final touches to bring to its

realization the cherished dream of his life.

But it is time to visit the poet's dwelling, so we turn and ascend the hill behind us, at the foot of which the village green narrows into an irregular street. We reach the end of the village, where two venerable elms are standing by a barn, and a wicket-gate leads into a little garden. We pass through, and find ourselves at the door of Milton's house. It is a picturesque modest little abode, somewhat superior to the ordinary labourer's cottage, with a half timber gable of dark oak beams and weather-stained plaster, and windows with diamond-shaped panes looking out on a pleasant view of hedgerows and sloping greensward. A bellows-shaped chimney projects into the road; on the house-wall facing the garden is a small plate bearing the name of Milton, and higher up is a coat-of-arms said to be that of the Fleetwoods. We enter, and pass into a low dark room, in which, we are told, *Paradise Regained* was dictated. A narrow oak staircase leads to a loftier chamber above, the poet's bedroom, where he was wont to compose in the morning hours while still resting in bed. For his health was already declining, and he no longer rose at four or five in the morning, as had been his wont. After rising he heard a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read; then he breakfasted and had books read to him, or he dictated till twelve, then he took a short walk, dined at one, spent the afternoon in his garden or strolling about the neighbourhood, or, if the weather was unfavourable, playing the organ. In the evening he would see his friends, such as Penington or Elwood, from six to eight, and entertain them to a quiet supper. When they had departed he had "a pipe of tobacco" and a glass of water, and retired to rest. And so the tranquil uneventful days passed by.

It was within these walls that *Paradise Lost* first left its author's hands. "Some little time," says

Elwood, "before I went to Aylesbury Prison I was desired by my quondam master Milton to take an house for him. I took a pretty Box for him in Giles's Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice." After his release from prison Elwood visited the poet here, who delivered to him a manuscript which he bade him take home and read at his leisure. "I found," says Elwood, "it was that excellent Poem which he had entituled *Paradise Lost*. After I had read it through I made him another visit and returned him his book. He asked me what I thought of it? which I modestly but freely told him; and after some further discourse I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say to *Paradise Found*?' He made no answer, but sat some time in a muse. . . . When afterwards I went to wait on him (in London) he showed me his second Poem called *Paradise Regained*, and in a pleasant tone said to me, 'This is owing to you; for you put it into my Head by the Question you put to me at Chalfont.'" It is probable that the last few hundred lines of *Paradise Lost* were written here, and there is a picturesque touch at the close of the poem, describing how the evening mist

Risen from a river o'er the marish glides
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's
heel

Homeward returning,

which perhaps contains a reminiscence of the valley of the Misbourne.

We pass again into the little garden with its chrysanthemums and fragrant lavender, its leafless twigs of woodbine, and faded sunflowers and hollyhocks—now forlorn and dripping in the winter damp, reminding us of the pleasant autumn days that are fled. At the further end of the narrow path, so often paced by the poet's feet, a windlass stands over a well; and here we pause to look once more at the humble dwelling which once sheltered the sublimest genius of the seventeenth

century. As we gaze upon its crumbling walls, where the last rays of sunset are fondly lingering still, we seem to look through a vista of the past. We see the blind old man sitting by the door as he was wont, in his coat of coarse gray cloth, with his beautiful auburn locks, now streaked with silver, falling on his shoulders, and his blue eyes, sightless though "clear to outward view of blemish or of spot," filled with sympathy as he listens to the Quaker lad beside him, who tells with eager but deferential accents how he has suffered imprisonment for conscience' sake, and how the blight of persecution has already fallen upon his young life. They rise, and the youth gently and reverently leads his companion to the little wicket-gate and out into the quiet lane. They are gone; and the sunlight has vanished from the moss-grown gable. It is time to go hence.

But our pilgrimage is still incomplete, for not far away there is a hallowed spot which we must not leave unvisited. We turn to the left, and follow the road to where a few houses are clustering together in the pleasant upland fields, and a small brick meeting-house stands by a quiet little burial-ground. It is the hamlet of

Jordans, the Mecca of Quakerdom, the Campo Santo of the Society of Friends. Here, undivided in their last long slumber, Isaac Penington and Thomas Elwood and William Penn, the apostles of the brotherhood, rest side by side in the perfect attainment of that peace which they loved and taught, but which in life it was never given them to enjoy. No monument, not even a headstone, marks the spot where they lie; there is nothing save the heaving mounds of greensward, now faintly discernible in the soft afterglow, to show where these heroes of a pure Christianity repose after their life-long labour. We pause by the door of the little chapel; beneath the fifth mound from us, we are told, lies William Penn; on either side are his two wives; a little further lies Thomas Elwood; the site of Penington's resting-place is unknown. But the shadow of night is falling, and we have already lingered too long. We leave them sleeping in the dim still twilight, these venerable fathers of a simple faith, true followers of the ideal of the Nazarene; the rude blast of persecution cannot break their slumber here, for they rest in the peace that passeth understanding.

J. D. B.

BAKSHEESH.

THERE are not many words, even among those of foreign extraction, of which the orthography offers no less than thirteen alternatives. We have however the authority of the great English dictionary now issuing (very deliberately) from the Clarendon Press for declaring that Baksheesh is one of the few which enjoy this privilege. Originally of Persian origin, it seems to have made its first appearance in Western literature very soon after the death of Shakespeare, for in 1625 we find "bacsheese (as they say in the Arabicke tongue) that is gratis freely" (Purchas, *Pilgrimes*, ii., 1340). Whether or no the term ever really had this meaning it were difficult now to determine, but assuredly for many years past it has signified something very different. In what may be called its most vulgar and aggravating sense it is the first word to greet the Eastern traveller and the last to ring in his ears as he turns his face homeward. Probably no other single vocable rises with such persistent frequency as this to the lips of the dusky Oriental. It is like what mathematicians call a constant quantity, a ground-discord which underlies his every chord, a sort of spectral diapason from which there is no escape. Nothing in nature suggests more vividly the importunate system of the two daughters of the horseleech. A Neapolitan beggar is sometimes not easy to shake off, but sooner or later there comes an end to his pestering; we must go further south and east to interview the past-masters of the craft, who will take no denial, and on whose pachydermatous consciences the rudest rebuff makes no impression whatever.

Nevertheless it is not for the mere reiteration of the cry, "Give, Give,"

that the principle of Baksheesh deserves to be studied. That is but one phase, the lowest and noisest, of its multifarious nature, and one, too, that is to be met with more or less all the world over. It is admirably illustrated in our own country where, on one pretext or another, a perennial course of dunning is carried on. The beggar in the streets, indeed, plies his trade in these days with some diffidence, for political economy has decided that to encourage him is to prejudice the general weal. But the beggar in the pulpit, and the beggar in *The Times*, are beyond the reach of coercive legislation, and accordingly still drive a roaring trade. There are however in all countries, other and more refined developments of Baksheesh which it is interesting to trace. In some special forms, as we shall see, it has almost attained to the dignity of a fine art. Its successful practice demands a perspicacity and knowledge of character which are by no means universally distributed. In fact it is as far as possible removed from the indiscriminate largess to which the tourist in, let us say, Cairo or the Levant, finds himself invited and, as often as not, thanks to his dragoman, committed. There it is a mere question of nickel and patience, excellent discipline for one whose temper is short, whatever the length of his purse, but hardly calculated to exercise the higher faculties of caution and tact. He must needs go away somewhat poorer than he came, but it is scarcely possible for him to mismanage the business provided he keep his temper and cling not too tenaciously to the bawbees. The only danger is lest, as many tourists do, he fail to grasp the humour of the situation, and proceed to a futile exhibition of

wrath garnished with copious imprecations. Or, if controversially given, he may seek to improve the occasion by lecturing on thrift and honesty much in the tone he would adopt towards a tramp on a Berkshire highway. Whereas he ought simply to aim at being good-humoured and liberal; for the display of any more complex virtues there is in his present emergency absolutely no scope.

Despite all exhortation to the contrary, there is perhaps no maxim of wider acceptance in business and even in private circles than the time-honoured *quid pro quo*; the first person singular and the main chance are to this day our favourite minor deities. There is a concurrence of testimony to the effect that it was always so and among all nations. The few beacons of disinterestedness which brighten the selfish path of history, while charming in themselves, only serve to accentuate the prevailing dead level so tersely depicted by the poet Clough:

Each for himself is still the rule,
We learn it when we go to school,
The devil take the hindmost, O!

We may unhappily take it for granted that among the great majority of mankind it is an established rule to do nothing for nothing; on the other hand, every man has his price. Now this illustrates very satisfactorily some of the byways of Baksheesh. That ingenuous diarist, Master Samuel Pepys, tells us how on one occasion "the sayle-maker Mr. Harris" sent him "a noble present of two large silver candlesticks and snuffers, and a slice to keep them upon, which indeed is very handsome." And again, under date January 1st, 1668: "presented from Captain Beckford with a noble silver warming-pan, which I am doubtful whether to take or no." In modern English these little transactions on the part of Messrs. Harris and Beckford would no doubt be styled "paying commission." They were not simple presents from friend to friend, nor did they represent

payment for goods actually received from the accommodating Clerk of the Acts. None the less were they payments, and there had been, or would be, "value received." Ships must have sails—two centuries ago, at any rate, the proposition could not be disputed—and sail-making on a large scale is profitable. The good word of the Clerk might mean to Mr. Harris a fine haul of nobles and angels. When promotion hinges on interest rather than merit it is expedient to have a friend at court, and doubtless in the end Captain Beckford was not allowed to feel that his warming-pan had been thrown away. Whether prospective or retrospective these Pepsian presentations are excellent instances of Baksheesh in the sense of a gratuity to one who has rendered, or will render, some service, but who is neither morally nor legally entitled to any special payment. In this century there is no such compunctious feeling about accepting these *ἀδωρα δῶρα*—to use the familiar Greek oxymoron—as "Dapper Dickey" seems to have experienced. It is whispered that nowadays they are demanded as a right in many departments of trade, and thus Baksheesh is straightway metamorphosed into blackmail. Certain revelations touching the Metropolitan Board of Works pointed to a very elaborate system of *quid pro quo*, for which of course the long-suffering ratepayer had to find the money. In the case of Pepys nobody was a penny the worse. Somebody must supply the sails; and if Pepys was two candlesticks and a slice the better, we must rather congratulate him on his good fortune than condemn him for accepting them. It would be thought nothing of now. And yet candlesticks, snuffers, slice, and warming-pan probably made this too squeamish Clerk for the moment really uncomfortable, every one of them; Pepys was within an ace of showing himself a hero. However, "in spite of all temptation," he remained a man.

But the services of the mint or the silversmith are not always necessary to effect this variety of Baksheesh; sometimes the honorarium takes a less tangible form, though it answers precisely the same purpose. In an age like the present which has enacted such dire penalties for anything savouring of bribery and corruption it would never do to present a political supporter, for instance, with a warming-pan. Here the finesse of the art is brought into play. A man who is far too honourable to take anything of intrinsic value in return for his speeches and organizing labours in behalf of the party, who would scorn candlesticks, even were they legal, may nevertheless be rewarded and made happy in a variety of ways which, if not altogether above suspicion, are certainly unimpeachable in the literal sense of the word. If he be substantial, and ambitious of courtly precedence, all his toil, his canvassings and provincial harangues, will have been amply recompensed should he receive a barren title, barren in the eyes of others, but abundantly fruitful in his own. Even bishoprics have not always been conferred on the score of profound learning or ecclesiastical fitness. The days are indeed past when the mitre figured on the battlefield, but it is not so very long since it was a force to reckon with in the field of parliamentary debate. Or he may yearn for office, and it is expedient to secure him, for he would be a dangerous foe. He will throw the weight of his tongue into the scale of the highest bidder; therefore his tongue must be bought at any price, lest the enemy get hold of it and him. Let us make him a baronet, then, or a bishop, or an under-secretary, and without delay. Or, again, he may peradventure not be ambitious for himself, yet longs for the advancement of his friends or relations. His son, perhaps, or his son-in-law, would fain enter the lists of the political joust, and he is anxious that he should do so under favourable and influential aus-

pices. It is politic to administer to him his dose of Baksheesh in the shape which we know will be most palatable; then he becomes, unless his sense of honourable dealing be sadly dull, our friend for life, or at any rate for the session. These little matters must all be well within the ken of the Government which means to be strong and popular with its own party. The important thing is to do nothing so glaring in the way of largess or nepotism as to provoke discredit and embarrassing questions. Short of this, political Baksheesh, now as ever, is a most valuable tool, and all really great statesmen have learned to handle it with consummate dexterity.

The Spanish proverb says, "To give is honour, and to ask is grief (*El dar es honor, y el pedir dolor*)."

But that is not the view taken by a large proportion of mankind, whose conduct rather proves that, were such an apophthegm submitted to their judgment, they would instantly discard it as being what Charles Lamb somewhere calls "a vile scrag-of-mutton sort of sophism." The prevailing sentiment in these practical days is rather that whatever is worth having is worth asking for, and the antiquated notion of waiting for an offer is very seldom allowed to intervene between a man and that at which he aims. It is easy to see why this is so. Life is now lived at such a rapid rate, and there are so many competitors in every race, that it is no longer advisable, from the commercial point of view, to wait until hidden merit is detected and an offer of advancement is made. When once we are safely past school and college we are taken, within certain easily definable limits, pretty much at our own valuation. No competent inquirer will issue from the busy throng to investigate our ability and provide us with a suitable field for its exhibition. Naturally, therefore, any old prejudice which may have existed against asking, or against taking without the consciousness of having fairly

earned, is now quite out of fashion ; where, as now and again happens, it does crop up, it not only meets with no sympathy or encouragement, but is usually denounced as Quixotic, if not idiotic. Such foolish modesty is entirely out of touch with the spirit of the age. The cry for Baksheesh, then, in this form or in that, is yearly growing louder and louder. It is heard in all strata of society. If we want to lease a house we are as likely as not to discover that, besides the rent, there is what is mysteriously called a premium to be paid before we can claim possession. The very dustman demands, and is paid, a certain sum by the householders for doing work which he has already contracted with wholly different parties to perform at a fixed wage. It is at the bottom of all the strikes which have latterly undermined and demoralized the old relations subsisting between master and man. The professional agitator long ago determined to what war-cry his regiments would most surely rally ; it is, Baksheesh. Early and late he has dinned it into their ears, and at last they have learnt the lesson so perfectly that they will never forget it again. They have realized that it is the most powerful of all words in the vocabulary, and they shout it each year with more gusto and effect. Never was so effective a cry, if only kept up long enough, and yet so simple withal, a mere word constantly repeated like a Mussulman's Allahs. It has succeeded time out of mind at the Pyramids, and now it has taken firm root wherever an adequate volume of lung-power can be brought to bear. It bids fair to drown all other war-cries for a long time to come.

There remains, however, a phase of the epidemic, or endemic as it has really been this many a day, which is not necessarily calculated to excite the indignation of the virtuous. Aristotle's True Gentleman (according to some authorities possibly the greatest prig ever described in letter-press)

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would no doubt have scorned Baksheesh in any shape, but the humble variety now to be considered would have been specially obnoxious to him. He, it will be remembered, is the eccentric character who "prefers possessions that are noble, and that bear no profit, to such as are of profit and utility, for he thus more thoroughly shows his independence." He likewise "feels shame at receiving a favour" and "justly despises his neighbours, for his estimate is always right." It would have been quite impossible to "tip" him ; and it is this process, as it commonly obtains, which seems to suggest itself as worthy of a brief survey, the operations on a more magnificent scale having been already indicated at sufficient length.

The few students of the present generation who may live long enough to see the letter T attacked by Dr. Murray and the Clarendon Press will probably enjoy the pleasure of learning, on the best folio authority, at what period the now indispensable Tip first came into the English language. It is, at any rate, as old, in this sense, as Swift, in whose poem of *The Legion Club*, written in the year 1736, we find the lines :—

When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half-a-crown,
"Now," I said, "we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one."

But its history has yet to be written, for the elaborate Slang Dictionary of Messrs. Barrère and Leland makes no attempt to trace the origin and biography of this most fascinating of all monosyllables. The little that is known about it is scarcely to its credit. The etymologist assures us that it is closely allied to *tap* and may be recognized without much difficulty in both *tip-ple* and *tip-sy*. These are certainly disreputable cousins to acknowledge. Yet it cannot be denied that too often the destination of the tip is the tap, and perhaps we ought to congratulate ourselves

that our language expresses the kinship in a less brutal fashion than some foreign tongues. There is nothing poetical, nothing even smart, about *Trinkgeld* or *pourboire*. But in the case of our British equivalent, we are able, with a slight loosening of fancy's rein, to picture in our mind's eye the tip-tilted goblet, brimming with the bravest vintages of our island, and drained in honour of all that is fair and of good report. We could never evolve this from mere "drink-money," about which no halo of poetry or romance could by any possibility gather.

Speaking generally, it may be said that the Tip differs from the more pronounced Baksheesh in that it is usually concerned with small matters and, though none the less expected and unavoidable, is rarely demanded with offensive clamour as a right. In their essence they are for the most part identical, both being payments to which the payee is entitled on no legal or moral grounds. Some sort of service, already amply requited, is indeed in most cases the peg upon which is made to hang the pretext for advancing the claim at all, but there is also a species of tip which cannot be distinguished from a free gift, without any regard to benefit received or promised. Of this kind is the schoolboy's tip, the pleasantest of all varieties in the eyes of both donor and recipient. No monetary successes in after life can for a moment compare with the unalloyed charm of a totally unexpected sovereign towards the end of term, when cash is uncomfortably tight and some few disbursements have yet to be effected. This is undoubtedly the purest of all known financial pleasures. The first money fairly earned by the sweat of our brow or brain is very sweet; but by that time we have probably developed a calculating faculty which is apt to dull the keen edge of enjoyment. We begin to think not only how far it will go, but how long it will be before

we may depend upon receiving a second instalment. The schoolboy lives entirely in and for the present alone; give him either a shilling or a five-pound note, and his sole object is to convert it with all the speed he may into whatever his soul chiefly desires (as a rule, comestibles), recking nothing of the future, a paragon of happy carelessness and unthrift. But although the term is applied to him perhaps more frequently than it occurs in any other connection, its meaning is simply synonymous with gift, for he has probably done nothing, and will do nothing, to deserve any such pecuniary recognition. It very rarely acts as a stimulus to increased intellectual exertion. Nay, if it is his nature to be indolent, he will be as lazy as Belacqua still, for all the golden shower that is so lavishly rained upon him.

In almost all other circumstances, the real tip, that which is universal in civilized life, is bestowed upon one who is presumed to be inferior to the donor, not only in worldly wealth, but in social position also. Moreover there must exist some semblance of justification for it; in other words it ought to reflect, however faintly, the grand principle of *quid pro quo*. Stern moralists preach a periodical crusade against the practice of tipping railway-porters. Why, is their cry, should we fee a man for doing what he is paid by others to do, under pain of instant dismissal if he accept a farthing from passengers? Why indeed? There is no warrant save that of custom for such an anomaly. The man who gave the first tip to the first porter is alone responsible, for he established a precedent the effect of which will be felt so long as there is a permanent way extant. Why again, they ask, is the threat of summary removal from the company's service never carried into effect? Was ever a porter known, in the annals of railway history, to lose his place for accepting a shilling? Never; and for the excellent reason that the porters' superior

officers would at that rate most of them have to go too, all being pretty much tarred with the same brush in this respect. No grade is too exalted to take its Baksheesh.

When a porter shoulders a portmanteau or calls a cab most men find it very difficult to realize that he is not placing them under a certain obligation, which they ought in fairness to acknowledge by means of a small fee. Very few, at any rate, care to argue the point, or to accept the service without tendering some remuneration. If they do, the result is likely to be unpleasant, and unpleasantness in a public place is always to be avoided. The feeling of hotel servants, that is, in many cases, relieving the proprietor of the burden of wages, is accepted with equal meekness as a necessary evil. Here however we may excuse our weakness by putting forward our sympathy with the recipients of our bounty, who would otherwise make but a poor income. But why should we pay another man's servants? The absurdity of the custom must be recognized by all, though none have the courage to break through it. Its best excuse is its antiquity. In those painfully exact accounts of his daily expenditure which were kept by Gilbert White we constantly meet with such entries as the following: "Gave the Drawer at the Blue Boar, 1s: gave Mr. Parker's man of Trin. Coll. 1s.: servants at Chilgrove and Chichester, 6s." These tips were bestowed more than a century ago, and no doubt many account-books of much older date if forthcoming would tell the same tale. In fact there is good reason to believe that in earlier days the tax was even more general than it is to-day, or, at least, that it obtained where now it is no longer admitted. Occasionally it was resisted, and with success, as is proved by the following curious extract from Owen and Blakeway's *History of Shropshire*. Under date September, 1766, we read:—"Vails were abolished in Shropshire by a resolution passed at

the Infirmary meeting. The grand jury at the summer assizes had passed a similar resolution just before. It needs hardly be said that this was a fee expected by a gentleman's servants from every guest that dined at their master's table; a custom now preserved only at the official dinners given by the judges of assize upon the circuit." Imagine a grand jury of the present day abolishing, or even regulating, the tips hitherto recorded in the servants' hall of a private household!

In most continental capitals the drivers of public conveyances in addition to their legally graduated tariff receive as a matter of course a small bonus, which is demanded as a due if not spontaneously offered. This privilege, if not actually authorized by law, is at any rate never called in question, and, if it were disputed, no sort of redress would follow. The London cabman, on the contrary, occupies a position which is unique among Automedons. He is not invariably satisfied (who ever is?) with his legal payment, and sometimes estimates his distances on a more liberal scale than Gunter's chain would endorse, but he never condescends to demand a tip. In this particular he contrasts very favourably with his kind over seas. It is not that he is impervious to the charm of Baksheesh; but his soul, as a general rule, is too great to admit of his taking a mean advantage of his "fare." It may be also that he dreads some tampering with his license at the hands of a meddlesome magistrate. Whatever the source of his modesty, he alone among public characters goes untipped. Let this be remembered in his favour when he next risks his fortunes in a strike.

With this exception, however, the opportunity of distributing gratuities, which are ostensibly within our free-will but in reality are as compulsory and inevitable as fate, is practically universal. The thing must be done; that much is acknowledged; but all men cannot do it with a good grace. The Art of Tipping embraces

a variety of styles, and a handsome fee grudgingly disposed is sometimes not so highly esteemed as a sixpence given pleasantly. Richard Jefferies was not a humorous writer, but there is nevertheless a very amusing passage in his *Gamekeeper at Home*, where the hero of the work is supposed to be describing his experience of tips and tippers. It exhibits the various types so succinctly and happily that it may well be quoted at length, for a keeper is an excellent judge in such matters, and he thinks that nothing reveals a gentleman's character so clearly as his behaviour in this respect at the close of a day's shooting.

Gentlemen [he says] is very curious in tips, and there ain't nothing so difficult as to know what's coming. Most in general them as be the biggest guns, and what you would think would come out handsome, chucks you a crown and no more; and them as you knows ain't much go in the way of money slips a sovereign into your fist. There's a deal in the way of giving it too, as perhaps you wouldn't think. Some gents does it as much as to say they're much obliged to you for kindly taking it. Some does it as if they were chucking a bone to a dog. One place where I was, the governor were the haughtiest man as ever you see. When the shooting was done—after a great party, you never knowed whether he were pleased or not—he never took no more notice of you than if you were a tree. But I found him out arter a time or two. You had to walk close behind him, as if you were a spaniel, and by and by he would slip his hand round behind his back—without a word, mind—and you had to take what was in it, and never touch your hat or so much as "Thank you, sir." It were always a five-pound note if the shooting had been good; but it never seemed to come so sweet as if he'd done it to your face.

The gamekeeper, it must be admitted, has somewhat lordly notions, but his position is peculiar and he is exceptionally fortunate in having usually to deal with well-to-do patrons. Moreover he is probably the man of all others to whom a tip is seldom grudged,

and there can be but few of his standing in society who can afford to talk so contemptuously of "a crown and no more." What would have been Thomas Carlyle's verdict on such lavish bounty? If we are to believe his biographer he was an essentially liberal soul; but he probably did not throw away much in tips. In one of his letters stands recorded an episode which gives us a tolerably correct insight into his views on this subject. He found himself on one occasion at the Bell Inn at Gloucester, which he grimly describes as "a section of Bedlam." When he was about to take his departure, as he hoped, "for all time and all eternity," he remembered, or was reminded, that, before this might be, a certain little formality must get itself transacted, which awaits us all on taking leave of such establishments. This is his account of it: "The dirty scrub of a waiter grumbled about his allowance, which I reckoned liberal. I added sixpence to it, and produced a bow which I was near rewarding with a kick. Accursed be the race of flunkies!" The Boots complained next. "As they were never to meet more through all eternity," the Boots was allowed a second sixpence also; and so the philosopher went his way.

Not all men, however, have even the moral courage to offer what they reckon liberal, if that estimate is at all likely to fall short of his or hers who stands with expectant palm. We give what we believe to be customary, concealing with what success we may our chagrin at having to fee with an air of grateful alacrity those whom for the time being we regard as arrant extortioners, and whose bowings and scrapings are odious in our eyes. But it is at Christmas that our cup is at its fullest and threatens to run over. For then all the powers which preside over Baksheesh seem to be leagued against us, while we ourselves are without a claim to advance against any one else. The drain upon our resources in our own

family circle is serious enough, but when to this we add the hoarse chorus of unblushing outsiders who seek to prey upon our poor balance, life for the moment is hard to live, and remain solvent. We acknowledge the justice of the postman's overtures, but would fain repudiate those of the lamp-lighter, and our gorge rises when we interview the turncock. Why should we be called upon to conciliate other men's servants, who would be at once dismissed were they to leave us in darkness or with taps run dry? Can the butcher's boy reduce us to starvation, or the librarian's messenger restrict us to sermons and fifth-rate poetry, if we withhold the accustomed dole? We dare not put it

to the touch, but weakly, sometimes even with affected jocularly, resign ourselves to our fate. Year after year we somehow manage to survive the crisis, however fervent our inward groans and grumbles. We console ourselves with the cheap reflection that, after all, no man was ever yet known to be ruined solely by his Christmas gratuities, and we think that on the whole it is better to part with our shillings and half-crowns than offend all the regular callers at our back-door. For all that, we are the victims of an unwarrantable tax, sanctioned indeed by custom, but scouted by reason and by common sense.

ARTHUR GAYE.

THE BLESSED OPAL;

OR,

THE STORY OF THE FIFTY-THREE GENERALS.

It was at the time when Mexico, in its impatience of rulers under ordinary designations, was consenting to be more or less controlled by a military official whom the public knew as the Governor, and by a subordinate, a privileged *fidus Achates* known to the people as the Lieutenant. It was also the year in Mexico when the fashion in *sombreros* was in the direction of the lowest crowns.

The Governor commented on this fact to his Lieutenant, as they sat under the shade of the trees in the great *plaza*. The scent of the flowers from the market round the corner of the cathedral was wafted to them. The flower-girls were there, in the circular arbour and the booths, tying up bouquets of violets and roses, though the calendar called it winter. It was a paradise of flowers, if not of lovely women.

The Lieutenant had nothing to add to his superior's observation about the *sombreros*.

"It is a beautiful building," the Governor said, by and by.

"Which?" the Lieutenant asked, for beautiful buildings surrounded them.

"The cathedral, of course," said his Excellency impatiently. "I should like to have seen it," he added presently, finding that the Lieutenant made no response to his admiration, "I should like to see it now—if only for a moment—restored to the likeness of the temple of the great god Huitzilopochtli. The Saints forgive me!—I mean it only as a spectacle. The Cross is triumphant. But think of it, Don Pedro—the great hideous image, the dancing priests, the yet live hearts upon the altar—that very altar that we see there in

the edifice devoted to the true service. Do you think it should be there, Don Pedro? Is it not a profanation? Should we not have it removed?"

"The altar stone is *not* there," Don Pedro answered drily, pointing westward. "It is in the National Museum. It is the calendar stone that is in the cathedral."

"Ah, yes—true, you are right."

A green lizard glanced along the bough of a tree towards the Governor's head. It shone in the sun like a living emerald, and it seemed to wait for his next words.

"Still, do you not think we should remove it?"

The Lieutenant did not answer. He was a man of few words, and no theologian.

The Governor twirled his moustaches thoughtfully. He wore immense black moustaches, twisted out on either side. His eye and his nose were accipitral, and his dark face revealed the strain of Montezuma with an admixture of the conquering blood.

"Just for a day—no, a moment—I should like to see it," he said, reverting to his former thought, "a great day of the great War-god. No, I should not like to see it, but just once to see a reproduction of it—without its fearful tortures. How many thousand human victims do they say were slain in a day on his altar?"

The Lieutenant again did not answer, but the Governor showed no offence. The two men knew each other. The Governor put these questions as to a second self. When the Lieutenant did not answer, it was equivalent to his saying that he did not know.

"My opal will not show me the past," the Governor said simply.

"I don't know," his second self observed, "that I altogether believe very much in that opal of yours."

"What, Lieutenant! Do I understand you to say you do not believe in it?"

A humming-bird, which had been playing about in one of the trees of the *plaza*, darted down and hovered as if struck by the flash of the Governor's eye. "Do you shoot?" a gentle American lady had once asked him—he was a favourite with ladies. "I do not shoot ze animal, madam, I keep zat for ze human," he had answered in his best American—which was not good. And the lady had declared that sparks of visible fire flew from his eyes as he said it—for which she admired him all the more. The humming-bird seemed similarly fascinated as it quivered—stationary, but with wings working at invisible speed—before the Governor as he repeated his question, "Do I understand that you do not believe in it? It has been blessed."

"I know," the Lieutenant answered; "yet even so I have my doubts of it."

"Then I discharge you, sir," the Governor cried, with energy that scared the humming-bird to its palm-tree again. "I discharge you from your position about my person, and from the service."

"With arrears of pay?"

"Without a cent."

"Ah, well, in that case—yes—I believe—anything—even your opal."

There was a silence. The Governor took out two cigars and handed one to the Lieutenant. The latter accepted it, and striking a light gave the match to the Governor, and so they sat, smoking.

Soon the Governor drew from his pocket an opal of great size and circular form. He kissed it reverently, polished it with caressant coat-sleeve—then held it and admired it, letting the sun play on it. "Is it not beautiful?" he asked. "A lady told me once that it had in it the ghosts of all the other stones. Is it not true?"

His second self did not speak, and

the Governor fell agazing into the luminous, dense depths of the stone. "I see trouble," he said presently, talking low, as if to himself. (The humming-bird had returned to spy out the glitter of the gem.) "Trouble—a wave of trouble—then a clearing of the clouds—they are dispelled—and amongst them walk—ah!" he started—"Indian warriors—one, two, three, Heavens, how many?" He continued counting, while the Lieutenant nearly slept beside him, till he came to fifty-two—then stopped.

"Heavens! Fancy fifty-two!"

"What?" the Lieutenant asked. "Opals? Ladies? Ghosts?"

"Generals," the Governor said fiercely.

"A heavy tax on the treasury—if it pays them," the other commented.

"Listen." He threw out his left foot before him, rested his left hand on his knee, the elbow outward, and, with the opal held in his right hand, turned himself half-round to his Lieutenant and expounded the visions of the opal. "I saw," he said, "mist and trouble—then sunshine and joy. In the midst of the joy walked Indian warriors, men of the race to which, on the one side, my ancestors belonged. Had they been clad in the guise familiar to us of the Indian warrior I had thought little. More I might have thought had they been decked in the splendour of the warriors of the Montezumas—in the gold, the cotton mail, the wondrous feather-work, the broideries. They were in none of these, Don Pedro—they bore the uniform of our full field-officers of to-day, although they were on foot."

He stopped, and looked at his Lieutenant to see his impression of the vision as narrated.

"It's a funny opal," the Lieutenant said, taking it from him. Then, after gazing at it awhile, he added, "I see none of these things in it."

The Governor took it back from him, and restored it to his pocket with the air of suggesting an opinion that the Lieutenant never would.

"You refer, I suppose," said the latter, rising to leave him after a moment's thought, "to the trouble at Montezutepec? I will see about it to-morrow." He made a military salute to his superior and went across the plaza to the palace.

"Fifty-two, remember," the Governor called after him. "At one a week that will last a year." Then he strolled away to his carriage that stood awaiting him with its two fine bays, and the people turned and whispered to each other as he went, "It is the Governor."

He was stepping into his victoria when some one touched him on the shoulder. It was his Lieutenant. "Did the uniforms seem to have been ready-made or made to order?"

"Ready-made, of course," his Excellency replied. "Misfits or even second-hand most of them."

"Very good. I will see to it to-morrow."

The longest and the shortest days of the Mexican year come ever crowding on each other's heels. The shortest day in all Mexican chronology is *hoy* (to-day); the longest of all days—so long that if all were accomplished in it that is planned the sun would never set on it—is *mañana* (to-morrow). If but just once *mañana* were to be translated into *hoy*, one would need another Joshua to cry "halt!" to the passage of the sun. But since Cortes set what he deemed a Christian foot in Vera Cruz, and again away before that, so far as one can learn, from the days of Aztec or earlier and gentler Toltec, *hoy* never in Mexican history has caught up *mañana*. Mexico lives and dies awaiting *mañana*, and so will continue to live and die while it is Mexican. The Lieutenant was an exception to this rule, so far as was possible for him to be, being Mexican. The *mañana* would in time arrive when he would attend to the business of the uniforms and of the fifty-two generals.

Now the trouble at Montezutepec had occurred on this wise. The municipal authorities had been injudicious.

They had attempted to enforce some of the laws. Naturally this was resented by the inhabitants of Montezutepec, who forthwith had carried the Court House by assault and put most of the offenders to death at the muzzle of the six-shooter. There was nothing unusual in this. Each morning on rising the Governor consulted his opal, as a kind of revolution barometer, to discuss the probabilities of rebellion. But on this occasion the insurrectionists seemed inclined to go beyond their recognised rights—and the Governor sent down his Lieutenant to punish them. They were in some force, had full possession of the town, and would take a good deal of punishing. Montezutepec is a fair-sized country town, and the flat roofs and barred windows of the houses are excellent vantage posts, as has been many times proved in Mexican warfare. Wherefore the Governor said, reading from the depths of his opal, "I perceive Indian warriors, and by them the brunt of the assault is borne."

The Lieutenant marched down without opposition into the neighbourhood of Montezutepec, and by strong threats, small gifts, and big promises obtained the assistance of a hardy local tribe of Indians. His plan of campaign was to divide forces. At a certain time, he said, the Indians should march into the town upon the north side, while he with his men having made a *détour*, would simultaneously invade the town from the south. So the two detachments parted for the night under orders to make a joint attack at daybreak the next morning. Day, however, appeared to have broken upon the Indians some hours or so earlier than it broke upon the Regulars; for though the former commenced their attack according to orders, they found themselves in vain expecting the assistance of the military, who were to have taken the city from the south. But the Lieutenant was not unobservant. It seemed to him more simple to wait to occupy the town until the Indians had been defeated, and the

fighting force of Montezutepec had departed in pursuit of them. Then he had but to march in, with all honours of war, and occupy the flat roofs and the houses with the barred windows, and the town and its vantage points would be his.

Matters turned out much according to the expectation of the Lieutenant, but not entirely so; for there are in the neighbourhood of Montezutepec, and a little to the north of it, the remains of huge pyramids, larger than even that of Cheops. For this being the highest point of all the country round, and lying moreover in a clearing of the tropical forest, it naturally was first to catch the rays of the morning sun; for which reason it had been held in high honour by the pious Aztecs as a favourite haunt of the sun-god, and this pyramid had been erected by them to his glory. To the said pyramid then the Indians retreated, when the Montezutepecans pressed hard upon them; and there they stood and shot, killing and being killed, while the Lieutenant without opposition invested the town, until out of an original number of some hundreds there remained alive considerably less than one hundred. Of this one hundred there subsequently died of their wounds a number which left but fifty-two survivors; and that the remnant were not killed in cold blood is to be accounted for only by the fact that the Montezutepecans were puzzled to know what to do with the corpses they had, and did not wish to add to their number. To confirm their decision the news arrived of the occupation of their town, from the other side, by the Lieutenant. In fact they found him so completely established that to all intents and purposes the town had ceased to be theirs; and having no sufficient weight of artillery to dislodge him, they adopted the best possible means of coming to terms by capturing and handing over to him their own ring-leaders, whom the Lieutenant immediately executed, and returned to Mexico city to report that justice had been done.

A year later, and the fifty-two survivors of the Indians who had rendered the Lieutenant, what his report speaks of as "some assistance" in the affair of Montezutepec, are still waiting till the *mañana* of his promises shall become the *hoj* of their fulfilment. They are Indians of a hardy and warlike tribe—able to make their waitings noticeable, wherefore the Governor sits in the *plaza* beneath the ornate cathedral of San Francisco and reads visions off his opal; and on the morrow—the *mañana* having for once and for this special object turned itself into a *hoj*—tailors are instructed to furnish at the cheapest possible cost, fifty-two suits of general-officers' uniform, to clothe the comparative nakedness of the Indian warriors in the neighbourhood of Montezutepec. In a year's time the last surviving Indian had been appointed a general-officer of the Mexican Army with authority to wear the uniform which a bountiful government supplied to him, to draw the pay (if he could get it), and take command of any that he could find to obey him.

Meanwhile the fifty-two generals sat in full uniform at the fifty-two doors of fifty-two palmetto-reed cabins under the mighty trees of the Mexican forests. Their wives and daughters sat around them, patting from hand to hand the *tortyas* for their meals. Their little brown children sprawled nakedly at their feet. The tame parrots sat on the branches of the ebony trees and wondered at them. The giant creepers stretched their great arms aloft and wove themselves into cable-strong lacery over the heads of the generals as over any others of the tribe. There was no difference between them and their neighbours, save perhaps that they drank more *pulquè* and misconducted themselves in rather more high-toned style. But this did not satisfy them. They wanted more than this. They had the effrontery to ask for their pay.

It was a warm summer, and the Governor had shifted his quarters

from the city to Chapultepec. He sat on the terrace of this favoured spot, the hill whence Montezuma was wont to gaze over the beloved city which, as the prophecies of the Fair God whispered to him, he was soon to lose. Here, like him, the Governor sat, caressing his blessed opal and gazing over the fair city when an American was brought into his presence with a letter of introduction from Señor Saloman Bensadi.

The American removed a high hat of astonishing glossiness in response to the Governor's bow, and presenting his letter of introduction, seated himself upon a chair which had been brought at the Governor's command. When the latter had finished the perusal of Señor Bensadi's note, he looked at the American for a full minute without speaking, and the glossy-hatted man bore the inspection with the blandest composure.

The American had the appearance of pictures of the apostles, though this of course does not apply to his dress, which was of sombre black finished off with elastic-side boots. His hair, however, was of apostolic length, falling upon his shoulders, and of venerable whiteness. His face was clean shaven save for a fringe which suggested a halo. Nevertheless, he was not an apostle, but a general—General Sheldrake. "Another general," the Governor commented, "that makes fifty-three."

"You have not adopted the native head-dress, the *sombrero*, I perceive," the Governor said, when he had done looking at him.

"No."

"They wear them very low this year; there is hardly room for the lace."

The subject of *sombreros* seemed without fascination for the visitor. He did not answer. The Governor did not pursue the topic.

"You are interested in railways, my friend, Señor Bensadi writes me."

At length the apostolic visitor spoke. But before he did so, he

solemnly stretched forth his hand, as though to take under its benediction the whole valley of Tenochtitlan.

"Your Excellency," he said, savouring the words as though they tasted well in his mouth, "your Excellency, here you have a great country, a noble, a fair country—the fair roofs and domes, and minarets of Mexico—the Venice of the Aztecs——"

"You have read Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*?" the Governor interrupted him to ask.

The visitor bowed.

"So have I," said the Governor. "We might take your description from that, and go on." He spoke bad American. The visitor did not fully understand him.

"Yonder looms the great white cone of Iztaccihuatl, 'the white woman,' looking towards her lord and master, Popocatepetl, 'the mountain that smokes' ——"

"Do you smoke?"

The American shook his head, but the Governor nevertheless lighted a cigar. The visitor paused and watched the smoke begin to curl round the Governor's moustaches. "But," he then went on, in a different tone, at length allowing his hand to assume a more natural position, "but you have no railways—I would not say none, nay, but hardly any. That inestimable blessing, however," he said, rising proudly, and tapping himself upon the breast-pocket of his frock coat, "that inestimable blessing I am able to give you."

The Governor understood him sufficiently well to draw out the magic opal and become absorbed in its depths. When the General had spoken for some five minutes more to the same purpose, his Excellency began to speak likewise. The American listened respectfully, and the Governor read the vision: "I see dreadful things happening—things that require my presence within the house. You will forgive me, I know, when I say good-bye."

"What a magnificent opal," the American observed. "My friend,

Señor Bensadi, has some very fine ones."

"This one has been blessed," the Governor said gravely, as if rebuking the implied comparison. "Pray inspect the palace, the grounds, the giant cypresses," he continued, courteously. "You may see traces of the bath which Montezuma carved out of the living rock, and Aztec hieroglyphs. You may also find crowns of hats without the brim, brims of hats without the crown, old preserved meat cans and old boots, all bearing signs of a high antiquity, but clearly belonging to a later civilization than the Aztec. There is also a well-preserved aqueduct. Good-bye."

"A singular man," the American reflected, as he drove back, past the statues of the Montezumas, and re-entered, by way of the Alameda, the city of Mexico. "But," he mentally added, as he alighted in the courtyard of the Iturbide Hotel, "I am not much nearer getting a concession for a railroad."

When the Governor went into his study the Lieutenant was there writing.

"There is another general," he said; "an American this time."

The Lieutenant did not answer, but ceased writing in order to listen with attention to the words of his superior.

"There are too many generals in Mexico," the latter went on.

Still the Lieutenant did not answer. Perhaps he was thinking that the Governor's remark boded ill for his own chances.

It seemed that the other's thought had forecasted the possibility of this reflection, for his next words were:—"Unless we remove a few, promotion in the higher ranks seems at a stand-still. Listen," he continued, fiercely, as if the Lieutenant had been constantly interrupting him. "While yonder American was speaking of childish things, I read a vision in my opal." He went to the window and paused a moment, looking out on the infantry and field-guns in the

courtyard of the palace, on the mounted sentries here and there visible among the great cypress trees at the foot of the rock on which the palace was built. Then he looked over the tree-tops away to the white city, and then began speaking in a dreamy voice—"I saw a banquet, there were above a hundred guests, one hundred and four to be precise. One half of these were in the uniform of general officers, but their hue was swarthy. They sat alternately with soldiers of common rank, but of fairer face. And the banquet went merrily until the dessert—then all was confusion. Can you interpret the vision?"

The Lieutenant laughed a low appreciative chuckle. "It is a funny opal," he said. "I will start *mañana* (to-morrow)."

A fortnight later the hearts of the fifty-two generals at the fifty-two doors of the palmetto-reed huts were cheered to receive an invitation from the Governor's Lieutenant to a great banquet in the neighbourhood of Montezutepec. "It was the intention of the Government," the invitation said, "in recognition of their noble patience in awaiting the arrears of pay, which had unaccountably miscarried, to show its appreciation by requiting them in such full manner that they should never hereafter utter a word of complaint against its generosity. To inaugurate this great consummation the Lieutenant on behalf of the Government had the highest pleasure in inviting them one and all to a banquet, at the conclusion of which they should receive full quitance." There was great rejoicing in the palmetto-reed huts, and the parrots chattered more volubly, and the women patted the *tortillas* more vigorously, and the generals quaffed the *pulque* more voluptuously—in order to get themselves into training for the banquet on the morrow.

And on the morrow they fared to the feast, and each Indian general was seated beside a Spanish-Mexican private-soldier, and took no offence, because

of the prospect of the banquet and of the receipt of pay. They feasted gloriously, and in heads unaccustomed to anything but *pulquē*, the *aguadiente* of the white man wrought strange visions, until at a certain stage of the dessert the Lieutenant gave the word for rendering to the generals their quittance in full, whereupon each white man turned to his swarthy neighbour on the left-hand side, and saying with Spanish courtesy, "Will you take some cheese?" drove his dagger home into the Indian's heart. And for the fifty-two Indian generals, alone in all Mexico, there was no *mañana*.

In a few days the Governor received from the Lieutenant a report of an attempted insurrection which had taken place amongst the Indians near Montezutepc, but had been promptly put down by the punishment of fifty-two of the ringleaders. "He is a faithful servant," the Governor said, with a gentle sigh of relief. "So much for the fifty-two generals. Now I can give my attention to the fifty-third."

During these days the American had not ceased to call upon the Governor at such short intervals as he deemed prudent, to renew his solicitations about the concession of the railroad. The Governor, however, had invariably spoken the fatal word *mañana*, and the American general began to fear that the *mañana* would never translate itself into *hoy*. On the return of the Lieutenant from paying off their arrears to the fifty-two Indians near Montezutepc, there were walking under the palms of the Alameda, the Governor, the Lieutenant, General Sheldrake, and Señor Saloman Bensadi. They had been watching with interest the bright birds in the open air aviary, and the deer in the enclosure, when the American reverted to the subject of his visit.

"I should like to tell you," Señor Bensadi was saying, "a story of a nest of mocking birds which——"

"Speaking about railroads," the American interrupted, turning to the

Governor. But he in his turn was interrupted—

"Speaking about railroads," the Governor echoed. "I should like to tell you the story of the American railroads. Let us sit down."

They sat on benches in the shade. Workpeople in *poncho* or *serape* sauntered past them; on the carriage road before the houses an occasional *hidalgo*, seated very erect on his unshod horse, ambled noiselessly over the *mesquite* pavement to the city. Farther away the noise of the carriages was indistinctly heard.

"George Washington," said the Governor, drawing the blessed opal from his pocket and reverently gazing into its depths, "was the father of his people and George Washington could not tell a lie. We know that it was true because he told us so himself, and he was a man who could not tell a lie."

"That was when he was quite a little boy," General Sheldrake observed. "He grew more intelligent afterwards."

"Epimenides the Cretan said that all Cretans were liars," Señor Bensadi interposed.

"I do not see that that has anything to do with George Washington," the Governor replied. "One of your finest writers has said, 'I know he was a gentleman for he told me so himself, and he would not tell a lie about a little matter like that.' Of course this was not with any reference to George Washington, but it illustrates my position. But what I was going to say was that though he was the father of his people he does not seem to have transmitted his incapacity to his children. Perhaps it will reappear in the next generation. Have you any remarks to make upon the tendency of hereditary traits to skip a generation?" he inquired of the Lieutenant.

"No; none."

"There has been more than one generation since the time of George Washington," Señor Bensadi suggested.

"Ah, true," said the Governor, "then we will leave George Washington; but the story, as I read it, is this. It occurred to certain gentlemen living in a town, which we may leave in its obscurity on the Pacific, that it would be a good thing for the town to promote a railroad to run from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. Their motives were purely philanthropic—for they said so themselves, and again they would not have told a lie about a little matter like that. So they approached the State Legislature, with which they had influence, and said, 'We regard it in the light of a public duty to do all that in us lies towards the building of a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific—the advantages of commerce, and so forth.' We need not follow out all the reasons which these philanthropic men adduced for their philanthropy."

"Certainly not," the Lieutenant interposed.

"Therefore," the philanthropists continued, 'we ask only that you should give us so much per mile for the construction of the railroad, as well as every alternate section along the line of the railroad' (a section I need hardly tell you is 640 acres), 'and we, in return, will undertake to build you this road.' Well, the Legislature agreed to the proposal. The 'so much' per mile for which the philanthropists had bargained turned out to be about twice as much per mile as the construction of the railroad cost. The alternate sections turned out to be of enormous value, with the railroad running through them. Thus the country was opened for Eastern capital, the philanthropists became men of such wealth that the name of millionaire failed to designate them, and thus we see that philanthropy never fails of its due reward." The Governor paused, but in such a way that all his hearers knew that there was more to follow. Seeing their silently expectant attitudes he continued: "It is one of the character-

istics of this virtue that it constantly extends its sphere. The philanthropists did not feel that they had done enough. Having built this road by the aid of the State, and having profitably sold its bonds, they found themselves in possession of sufficient capital to build a railroad upon their own account. This road was in direct opposition to the previously built railroad, and they were thus enabled to supply the public with the blessings of a competitive system of railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific—in which philanthropic enterprise it was found, as before, that philanthropic virtue was not its own (and its only) reward."

This time he ceased in such a manner as to indicate that he had reached the conclusion of his narrative. There was a momentary pause. Then the American said: "Excuse me, but in what way has this a bearing upon the proposal that I have brought before you?"

"Merely as showing," replied the Governor, replacing the opal in his pocket, "that railroads are not always built purely in the interests of the travelling or trading public."

"Would you be kind enough," the American asked, "to lend me your opal for a few minutes? I am curious to see whether I could read a vision off it."

After a moment's reflection the Governor rather reluctantly drew the stone from his pocket and handed it to General Sheldrake.

The American gazed awhile into the translucency of the blessed gem. "I read from it," he said at length, "a vision which we may call 'The Story of the Man who knew his Price.' A certain man was commissioned by the government of a certain state to travel around and report upon the working of the licensing laws. He was an honest man——"

"Was he a friend of yours?" the Governor asked, but General Sheldrake paid no attention to the question.

"He was an honest man, and when

he had been absent a week or two he wrote to the Board by whom he had been commissioned as follows: 'On my arrival at the town of A—— I was offered ten thousand dollars to frame my report in accordance with the wishes of those who would have bought me. At the town of B—— I was offered twenty thousand dollars. At C—— I was offered thirty thousand dollars; at D—— forty thousand; at E—— fifty thousand. On each of these cities I now beg to hand you my report, and at the same time I would ask you to recall me, and to send some one else to report upon the other cities of the state, *for they have very nearly reached my price.*'"

"From which we are to infer?"—the Governor said interrogatively, as the American thus concluded his story.

"That every man has his price," the latter answered, looking into the Governor's eagle-eyes as he handed him back the opal.

"Yes," the Governor replied, returning his gaze with interest. "Every man has his price. But some men's price is hard to reach."

After this, General Sheldrake bought a tract of land very cheap, yet at a price which Señor Bensadi laughed at him about, for it was in the alkali desert and would grow nothing—so at least Señor Bensadi maintained, but General Sheldrake said it was an oasis in the desert, and that he would make his money off it, with interest. So he built a house and lived there, and occasionally came into the city to see Señor Bensadi, or to try to persuade the Governor to his own views about the railroad.

Now it was the Governor's habit to drive out, some three or four days in the week, generally with his Lieutenant, and the most favourite of his drives was to that tree of sad memories, the *triste noche* tree, under whose shade the indomitable Cortes is reported to have wept on the night of his expulsion from the city of the Montezumas. And on one occasion of these drives the Governor passed near

the house of General Sheldrake, and he bade the coachman pull up, and smiled at what he saw being done there, for there was great activity, and mules were coming and going from the river-bed, bringing loam and putting it into pits dug here and there in the alkali ground. And the Governor looked thoughtfully into his opal and for the first time began to ask himself whether the American were more knave or fool; for if this were knavery it was hard to see to what end it tended.

In a few months the patch bought by General Sheldrake in the desert was green with pumpkin vines, which grow, when they grow at all, so fast that one can all but see them doing it. It was, as he had told Señor Bensadi, an oasis in the desert, and he asked Señor Bensadi to come out and stay with him, and the man from the city was exceedingly surprised by what he saw. "Really," he said, "I had no idea that this alkali land could be made so fertile."

But the other said, Yes; that he had had a great deal of experience of alkali (as indeed he should, for he was raised in Arizona), and that he had often noticed that where there was a patch of fair land, with alkali about, that patch was extraordinarily fertile. "It seems," he said, "as if that patch had, as it were, sapped the fertile qualities of all the surrounding land, and concentrated them in itself."

And Señor Bensadi said, "Oh yes," though for all he understood of it he might equally well have answered "Oh no," and that was the end of it.

In a few months more General Sheldrake started from his ranche as the dawn was bathing in rosy light the snowy heads of Popocatepetl and his spouse. He rode thoughtfully through the cactus and the *mesquite* bush, and arrived in the city before the sun was hot. He came into the stifling little store where Señor Bensadi sat among his opals, his feather-work, his broaderies, his Mexican silver-work, and all his antiques. He declined a glass

of vermouth which his friend thoughtfully offered him; his normal volubility had deserted him, he seemed like a man with whom the world was going amiss. He despaired of getting his concession for the railroad.

Señor Bensadi discussed commerce and art. "Things are going well with us," he said. "Jewels are coming in well, and going out well. Above all, we have made many improvements during the last year or two in the manufacture of antiques."

"You have some fine opals," the American said, looking round him, "but none quite so fine as the Governor's."

"Ah," the Señor answered, with a glance of doubtful significance. "His, you see, has been blessed."

"Hum!" said the American, equally doubtfully. "Now what is the meaning of this visioning and sight-seeing in this blessed opal, anyway?"

"Well," Señor Bensadi said, "no question has been more discussed in Mexico than that which you have just asked me. How much does the Governor see, or does he believe he sees, and how much does he only make-believe to see? He is a pious man, my friend, as we all are, and most undoubtedly he had this opal blessed, and values it sacredly. And in the East there have always been traditions of the miraculous visions in the depths of the opal—for those who have eyes to see. But there are also many in Mexico—Saducees and sceptics—who declare that it is all a make-believe of the Governor's. That instead of giving a direct command, which might involve responsibility, he does but read off some fairy tale or parable which that Lieutenant (who understands him as if he were his familiar spirit) interprets and executes. That is what some say. I do not know which say the truth. For me, I say nothing."

"Hum!" said the American again. "But tell me—you surely do not believe at all in this miraculous power that they attribute to the opal?"

"They are funny things, my friend,

these opals," he answered, a little uneasily. "They make funny eyes at night, when you come into this store" (he was whispering) "with the moonlight playing on to them. It would take a bold burglar to rob this store, I think. But some of them are not the real opal—there are shrieks and there are mocking-birds."

"How do you say?"

"I mean there are opals and there are onyxes. All that pass for opals are not opals at all."

"Then what are you talking about mocking-birds?"

"Ah, my friend, did I not tell you that story? I call it the Story of the Nest of Mocking-birds. It is written on the saddest page of my life's history. They are beautiful birds, mocking-birds, are they not? And such a lovely note, so rich, so full! Such a power as they have, too, of weaving into their own wonderful song each sound they hear—a horse neighing, a baby crying—no matter how homely the sound they fill it full of melody, while they preserve the imitation and make it fit into their own harmony. I am a great lover of birds. It has been my dream to go back some time to my native country, there to hear the skylark sing, the bird of Burns, of Wordsworth. I, as I need hardly say, am a Scotsman."

"A what?" the General asked, astonished.

"A Scotsman, of course," Señor Bensadi said, with mutual astonishment at the other's surprise. "I need scarcely remind you of those famous names Ben More, Ben Nevis, or Ben Lomond, to show you how common a prefix is that which my own name bears. My ancestors used to roam the Highlands——"

"Of Mount Sinai."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I did not speak," said the General.

"At least it was nothing important."

"To return to our mocking-birds," the Scotsman resumed. "I was in love—deeply, devotedly in love—for, as a compatriot has said to me, 'When a

Scotsman loves, he loves to distraction ; and when a Scotsman drinks, he drinks to desperation.' But I will spare you my distractions. I loved her. I spoke to her often—in fervent words—of the song of the mocking-bird. She was a Chicago girl. Yes," he went on hurriedly and fiercely, catching the other's eye, "her feet *were* large, but I loved every inch of them. I believe I often tried, by humming, to give her some idea of the mocking-bird's song ; but she said that even so she could scarcely realise it. Then it occurred to me—oh, brilliant conception—to send her a nest of young mocking-birds. I found the nest myself. Ah ! that was the mistake I made in the excess of my ardour. I should have let some one else find it for me. But I sent them to her, by special messenger, and had the happiness of hearing that they had arrived safely and that they were doing well. By degrees her letters grew colder. Some one had inspired her perchance, I thought, with suspicions to my disadvantage. The references to the 'dear little mocking-birds' grew less frequent ; but at length I got a letter which was full of mocking-birds. (I speak metaphorically, you will understand.) She said the birds would not sing, and would eat nothing but raw meat. I wrote back and said it was not the season for their singing, and that the change of climate would naturally make them want strong nourishing food. But I grew madly uneasy. I could bear it no longer, and at last I rushed to Chicago. Imagine my feelings, my friend, my suspicions were all too fully realised. They were there in full blatant health, accursed destroyers of my happiness, with hooked beaks, eating meat like cannibals—my beautiful mocking-birds were simply unmitigated shrikes !"

"And the sequel?" General Sheldrake asked, as the other paused.

"The sequel !" he said, in painful gasps. "The sequel is, that I remain a bachelor."

"I see," said the General, "you

are a shrike, instead of a mocking-bird."

Señor Bensadi smiled in mournful appreciation of his friend's humour. "Yes," he added, "an onyx instead of an opal."

"By the by," General Sheldrake said, "in my sympathy for you I was nearly forgetting the object of my visit. I have discovered," he continued, drawing within confidential whisper range, "I have discovered another oasis. It is within three leagues of that one which you saw smiling like a garden. Unhappily I have not the money to buy or open it up. But it is a tract of unexampled fertility. I have so great confidence in it that if you will advance me the money on mortgage of that property, which you have already seen, I will willingly pay you fifteen per cent."

"Certainly, my friend, certainly. The interest is fair, and the security is good, for I have seen it with my eyes ; it remains to consider at what rate we should value the property."

And the business between them was concluded in fewer hours than a Mexican would have needed *mañanas*.

The Governor and his Lieutenant were sitting, a few *mañanas* after this, on the seat beneath the old cathedral, with the perfume of the violets in the flower-market wafted to them and the humming-birds poisoning themselves over the palm trees, just as they were seated when the Governor read from his opal the first vision of the fifty-two generals. The Governor was talking and the Lieutenant was listening in absent-minded obedience when a *sombrero* came to a halt before them and was perceived to shade the dark features and some of the portly person of Señor Saloman Bensadi. The Señor expressed his gratification at seeing the Governor in such good health, and observed that all things indicated that their friend in common, General Sheldrake, proposed to make Mexico for a while his home.

"Indeed," said the Governor. "May

one ask on what you base that inference?"

"On the fact that I have recently furnished him on friendly terms with a sum of money for the purchase of some more land."

"Indeed," the Governor replied again. "Now I should have inferred, on the contrary, that the fact of owing money in a certain city would rather have the tendency to make the borrower desire to leave that city. But doubtless you know your friend, beyond question, a man of the highest honour."

"I said friendly terms, your Excellency; but that was not to say without security. Oh no! That eligible and fertile garden which the General has planted—"

"In the alkali desert?"

"Precisely; but his oasis flourishes like a bay tree—"

"Pardon my interrupting you," said the Governor, who for the last few seconds had been questioning the profundities of the blessed opal. "With your kind permission I would like to expound to you a vision that I see here, and which I may call the Story of the Pumpkin Vines. I see a man of apostolic countenance directing certain agricultural operations in the alkali desert. I see mules coming from the river bank bearing loads of loamy earth, which are discharged into large holes dug in the alkali ground. Again, and I see a planting of seeds in the holes so prepared among the alkali. Again, and I see the spreading limbs of the pumpkin vines, and behold they have covered all the alkali ground, and the apostolic man's patch smiles like a verdant garden. Again, and I see the apostolic man displaying his work proudly to a *sombbreroed*, dark-visaged man of fine full habit. Again, and I see the dark-visaged man of full habit handing money to the apostolic man and receiving in exchange a legal

document. Again, and I see the apostolic man leaving his house and garden. His house is stripped bare. The pumpkin vines have withered down, and the ground is again bare alkali. He is leaving with all his household goods. Again, and I see the dark-visaged man in fury—but no, that is enough."

"Great heaven!" exclaimed Señor Bensadi. "Do you mean to say you think the General would have left me—would have deceived me—left me to foreclose on worthless land?"

"The General!" the Governor echoed, with every accent of surprise. "What general? Did I mention a general?" he asked, turning to the Lieutenant.

"Not that I am aware of."

"Understand, sir," the Governor continued, turning with fury to Señor Saloman Bensadi, "I made reference to no general. I did but favour you with a reading of a vision from my sacred opal. I will wish you good morning."

Señor Saloman Bensadi was a very sad Scotsman as he stood, on the *mañana*, in the alkali desert surveying a few withered stems of pumpkin vines and a dismantled wooden house, the late residence of General Sheldrake, who, as inquiries in the city had shown him, had been recalled by urgent business to America on the previous day. The Señor left his buggy and hammered at the door of the wooden house, with no avail. None answered. With a bar of the snake fence which had inclosed the once verdant pumpkin patch he broke the poor lock. The room was as bare as the desert. It was not even relieved by cactus or *mesquite* scrub. Only behind the door was pinned a sheet of paper headed "To Señor Saloman Bensadi," and, underneath the legend, "Is it mocking-birds or shrieks?"

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

EXTRACTS FROM SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

II.

WHILE picturing to ourselves the unvarying and monotonous existence led by the inmates of Haworth Parsonage, we can easily conceive how stirring must have been the contrast when Charlotte Brontë's connection with the literary world began at last to make itself evident. Her cherished desire to remain unknown was to be overruled. Rumours as to her sex began to circulate and gain ground; and, though sooner or later such surmises were inevitable, they caused her considerable annoyance and vexation. She knew well enough, and felt keenly, that in the minds of many good people of that day the mere knowledge that the author was a woman would be sufficient to give her writings a significance (or rather an insignificance) quite apart from their intrinsic merits. Currer Bell, the author, and Charlotte Brontë, the country parson's daughter, were in her mind two distinct individuals, and had nothing in common. The latter's skill as a housewife, the excellence of her jams and pickles, concerned the home circle alone; she claimed a judgment equally fair and unbiassed for the achievements of Currer Bell, the writer. Great therefore was her dismay when her attention was called to a criticism on *Shirley*, which appeared in one of the leading reviews, and which she afterwards discovered to have been written by Mr. G. H. Lewes. This article, though highly laudatory, contained throughout constant and mortifying allusions to the sex of the author, and Miss Brontë bitterly resented the injustice of allowing the personality of the writer to identify itself with the book.

To criticism the keenest and the

most searching, to censure even, she never showed herself averse when offered in a fair spirit, indeed, it may be said rather that she courted it, regarding it in the light of a wholesome and necessary tonic. Take as an example a sentence like the following :

You do very rightly and kindly to tell me the objections made against *Jane Eyre*; they are more essential than the praises. I feel a sort of heartache when I hear the book called "Godless" and "pernicious" by good and earnest-minded men; but I know that heartache will be salutary—at least I trust so.

And again I repeatedly find remarks of which the following half-playful protest is a sample :

I glanced over the list of notices you sent, and I see much tact has been exercised in the selection. Shall I tell you what you have done? You have just culled the best sentences in each review as if you had been gathering flowers in a *parterre*, rejecting what was superfluous and unsightly like weeds: you have made them up into pretty little bouquets of praise. I do not care for the sight or scent of them, but call them artificial. The censure and condemnation were probably equally well founded. I shall ever intreat my *first critic* to be as impartial as he is friendly: what he feels to be out of taste in my writings I hope he will unsparingly condemn. In the excitement of composition one is apt to fall into errors that one regrets afterwards.

Some of Miss Brontë's views regarding G. H. Lewes and his works are here transcribed; and it must be borne in mind that her opinions were not in any way influenced by his criticisms of her works—criticisms of which the one alluded to above was by no means the first. Many were written long before Lewes had any

suspicion that the name of Currer Bell was merely the screen behind which the retiring Yorkshire girl sought to hide herself, and of Currer Bell his praise would appear to have been unstinted. He seems indeed to have praised her far more highly than she conceived herself to deserve.

The first time her attention is called to him is indicated in the subjoined letter :

I shall be obliged to you if you will direct the enclosed to be posted in London, as I wish to avoid giving any clue to my place of residence, publicity not being my ambition. It is in answer to the letter received yesterday favoured by you. This letter bore the signature G. H. Lewes, and the writer informed me it is his intention to write a critique on *Jane Eyre* for the December number of *Frazer's Magazine*. Can you give me any information respecting Mr. G. H. Lewes? What station he occupies in the literary world, and what works he has written? He styles himself "a fellow novelist": there is something in the candid tone of his letter which inclines me to think well of him.

In referring again to this proposed critique, which duly appeared in *Frazer's Magazine*, she says :

Mr. Lewes is very lenient. I anticipated a degree of severity which he has spared me. This notice differs from all the other notices. He must be a man of no ordinary mind; there is a strange sagacity evinced in some of his remarks—yet he is not always right. I am afraid if he knew how much I write from intuition, how little from actual knowledge, he would think me presumptuous ever to have written at all. I am sure such would be his opinion if he knew the narrow bounds of my attainments, the limited scope of my reading.

Afterwards, in her turn, she criticises the first of Mr. Lewes' books she has ever read; not in the pages of a public journal, be it remembered, but in pleasant interchange of literary gossip, her remarks being intended for one friendly ear alone.

It would be useless to attempt opposition to your opinions since, in fact, to read them was to recognise almost point for

point a clear definition of objections I had already felt, but had found neither the power nor the will to express. Not the power, because I find it difficult to analyse closely, or to criticise in appropriate words—and not the will, because I was afraid of doing Mr. Lewes an injustice. I preferred over-rating to under-rating the merits of his work. Mr. Lewes' sincerity, energy, and talent assuredly command the reader's respect, but on what points he depends to win his attachment I know not. I do not think he cares to excite the pleasant feelings which incline the taught to the teacher as much in friendship as in reverence. The display of his acquirements, to which almost every page bears testimony—citations from Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, and German authors, covering as with embroidery the texture of his English, awes and astonishes the plain reader; but if, in addition, you permit yourself to require the refining charm of delicacy, the elevating one of imagination; if you permit yourself to be as fastidious and exacting in these matters as, by your own confession, it appears you are, then Mr. Lewes must necessarily inform you that he does not deal in the article; probably he will add that *therefore* it must be non-essential. I should fear he might even stigmatise imagination as a figment, and delicacy as an affectation. An honest, rough heartiness Mr. Lewes will give you; yet in case you had the misfortune to remark that the heartiness might be quite as honest if it were less rough, would you not run the risk of being termed a sentimentalist and a dreamer? Were I privileged to address Mr. Lewes—were it wise or becoming to say exactly what one thinks, I should utter words to this effect: You have a sound clear judgment as far as it goes, but I conceive it to be limited. Your standard of talent is high, but I cannot acknowledge it to be the highest; you are deserving of all attention when you lay down the law on principles, but you are to be resisted when you dogmatise on feelings. To a certain point you can go, Mr. Lewes, but no farther. Be as sceptical as you please on whatever lies beyond a certain intellectual limit; the mystery will never be cleared up to you, for that limit you will never over-pass. Not all your learning, not all your reading, not all your sagacity, not all your perseverance can help you over one viewless line; one boundary as impassable as it is invisible. To enter that sphere a man must be born within it; and untaught peasants have

there drawn their first breath, while learned philosophers have striven hard till old age to reach it, and have never succeeded. I should not dare, nor would it be right to say this to Mr. Lewes, but I cannot help thinking it, both of him and of many others who have a great name in the world.

A few more observations on Mr. Lewes are taken from a letter dated February, 1850. She has been dwelling on her late visit to London and speaks with enthusiasm of the numerous people she has met there, commenting on the characters and peculiarities of those who have most impressed her. Then she refers briefly to one of Lewes' books and adds :

Lewes is a strange being. I always regret that I did not see him in London. He seems to me to be clever, sharp, and coarse ; I used to think him sagacious, but I believe now he is no more than shrewd. But though he has many smart and deserving points about him, he has nothing truly great, and nothing truly great, I should think, will he ever produce. Yet he merits just such successes as the one you describe—triumphs public, brief and noisy. Notoriety suits Lewes. Fame—were it possible that he could achieve her, would be a thing uncongenial to him ; he could not wait for the solemn blast of her trumpet, sounding long, and slowly waxing louder.

Soon after writing this she meets Mr. Lewes in the flesh, and is unexpectedly unnerved and moved by his singular and startling resemblance in feature and expression to her beloved and lost sister Emily. This curious coincidence evidently impresses her greatly ; she even speaks of tears which rose unbidden, and more than once threatened to upset her composure during the time she remained in his company. Henceforth I find in her letters no mention of Mr. Lewes beyond an occasional allusion to his name.

The depth of her affection for Emily it would be impossible to over-estimate. To quote her own words, she was "the one thing nearest to her on earth." The grief she experienced at her loss

was appalling in its intensity, and of a very different nature to that which shook her being when she stood by Branwell's dying bed. For Branwell, bitter, agonised regret for the wasted past, for hopes defeated and yearnings unsatisfied, was her prominent feeling. The following letter is pitiful in its hopelessness.

We have buried our dead out of our sight. A lull begins to succeed the gloomy tumult of last week. It is not permitted us to grieve for him who is gone as others grieve for those they love ; the removal of our only brother must necessarily be regarded by us rather in the light of a mercy than a chastisement. Branwell was his father's and his sisters' pride and hope in boyhood ; but since manhood the case has been otherwise. It has been our lot to see him take a wrong bent ; to hope, expect, await his return to the right path ; to know the sickness of hope deferred, the dismay of prayer baffled ; to experience despair at last, and now to behold the sudden, early, obscure close of what might have been a noble career. I do not weep from a sense of bereavement—there is no prop withdrawn, no consolation torn away, no dear companion lost—but for the wreck of talent, the ruin of promise, the untimely, dreary extinction of what might have been a burning and a shining light. My brother was a year my junior ; I had aspirations and ambitions for him once long ago. They have perished mournfully—nothing remains of him but a memory of errors and sufferings. There is such a bitterness of pity for his life and death, such a yearning for the emptiness of his whole existence as I cannot describe. I trust time will allay these feelings. When I looked on the noble face and forehead of my dead brother (Nature had favoured him with a fairer outside, as well as a finer constitution than his sisters) and asked myself what had made him go ever wrong, tend ever downwards when he had so many gifts to induce to, and aid in an upward course, I seemed to receive an oppressive revelation of the feebleness of humanity ; of the inadequacy of even genius to lead to true greatness if unaided by religion and principle. My poor father naturally thought more of his *only* son than of his daughters, and much and long as he had suffered on his account, he cried out for his loss as David did for Absalom, "*My son ! My son !*" and refused to be comforted. And then when I ought to have

been able to collect my strength, and to be at hand to support him, I fell ill with an illness whose approaches I had felt for some time previously, and of which the crisis was hastened by the care and trouble of the death-scene, the first I had ever witnessed. The past has seemed to me a strange week. Thank God, for my father's sake, I am better now though still feeble. My unhappy brother never knew what his sisters had done in literature—he was not aware that they had ever published a line; we could not tell him of our efforts for fear of causing him too deep a pang of remorse for his own time mis-spent and talents mis-applied. Now he will *never* know.

I thank you for your kind sympathy, and pray earnestly that your sons may all do well, and that you may be spared the sufferings my father has gone through.

The story of Branwell Brontë, his wasted and depraved life and his miserable heathen death, has been enlarged upon by Charlotte's admirers with a free hand. Had not the record of his sad fate been bandied about from mouth to mouth, accompanied by every form of censure and of exaggeration, the foregoing letter would never have appeared in print. In the circumstances, however, it is as well that Charlotte's voice should be heard among the rest. Speaking from the heart in the hour of trouble, and evidently with no intention to gloss over her brother's shortcomings, she laments his fate more, I think it will be admitted, from a negative point of view, that the early bud of promise should have been perverted and blighted instead of blossoming into what might have been so fair a perfection. She does not condone, nor does she, I think, altogether hold him up in the light of a monster. One is glad, moreover, to note one point in her letter. Branwell has been accused by more than one writer of a shameful attempt to defraud his sister Emily of her well-deserved literary fame. It has been said that while *Wuthering Heights* was attracting public attention he was in the habit of insinuating, indeed on occasions of openly asserting, that he and not Emily was its author. Char-

lotte's sorrowful words point to the falsity of such an accusation. "He never knew what his sisters had done in literature, he was not aware that they had ever published a line." Let us in charity hope that among the many sins with which his memory is charged, there may be others with no better foundation than this appears to have. The love of contrast is strong in human nature. It may be that a comparison of the honourable, austere lives of the three sisters with that of the faulty and erring brother has proved too strong a temptation for the dramatic instincts of some of those who have touched upon their pathetic story.

It seems difficult to realise the qualities that Charlotte discerned in Emily's curious nature which rendered her the object of such passionate devotion—a devotion which was apparently something quite apart from the natural sisterly affection she felt for Anne. Even her own version of Emily's peculiarities strike one as anything but prepossessing. "Emily," she writes, "has a strong original mind full of strange though sombre power; when she writes it breaks forth in scenes which shock more than they attract." I fancy this is not far short of the world's verdict respecting Emily's unpleasant but powerful work.

There is in truth something "sombre," and, to speak plainly, repellent, about all one can glean of Emily Brontë.

I would fain hope [says the patient loving sister in reporting her health] that Emily is a little better this evening, but it is difficult to ascertain this; she is a real stoic in illness; she neither seeks, nor will accept sympathy. To put any question, to offer any aid, is to annoy. She will not yield a step before pain and sickness till forced; not one of her ordinary avocations will she voluntarily renounce. You must look on and see her do what she is unfit to do, and not dare to say a word—a painful necessity for those to whom her health and existence are as precious as the life in their veins. When she is ill there seems to be no sunshine in the world for me. I think a certain

harshness in her powerful and peculiar nature only makes me cling to her the more.

And so the painful record continues. Emily, in the face of her sister's terrible distress and sickening anxiety, which one would think must be only too apparent, "would not see the most skillful physician in England if he were brought to her, nor would she follow his prescriptions; no reasoning nor entreaty would avail to induce her to do so." It is to be hoped that the selfishness, or rather the cruelty of such unreasonable behaviour did not force itself upon the minds of the luckless pair on whom was thus thrust the terrible responsibility of watching their sister die by inches, as it were, without having it in their power to raise a finger to help her. To cause such needless suffering to hearts brimming over with tenderness and solicitude will certainly appear anything but attractive to others.

But the end was at hand; neither physician nor medicine was needed more; the last agonies were proudly endured to the end, and Emily Jane Brontë died in the arms of those who loved her.

Emily is nowhere here now. Her wasted mortal remains are taken out of the house; we have laid her cherished head under the church aisle beside my mother, my two sisters, dead long ago, and my poor hapless brother. But a small remnant of the race is left, so my poor father thinks. Her fever is quieted, her restlessness soothed, her deep hollow cough is hushed for ever. We have not the conflict of the strangely strong spirit in the fragile frame before us—relentless conflict once seen, never to be forgotten. A dreary calm reigns around us in the midst of which we seek resignation. My father and my sister Anne are far from well. As to me, God has hitherto most graciously sustained me; so far I have felt adequate to bear my own burden, and even to offer a little help to others. I am not ill; I can get through my daily duties, and do something towards keeping hope and energy alive in our mourning household. My father says to me almost hourly, "Charlotte, you must bear up. I shall

sink if you fail me." These words you can conceive are a stimulus to nature. The sight, too, of my sister Anne's very still, but deep sorrow, wakens in me such fear for her that I dare not falter; *somebody* must cheer the rest. So I will not now ask why Emily was torn from us in the fulness of our attachment, rooted up in the prime of her own days, in the promise of her powers—why her existence now lies like a field of green corn trodden down—like a tree in full bearing struck at the root? I will only say, sweet is rest after labour, and calm after tempest, and repeat again and again that Emily knows that now.

There can be no doubt that Emily was doomed by inheritance and constitutional delicacy to a premature grave; but that her death was hastened by her own obstinacy in refusing every remedy or alleviation, is equally certain.

Not unlikely is it also, that Anne's health was considerably shaken and impaired by the cruel strain of mind and body she, as well as Charlotte, must have undergone. The latter speaks more than once in her letters during this period of Anne's state of health; of the wearing pains in the side, and the constant fits of depression; and when it is remembered that only five short months after Emily's death, Anne followed her to the grave, it seems only too probable that the sensitive and delicate younger sister was in no fit state to take her share of the painful duties which had devolved upon her. The endeavour to be a cheery nurse to so trying a patient must have been attended with considerable wear and tear of mind. "It is best," Charlotte writes, "to leave her to form her own judgment, and *especially* not to advocate the side you wish her to favour; if you do, she is sure to lean in the opposite direction, and ten to one will argue herself into non-compliance."

Almost immediately after Emily's removal, and before it was possible that Charlotte could have in any way rallied from the terrible blow, her fears for Anne began to take definite shape.

In less than a month we find her writing thus :

In sitting down to write to you I feel as if I were doing a wrong and selfish thing ; I believe I ought to discontinue my correspondence with you till times change, and the tide of calamity, which of late days has set so strongly against us, takes a turn. But the fact is, I feel it absolutely necessary to unburden my mind. To papa I must only speak cheeringly, to Anne only encouragingly. To you I may give some hint of the dreary truth. Anne and I sit alone and in seclusion as you fancy us, but we do not study. Anne cannot study now, she can scarcely read, she occupies Emily's chair. She does not get well. A week ago we sent for a medical man of skill and experience from Leeds ; his report I forbear to dwell on for the present, even skilful physicians have often been mistaken in their conjectures. When we lost Emily I thought we had drained the very dregs of our cup of trial, but now, when I hear Anne cough as Emily coughed, I tremble lest there should be exquisite bitterness yet to taste. I must not look forwards, nor must I look backwards ; too often I feel like one crossing an abyss on a narrow plank, a glance around might quite unnerve. Anne is very patient in her illness, as patient as Emily was unflinching. I recall one sister and look at the other with a sort of reverence as well as affection—under the test of suffering neither has faltered. All the days of this winter have gone by like a funeral train. Since September sickness has not quitted the house ; it is strange, it did not use to be so ; but I suspect now all this has been coming on for years. Unused, any of us, to the possession of robust health, we have not noticed the gradual approaches of decay ; the little cough, the small appetite, the tendency to take cold at every variation of atmosphere, have been regarded as things of course. I see them in another light now. Write to me as you would to a person in an average state of tranquillity and happiness. I want to keep myself as firm and calm as I can ; while papa and Anne want me I hope and pray never to fail them, besides it will be less harassing to yourself to address me as usual.

After Anne's death she writes as follows :

No one need be anxious about me as far as I know. Friends seem to think *this*

the worst time of suffering. They are sorely mistaken. Anne's quiet Christian death did not rend my heart as Emily's stern, simple, undemonstrative end did. I let Anne go to God, and felt He had a right to her. I could hardly let Emily go ; I wanted to hold her back then, and I want her back hourly now. They are both gone, and so is poor Branwell, and papa has only me now—the weakest, puniest, least promising of his six children. Consumption has taken the whole five. No letters will find me at Scarborough after the 7th. I cannot rest here, but neither can I go home.

It is indeed a mournful picture. Small wonder that she feels a reluctance to return to her desolate home, to the first aspect of the empty rooms once tenanted by those dearest to her heart, and where the shadow of their last days must for ever linger. She speaks afterwards in touching language of that return, which duty and her care for her sorrowing father, would not allow her to postpone for long.

I call it "home" still, much as London would be London if an earthquake should shake its streets to ruins. But let me not be ungrateful. Papa is here, and two most affectionate and faithful servants—Emily's large house dog and Anne's little spaniel. The ecstasy of these poor animals when I came in was something singular ; at former returns from brief absences they always welcomed me warmly, but not in that strange, heart-touching way. I am certain they thought that as I was returned my sisters were not far behind ; but Keeper may visit Emily's little bedroom, as he still does day by day, Flossy may look wistfully round for Anne—they will never see them again, nor shall I. I do not look for general pity and conventional condolence, I do not want either from man or woman. I have got used to your friendly sympathy and it comforts me. I have tried, and I trust the fidelity of one or two other friends and I lean on it. But labour must be my cure—not sympathy. Labour is the only radical cure for rooted sorrow.

Brave words these ! But although the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak. Her noble efforts to live down the sense of utter desolation which weighed upon her were impeded by her

own health, never at any time very robust and which now became most unsatisfactory.

I feel to my deep sorrow, to my humiliation, that it is not in my power to bear the canker of constant solitude. I had calculated that with the stimulus which would be derived from intellectual exertion, my mind would perforce rouse itself. It is not so; even intellect, even imagination will not dispense with the ray of domestic cheerfulness. Late in the evenings, and all through the night, I fall into a condition of mind which turns entirely to the past—to memory; and memory is both sad and relentless. You cannot help me, and must not trouble yourself in any shape to sympathise with me. It is my cup—I must drink it as others do theirs. I have just received yours of this morning. The longings for liberty and leisure which May sunshine wakens in you stir my sympathy. For my part I am free to walk on the moors, but when I go out there alone, everything reminds me of the times when others were with me, and then the moors seem a wilderness—featureless, solitary, saddening. My sister Emily had a particular love for them, and there is not a knoll of heather, not a branch of fern, not a young bilberry leaf, not a fluttering lark or linnet but reminds me of her. The distant prospects were Anne's delight, and when I look round, she is in the blue tints, the pale mists, the waves and shadows of the horizon. In the hill-country silence their poetry comes by lines and stanzas into my mind; once I loved it, now I dare not read it; and am driven often to wish I could taste one draught of oblivion and forget much that, while life remains, I shall never forget. Many people seem to recall their departed with a sort of melancholy complacency; but I think these have not watched them through lingering sickness, nor witnessed their last moments. It is these reminiscences that stand by your bedside at night and rise up by your pillow in the morning.

The story of the Brontës must necessarily be told more or less in a minor key. Yet to them it was given to experience moments of the keenest, the most thrilling and pleasurable emotions. It is gratifying to remember that both Emily and Anne knew of and shared in Charlotte's success,

besides receiving honourable recognition of their own individual talent. Such a result of their hours of quiet labour must have far more than realised their wildest anticipations, and could not fail to afford them unmitigated delight. The *incognito* which they preserved for so long doubtless gave an added zest to their knowledge of the power they wielded. Here is rather an amusing letter written some time after Branwell's death, when Emily's state of extreme delicacy was supposed to be the temporary result of the shock they had undergone, and from which they were beginning to rally.

There is no mincing the matter! What a bad set the Bells must be! What appalling books they write! To-day, as Emily appears easier, I thought the review would amuse her, so I read it aloud to her and Anne. As I sat between them at our quiet, and now somewhat melancholy fireside, I studied the two ferocious authors. Ellis, "the man of uncommon talents, but dogged, brutal, and morose," sat leaning back in his easy chair, drawing his impeded breath as best he could, and looking, alas! piteously pale and wasted. It is not his wont to laugh, but he smiled, half amused and half in scorn as he listened. Acton was sewing. No emotion ever stirs him to loquacity, so he only smiled too, dropping at the same time a single word of calm amazement to hear his character so darkly portrayed. I wonder what the reviewer would have thought of his own sagacity could he have beheld the pair as I did. Vainly, too, might he have looked round for the masculine partner in the firm of Bell & Co. How I laugh when I read the solemn assertions that *Jane Eyre* was written in partnership, and that it "bears the marks of more than one mind and one sex!" The wise critics would certainly sink a degree in their own estimation if they knew that yours was the first masculine hand that touched the MS. of *Jane Eyre*, and that, till you read it, no masculine eye had scanned a line of its contents. However, the view they take of the matter rather pleases me than otherwise. If they like, I am not unwilling they should think a dozen ladies and gentlemen aided at the compilation of the book,—strange patchwork it must seem to them! This chapter being penned by Mr., that by Miss or Mrs. Bell, that char-

acter or scene being delineated by the husband, that other by the wife! The gentlemen of course doing the rough work, the ladies getting up the finer parts. I admire the idea.

Much interest and amusement was gleaned also from the lighter part of their labours, when the MSS. were once despatched, and safely deposited in the hands of the publishers. There is more than one pretty picture of the group of three drawn by Charlotte's pen, eagerly discussing the probable verdict on this or that doubtful point, and anticipating the comments and remarks which were sure to follow. The pity is that such pleasant interludes were of so short duration.

Here, for instance, is Charlotte vigorously defending her favourite Mr. Rochester, upon whom Mr. Williams would appear to have cast some slur.

Mr. Rochester has a thoughtful nature and a very feeling heart; he is neither selfish nor self-indulgent; he is ill-educated and misguided, and errs, when he does err, through rashness and inexperience. He lives for a time as too many other men live, but being radically better than most men, he does not like that degraded life, is never happy in it. He is taught the severe lessons of experience, and has sense to learn wisdom from them. Years improve him,—the effervescence of youth foamed away, what is really good in him still remains,—his nature is like wine of a good vintage; time cannot sour, but only mellows him. Such, at least, was the character I intended to portray.

In another page we find her taking up the cudgels in defence of her creation of Mrs. Rochester.

Miss Kavanagh's views of Mrs. Rochester coincide with Leigh Hunt's. I agree with them that the character is shocking, but I know that it is but too natural. There is a phase of insanity, which may be called moral madness, in which all that is good or even human, seems to disappear from the mind, and a fiend nature replaces it. The sole aim and desire of the being thus possessed is to exasperate, to molest, to destroy; and preternatural ingenuity and energy are often exercised to that dreadful

end. The aspect in such cases assimilates with the disposition—all seems demonised. It is true that profound pity ought to be the only sentiment elicited by the view of such degradation, and equally true it is that I have not sufficiently dwelt on that feeling. I have erred in making horror too predominant. Mrs. Rochester, indeed, lived a sinful life before she was insane; but sin is itself a species of insanity. The truly good behold and compassionate it as such. *Jane Eyre* has got down into Yorkshire; a copy has even penetrated into this neighbourhood. I saw an elderly clergyman reading it the other day, and had the satisfaction of hearing him exclaim, "Why, they have got — school, and Mr. — here, I declare, and Miss —" (naming the originals of Lowood, Mr. Brocklehurst, and Miss Temple). He had known them all. He said, too, that Mr. — (Brocklehurst) "deserved the chastisement he had got." He did not recognise "Curren Bell!" What author would do without the advantage of being able to walk invisible?

Among her opinions on her own writings appears the following relating to *The Professor*, perhaps the least popular of her works.

The middle and latter portion of the work, all that relates to Brussels, the Belgian school, &c., is as good as I can write; it contains more pith, more substance, more reality, in my judgment, than much of *Jane Eyre*. It gives, I think, a new view of a grade, an occupation, and a class of characters all very commonplace, very insignificant in themselves, but not more so than the materials composing that portion of *Jane Eyre* which seems to please most generally.

With reference to *Shirley* I quote a few words in defence of the scene in which is portrayed Shirley's terror at the bite of the dog. It has been stated, by the way, but I do not remember by what authority, that her sister Emily was in reality the heroine of this adventure. Charlotte has been urged to suppress the whole incident, but clings to it notwithstanding.

Your advice is good, and yet I cannot follow it. I cannot alter now. It sounds absurd, but so it is. The circumstances of Shirley's being nervous on such a matter may appear "incongruous," because, I fear,

it is not well managed ; otherwise it is perfectly natural. For such minds, odd points, queer, unexpected weaknesses *are* found. Still, the thing is badly managed. I bend my head, and expect in resignation what, *here* I know, I deserve—the lash of criticism. I shall wince when it falls, but I shall not scream.

Her satirical comments on the clergy which appear in the same novel, and which brought down upon her head a perfect storm of disapproval and anger, she defends with energy, taking to herself the right of perfect freedom in speaking her mind on this, as well as on any other subject. One or two expressions in the following extract are amusing when the circumstances of her marriage are remembered.

If the spirit moves me in future to say anything about priests, &c., I shall say it with the same freedom as heretofore. I hope, also, that their anger will not make *me* angry. As a body, I had no ill-will against them to begin with, and I feel it would be an error to let opposition engender such ill-will. A few individuals may possibly be called upon to sit for their portraits some time ; if their brethren in general dislike the resemblance and abuse the artist, *tant pis !*

After her marriage the correspondence from which the above extracts are taken abruptly ceases, or at least, there is no record of its continuance in my possession.

E. BAUMER-WILLIAMS.

THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE.

FROM my post of observation I cannot see that part of the House of Commons which is under the clock, and which, I believe, is the favourite haunt of the wilder spirits of the Irish brigade on one side, and of the "young bloods" of the Conservative party on the other. But this loss, if it be a loss, is more than made up by the commanding view which I get of a portion of the space at the back of the Speaker's chair. Some one may ask, What on earth of any interest can go on there? Much, very much; it is a sort of neutral ground where rival leaders may meet and try to arrange some compromise of a pressing difficulty, unobserved by the reporters who are just overhead, and unnoticed even by the bulk of their own supporters. No man can be said to have a thorough insight into the secret springs of action unless he knows something of what takes place during the session behind the Speaker's chair. If this statement be true, it follows that comparatively few persons in England can possibly have a right comprehension of one-half that goes on in the world of politics. And that is the plain truth of the matter. The newspapers can do little more than repeat what they are told by the chiefs of the party they represent, or draw their own inferences from the events which they record. However astute their managers may be, it is very easy for a Ministry to throw dust in their eyes, and the political leader who has not acquired the art of doing that is not worth his salary. It was Mr. Chamberlain, I think, who once suggested that there should always be a member of the Cabinet charged with the duty of "looking after" the Press. The newspapers are becoming more influential and

more important out of doors than Parliament itself—in fact, have not some of them boldly suppressed the reports of Parliamentary proceedings, or cut them down into so small a space that no one can learn anything from them? Obviously, then, it is of the utmost importance to put a hook into the nose of this leviathan, and the modern politician, who has attained any kind of position or notoriety, may be trusted to have found out the way to accomplish that feat. Thus the newspaper, as a rule, merely tells the public what certain influential persons, who hold all the wires in their own hands, wish the public to know. That is because the "able editors" cannot see behind the Speaker's chair.

A new clause of great importance is suddenly added to a Bill, or one of equal importance is withdrawn. The wise men of Fleet Street and the surrounding parts cannot make out why it was done. The reason is that a little private bargain was made behind the Speaker's chair. That is the spot from which the strings are pulled. To all appearance Mr. W. H. Smith is the leader of the House of Commons. Is he really so? Sometimes I am inclined to doubt it. The true dictator, the autocrat who will be obeyed, is a man who is not in the Ministry at all, and who does not even sit on the ministerial side of the House. During a somewhat critical part of the discussions on the Irish Land Purchase Bill, the Government appeared to be thrown into a state of complete confusion by a signal which was made from the opposite benches. Mr. Smith roused himself from his dreams; Mr. Goschen looked anxious, nervous, worried—not that there was anything unusual in that; Mr. Balfour, who was speaking, began to stammer.

What had happened? Mr. Chamberlain had by a gesture intimated his dissent from something that had been said. Mr. Smith rose immediately and went a little to the left of the back of the Speaker's chair, where we despised strangers could survey his movements at our leisure. Another signal was passed, and presently Mr. Chamberlain joined Mr. Smith. It was very easy to see which of the two was laying down the law to the other. Mr. Chamberlain's emphatic forefinger was hard at work; Mr. Smith's look was sorrowful and deferential. Presently a whispered message was passed to Mr. Goschen, he scrambled forward to obey it, nearly falling over Mr. Ritchie on his way, and the conference went on. But the point at issue was rather too tough to be settled off-hand. They all three went out at the door which, as I have been informed, leads to Mr. Smith's room. Soon after their return the course of the Government was entirely changed. The needle went round from east to west in the twinkling of an eye. The man who possesses the reality of power had made known his wishes to the man who wears the semblance of it, and the policy of a Ministry was reversed. A very important personage is reported to have said to an applicant for office, "If you want anything, you should try to make friends with Mr. Chamberlain." It would not be in human nature if Mr. Chamberlain did not now and then stand forth in his true character and speak in his own voice. On the night when the Free Education scheme was expounded, he placidly referred to it as "*our* proposals." The Conservatives smiled mournfully upon each other. They begin to know who is their true leader. A day or two afterwards the Bill itself had to be formally presented at the table. As Sir William Hart-Dyke walked up the floor with it, a chilling and deadly silence prevailed all over the Ministerial benches. But a burst of cheering proceeded from the Radical side. A child could not have

mistaken the significance of such a scene as that. The great Conservative party of England finds itself, not for the first time in its history, being led by its chiefs into the camp of the enemy. Perhaps the most distinguished of those chiefs is accumulating materials for a supplement to the famous article in which he poured out his sarcasms and denunciations on the contrivers of the famous "surrender" of 1867.

But before Free Education was reached, a long and weary road had to be travelled. The Irish Land Purchase Bill was a terrible dead weight upon the House for weeks together. It was so altered, patched about, and reshaped, that at last even its own parents could scarcely recognize it. Mr. Balfour stood by it in a dogged sort of way, but it was taken out of his hands by first one and then another, sometimes whole clauses were added to it, and it was not possible to say what shape the "healing measure" would assume before the close of any sitting. Mr. Sexton stamped his mark heavily upon it in all directions. So did Mr. T. W. Russell. Mr. Sexton, as I see him from the upper regions, is a thin, wiry, alert looking man, always buttoned up tight in a frock coat. When he is devoting himself in earnest to his work, nothing escapes his attention. Every line of a Bill becomes as full of matter for controversy as an egg is full of meat. He has made himself intimately acquainted with the forms of the House, and a man who does that may play out his game almost without a check. It was as much as Mr. Balfour could do to follow Mr. Sexton's innumerable objections, suggestions, amendments, and criticisms. Yet he had upon the other flank a still more difficult critic to deal with in the person of Sir William Harcourt, for this antagonist was deliberately and steadily bent upon mere exasperation. Whether his shots hit or missed he cared not, so long as they irritated Mr. Balfour. And although the newspapers, true to the ideal they have

created, persistently represent Mr. Balfour as a sort of Bhudda, wrapped in an impenetrable and celestial calm, yet he is but human, and sometimes Sir William Harcourt's "slings and arrows" do undeniably kindle within him great wrath, which is very visible in spite of his efforts to conceal it by an air of icy indifference. Sir William, who watches him closely, detects these signs of wincing, and flings his missiles across the table more savagely than ever. Then Mr. Balfour is very likely to follow him into the arena, and there is an encounter which greatly delights us who are looking on, and who have been wishing for something to occur to break up the monotony of the proceedings. The combatants close, wrestle, and strike out with all the force and cunning they possess; there is a good deal of dust and heat, and presently Mr. Sexton's sarcastic tones are again heard, and Mr. Balfour has to turn to him and endeavour to parry a totally new form of attack. The labour of getting a long and complicated measure through Committee can only be appreciated by those who have seen the operation, or better still, by those who have actually played the leading part in it. All may appear to be going on well when in a single moment the entire Bill may be placed in imminent danger of utter destruction. If concessions are granted, they may lead to irreparable mischief; if they are refused, the progress of the Bill may be altogether stopped. The Minister in charge cannot afford to have his attention distracted for a single moment. He ought not to leave the House during the entire sitting. He must listen to everybody, lest a trap may be sprung upon him unawares. He must be prepared to discuss every conceivable side and aspect of the most complex and difficult questions. Mr. Balfour passes through the ordeal well, but to suppose that though he "bears it like a man," he does not also "feel it like a man," is to endow him with something like supernatural powers, and I have not

heard that he lays any claim to them.

Throughout all this business, Sir William Harcourt had a grand field for the display of his boisterous pugnacity, and he did not fail to use it to the utmost advantage. Most of the other Liberal leaders were absent, and Historicus made up his mind to do enough for everybody. If feeble mortals were prostrate with the epidemic of the season, that was their own look-out. He had no time for such useless diversions. Sir William Harcourt, although he is not in the first bloom of youth, always seems to be overflowing with robust health. That is the great and essential condition of success in political life. Unless a man has enormous "staying" powers, he will never come to much in the House of Commons. The contest has to be carried on under severe conditions, involving much fatiguing, thankless and dreary labour, varied with scenes of sudden passion and excitement. There are late and irregular hours to be faced, and there is the absolute necessity of regular attendance in a building which never can be put into a healthy state by all the "fumigating" processes that Mr. Plunket can devise. A Member of Parliament, if he desires to make his mark, should be almost always in his place. If he goes home to dinner, he should hurry back again so soon as he has swallowed his food. Should he get an office, however humble, he must not go away to dinner at all. A register is kept of the votes of all the Ministry, and if one of them has missed two or three divisions he is taken sharply to task by the leader of the House. He cannot absent himself for a couple of hours without express permission. Should he fall ill, some indulgence may be extended to him, but he had better be careful not to require it too often. He ought to be one of the first in the House and one of the last to leave it. Years of this kind of slavery will tell upon the strongest frame. It broke down Mr.

Disraeli long before his death. Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone withstood the strain; but how many men have they seen fall by the wayside never to rise again? Let the young man who is ambitious to enter upon a political career look to his own constitution before thinking of the country's. He may be able to advance without great intellectual gifts; plenty of men do so. But without good health, he will soon be left hopelessly behind in the race.

There is no great harm in presenting a somewhat frail appearance, or in having it said of you that you are "not very strong." Mr. Parnell has flourished well on the reputation of suffering from some mysterious malady which obliges him to make periodical disappearances from the House. His pale face and his languid manner go far to confirm the common report. But when he was wanted he was generally on the spot. For some years he seldom deserted his post. Now, as a matter of course, he is rarely seen in the House. He comes often enough to disabuse his mutinous followers of the hope that he has gone for good. Just as they are saying to themselves, "he will not come again this session," he glides in among them, remains till he has made them uncomfortable, and when they look round for him he is gone. The other night he actually introduced a Bill, a performance which naturally drew upon him the eyes of all beholders. For a Bill cannot be brought in by stealth. It has to be ushered into the world in a most ceremonious manner. First the Member must stand up in his place and "move for leave." Then he must go to the Bar of the House, and stand there till the Speaker calls upon him. Then he must walk up slowly to the table, and hand in his precious Bill to the clerk, and stand there until the title is read and a day fixed for the second reading. This is a performance which a shy man very much dislikes. Whether Mr. Parnell is a shy man or not I cannot say, but he always seems

to avoid publicity. He shuns the lobbies as much as possible, and never goes upon the terrace where ladies are invited to take tea. Mr. Parnell's peculiar reputation seems to exclude the idea of bashfulness; but a man's reputation or associations do not always give us a true conception of his character, or even of his tastes and pursuits.

Take another example of that in the highly-respectable case of Mr. W. H. Smith. Among the things I have learnt from time to time since I have sat "among the gods" is that Mr. Smith never reads a newspaper. All things considered, that is a very curious fact. Mr. Smith's opportunities for informing himself as to the opinions of the Press cannot be inferior to those which ordinary men enjoy. He must be aware that newspapers exist. He may even have seen them at a distance. But he touches not the unclean thing. Often have I heard him interrogated as to statements that have appeared in the public journals, and always with the same result. He turns to the Speaker with an open countenance and a beaming smile, and declares that he has not opened a newspaper that day, or yesterday, or last week, as the case may be. "It may seem incredible," he will say with a child-like look, "but I have not time to read the newspapers. I have not seen the paper to which the hon. gentleman alludes." On the 5th of June it happened that he was pressed rather closely on this point. Mr. Balfour had delivered a speech on the previous evening at a public meeting, announcing that the greater part of Ireland was shortly to be withdrawn from the provisions of the Coercion Act. That, assuredly, was a statement of policy of the highest importance—such a statement as one might expect to be made first in the House of Commons, and not out of doors. Mr. Smith was asked if he had read it. He looked more surprised than ever that so frivolous a question should be put to him, and the old answer came trippingly

from the tongue. "It may seem incredible, sir, but I have not had time to open a newspaper to-day." Well, but was he not aware of what Mr. Balfour had said the night previously? Mr. Smith put both his hands upon the box, as if he were feeling for the Testament within it used for administering the oath to Members, and replied solemnly, "No, sir, I have not the least idea what my colleague has said. This morning I have not had time," and so on as before. The questioner retired discomfited. How is it possible to carry on a political controversy with a man who does not read the newspapers and has not the least idea what is going on in the world? Sometimes Mr. Smith varies his reply. "I should have thought, sir," he will say, "that the very fact of such a statement appearing in the newspapers ought to have been quite sufficient to convince the hon. gentleman that there was no truth in it." Then the House is sure to laugh. It persists in seeing something comical in Mr. Smith's contemptuous treatment of newspapers. Next to a member sitting down on his hat, or on somebody else's—which is always a great success—the favourite performance is to see the leader trampling on the newspaper. This interesting exhibition generally takes place at question time.

Questions, though often unintelligible to a mere outsider, are evidently enjoyed by the House itself, for it is while they are being put that the attendance is the largest. The inquirers are of many different kinds, the unmitigated bore predominating considerably in point of numbers. It is generally supposed that a Minister must have a great deal of trouble in dealing with this part of his business, but luckily all the work is done for him in the department to which he belongs, except on some such occasion as that to which I shall presently refer. The facts are put together by the clerks in the office, and when the number of the question is called out in the House, the Minister has nothing

more to do than to read the answer with which he has been supplied, unless supplementary questions are put upon the same subject. That, no doubt, happens very frequently, but the Minister always has it in his power to put an end to the catechism by declining to make further reply without notice. The Irish have learnt to use this instrument with unrivalled skill. They will follow up a question with such ingenuity and persistency as either to compel the Minister to give them the information they want, or to make it appear that he is actuated by a desire to shuffle with the House. They stand by each other through thick and thin, and should any remonstrance be made from another part of the House they soon shout it down. Not seldom are they responsible for at least two-thirds of the questions down on the paper for the day. One afternoon, in June, Mr. Maurice Healy had given notice of ten questions, and the next day his name stood against seven more. As he had additional questions to put, arising out of the answers, his score could not have been less than twenty-five for the two days. Sometimes it would almost seem that the whole universe had been ransacked to find subjects for these questions. Anybody may get his grievance brought before the House of Commons, for a few moments at least, if he can find a Member good-natured enough to put a question on the paper. Thus, cases which were long ago disposed of appear and reappear after intervals of years. Mr. Smith was asked one afternoon whether the Government proposed to make restitution to the Baron de Bode. How much did the Member who put this question know about the history of the Baron de Bode? That the extent of his knowledge was extremely limited is proved by the fact that he consented even to introduce the subject. The old Duke of Wellington was far better acquainted with the circumstances of the case than any Member of the present

House of Commons, and he was of opinion that the family had no valid claim upon the British Exchequer.

Yet there are times when the right to question Ministers, even though used in an objectionable way or for a malicious purpose, may be made to produce good results. It was so on the afternoon of June 15th, when some of the gentlemen who delight to stir up muddy waters resolved to "draw" the Secretary of State for War about the miserable baccarat case. Mr. Edward Stanhope is a very cool-headed man, and he generally manages to parry with great adroitness the strokes which are levelled at him or at any section of his department. On this particular day he was invited to make known what steps the War Office proposed to take against certain persons who were alleged to have acted contrary to a specific regulation of Her Majesty's army. Of course a discussion cannot be raised on a question, but an inconsiderate answer may perhaps be made the means of giving rise to an excuse for moving the adjournment of the House, and then the whole subject may be talked about for hours. But Mr. Stanhope did not lay himself open in the way that was anticipated and desired. So far from doing that, he made a frank and manly statement to which the good sense and good feeling of the House at once responded. Of the four officers implicated, the most grievous offender had been dismissed from the army. Another was on the retired list, and therefore was no longer subject to the Queen's regulations. Another had expressed his regret to his commanding officer for what had occurred. And as for the Prince of Wales—the mark specially aimed at—he had authorised Mr. Stanhope to acknowledge the error of judgment which he had committed in not requiring the original offender to be dealt with by a military tribunal. But to this Mr. Stanhope added his opinion

that if any Member of the House had suddenly heard that an intimate friend had been accused of dishonourable conduct, he would "naturally have hesitated before taking any course which would bring immediate and irretrievable ruin upon the whole future career" of that friend. And as the House received these words with cheers, which seemed to me to come from pretty nearly all parts, Mr. Stanhope very promptly and firmly added: "It is not proposed to take any further action in the matter." Now this was a very good example of a thoroughly successful answer, for there was not a sentence too much or too little, and nothing would have been easier than to commit a grievous error in either direction, and then the waters of strife would indeed have been let loose. Mr. Stanhope had to tread on the thinnest of thin ice, but he went boldly across, and came safely out on the other side. Mr. Gladstone, had he been present, would have recognised a touch of his own skill in this little exploit.

But Mr. Gladstone on that particular occasion was absent, and he was represented by Sir William Harcourt, who thought it best to appear unconscious of what was going on, and by Mr. Morley, who presently made a very good speech on another topic. Everybody was glad to see and hear Mr. Morley again, for he had been one of the numerous victims of the malady which we are pleased to call the "influenza." What Mr. Morley has to say always carries weight with it, for he is thoroughly in earnest, and he brings to his work in Parliament the great advantage of high character. But, it may be said or thought, surely every Parliamentary leader does that? Perhaps so; indeed, let us hope so, and not only hope it, but believe it. Then we shall still cherish that lofty opinion of English public life which every true Briton ought to prize as among the most precious of his "heirlooms."

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A FIRST FAMILY OF TASAJARA.

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER I.

"It blows," said Joe Wingate.

As if to accent the words of the speaker a heavy gust of wind at that moment shook the long light wooden structure which served as the general store of Sidon settlement, in Contra Costa. Even after it had passed a prolonged whistle came through the keyhole, sides, and openings of the closed glass front doors, that served equally for windows, and filled the canvas ceiling which hid the roof above like a bellying sail. A wave of enthusiastic emotion seemed to be communicated to a line of straw hats and sou-westers suspended from a cross beam, and swung them with every appearance of festive rejoicing, while a few dusters, overcoats, and "hickory" shirts hanging on the side walls exhibited such marked though idiotic animation, that it had the effect of a satirical comment on the lazy, purposeless figures of the four living inmates of the store.

Ned Billings momentarily raised his head and shoulders depressed in the back of his wooden arm-chair, glanced wearily around, said, "You bet, it's no slouch of a storm," and then lapsed again with further extended legs, and an added sense of comfort.

Here the third figure, which had been leaning listlessly against the shelves, putting aside the arm of a swaying overcoat that seemed to be emptily embracing him, walked slowly from

behind the counter to the door, examined its fastenings, and gazed at the prospect. He was the owner of the store and the view was a familiar one. A long stretch of treeless waste before him meeting an equal stretch of dreary sky above, and night hovering somewhere between the two. This was indicated by splashes of darker shadow as if washed in with Indian ink, and a lighter low-lying streak that might have been the horizon, but was not. To the right, on a line with the front door of the store, were several scattered, widely dispersed objects, that, although vague in outline, were rigid enough in angles to suggest sheds or barns, but certainly not trees.

"There's a heap more wet to come afore the wind goes down," he said, glancing at the sky. "Hark to that, now!"

They listened lazily. There was a faint murmur from the shingles above; then suddenly the whole window was filmed and blurred as if the entire prospect had been wiped out with a damp sponge. The man turned listlessly away.

"That's the kind that soaks in; thar won't be much teamin' over Tasajara for the next two weeks, I reckon," said the fourth loungee, who, seated on a high barrel, was nibbling—albeit critically and fastidiously—biscuits and dried apples alternately from open boxes on the counter. "It's lucky you've got in your winter stock, Harkutt."

The shrewd eyes of Mr. Harkutt, proprietor, glanced at the occupation of the speaker as if even his foresight might have its possible drawbacks, but he said nothing.

"There'll be no show for Sidon until you've got a waggon road from here to the creek," said Billings languidly, from the depths of his chair. "But what's the use o' talkin'? Thar ain't energy enough in all Tasajara to build it. A God-forsaken place, that two months of the year can only be reached by a mail-rider once a week, don't look ez if it was goin' to break its back haulin' in goods and settlers. I tell ye what, gentlemen,—it makes me sick!" And apparently it had enfeebled him to the extent of interfering with his aim in that expectoration of disgust against the stove with which he concluded his sentence.

"Why don't *you* build it?" asked Wingate, carelessly.

"I wouldn't on principle," said Billings. "It's Gov'ment work. What did we whoop up things here last spring to elect Kennedy to the Legislation for? What did I rig up my shed and a thousand feet of lumber for benches at the barbieque for? Why, to get Kennedy elected and make him get a Bill passed for the road! That's *my* share of building it—if it comes to that. And I only wish some folks, that blow enough about what oughter be done to bulge out that ceiling, would only do as much as *I* have done for Sidon."

As this remark seemed to have a personal as well as local application, the store-keeper diplomatically turned it. "There's a good many as *don't* believe that a road from here to the creek is going to do any good to Sidon. It's very well to say the creek is an *embarcadero*, but callin' it so don't put enough water into it to float a steamboat from the bay, nor clear out the reeds and *tules* in it. Even if the State builds you roads, it ain't got no call to make Tasajara Creek navigable for ye; and as that will cost as much as the road, I don't see where the money's comin' from for both."

"There's water enough in front of 'Lige Curtis' shanty, and his location is only a mile along the bank," returned Billings.

"Water enough for him to laze away his time fishin' when he's sober, and deep enough to drown him when he's drunk," said Wingate. "If you call that an *embarcadero*, you kin buy it any day from 'Lige,—title, possession, and shanty thrown in, for a demijohn o' whisky."

The fourth man here distastefully threw back a half-nibbled biscuit in the box, and languidly slipped from the barrel to the floor, fastidiously flicking the crumbs from his clothes as he did so. "I reckon somebody'll get it for nothing, if 'Lige don't pull up mighty soon. He'll either go off his head with jim-jams or jump into the creek. He's about as near desp'rate as they make 'em, and havin' no partner to look after him, and him alone in the *tules*, ther's no tellin' *what* he may do."

Billings, stretched at full length in his chair, here gurgled derisively. "Desp'rit!—ketch him! Why, that's his little game! He's jist playin' off his desp'rit condition to frighten Sidon. Whenever any one asks him why he don't go to work, whenever he's hard up for a drink, whenever he's had too much or too little, he's workin' that desp'rit dodge, 'and even talkin' of killin' himself! Why look here," he continued, momentarily raising himself to a sitting posture in his disgust, "it was only last week he was over at Rawlett's trying to raise provisions and whisky outer his water rights on the creek! Fact, Sir,—had it all written down lawyer-like on paper. Rawlett didn't exactly see it in that light, and told him so. Then he up with the desp'rit dodge and began to work that. Said if he had to starve in a swamp like a dog he might as well kill himself at once, and would too if he could afford the weppins. Johnson said it was not a bad idea, and offered to lend him his revolver. Bilson handed up his shot-gun, and left it alongside

of him, and turned his head away considerate-like and thoughtful, while Rawlett handed him a box of rat pizon over the counter, in case he preferred suthin' more quiet. Well—what did 'Lige do? Nothin'! Smiled kinder sickly, looked sorter wild, and shut up. He didn't suicide much. No, Sir! He didn't kill himself—not he. Why old Bixby—and he's a Deacon in good standin'—allowed in 'Lige's hearin', and for 'Lige's benefit, that self-destruction was better nor bad example, and proved it by Scripture too. And yet 'Lige did nothin'! Desp'rit! He's only desp'rit to laze around and fish all day off a log in the *tules*, and soak up with whisky, until, betwixt fever an' ague and the jumps, he kinder shakes hisself free o' responsibility."

A long silence followed; it was somehow felt that the subject was incongruously exciting; Billings allowed himself to lapse again behind the back of his chair. Meantime it had grown so dark that the dull glow of the stove was beginning to outline a faint halo on the ceiling even while it plunged the further lines of shelves behind the counter into greater obscurity.

"Time to light up, Harkutt—ain't it?" said Wingate tentatively.

"Well, I was reckoning ez it's such a wild night there, wouldn't be any use keepin' open, and when you fellows left I'd just shut up for good and make things fast," said Harkutt dubiously. Before his guests had time to fully weigh this delicate hint, another gust of wind shook the tenement and even forced the unbolted upper part of the door to yield far enough to admit an eager current of humid air that seemed to justify the wisdom of Harkutt's suggestion. Billings slowly and with a sigh assumed a sitting posture in the chair. The biscuit-nibbler selected a fresh dainty from the counter, and Wingate abstractedly walked to the window and rubbed the glass. Sky and water had already disappeared behind a curtain of darkness that was illuminated by a single point of light—the lamp in the window of some in-

visible but nearer house—which threw its rays across the glistening shallows in the road. "Well," said Wingate, buttoning up his coat in slow dejection, "I reckon I oughter be travellin' to help the old woman do the chores before supper." He had just recognised the light in his own dining-room and knew by that sign that his long waiting helpmeet had finally done the chores herself.

"Some folks have it mighty easy," said Billings with long-drawn discontent as he struggled to his feet. "You've only a step to go, and yer's me and Peters there—" indicating the biscuit-nibbler who was beginning to show alarming signs of returning to the barrel again—"hev got to trapse five times that distance."

"More'n half a mile, if it comes to that," said Peters gloomily. He paused in putting on his overcoat as if thinking better of it, while even the more fortunate and contiguous Wingate languidly lapsed against the counter again.

The moment was a critical one. Billings was evidently also regretfully eyeing the chair he had just quitted. Harkutt resolved on a heroic effort.

"Come, boys," he said with brisk conviviality, "take a parting drink with me before you go." Producing a black bottle from some obscurity beneath the counter that smelt strongly of india-rubber boots, he placed it with four glasses before his guests. Each made a feint of holding his glass against the opaque window while filling it, although nothing could be seen. A sudden tumult of wind and rain again shook the building, but even after it had passed the glass door still rattled violently.

"Just see what's loose, Peters," said Billings—"you're nearest it."

Peters, still holding the undrained glass in his hand, walked slowly towards it.

"It's suthin'—or somebody outside," he said hesitatingly.

The three others came eagerly to his side. Through the glass, clouded

from within by their breath, and filmed from without by the rain, some vague object was moving, and what seemed to be a mop of tangled hair was apparently brushing against the pane. The door shook again, but less strongly. Billings pressed his face against the glass, "Hol' on," he said in a quick whisper—"it's 'Lige!" But it was too late. Harkutt had already drawn the lower bolt, and a man stumbled from the outer obscurity into the darker room.

The inmates drew away as he leaned back for a moment against the door that closed behind him. Then dimly, but instinctively, discerning the glass of liquor which Wingate still mechanically held in his hand, he reached forward eagerly, took it from Wingate's surprised and unresisting fingers, and drained it at a gulp. The four men laughed vaguely, but not as cheerfully as they might.

"I was just shutting up," began Harkutt dubiously.

"I won't keep you a minit," said the intruder nervously fumbling in the breast pocket of his hickory shirt. "It's a matter of business—Harkutt—I—" but he was obliged to stop here to wipe his face and forehead with the ends of a loose handkerchief tied round his throat. From the action, and what could be seen of his pale, exhausted face, it was evident that the moisture upon it were beads of perspiration, and not the rain which some abnormal heat of his body was converting into vapour from his sodden garments as he stood there.

"I've got a document here," he began again, producing a roll of paper tremblingly from his pocket, "that I'd like you to glance over, and perhaps you'd—" his voice, which had been feverishly exalted, here broke and rattled with a cough.

Billings, Wingate, and Peters fell apart and looked out of the window. "It's too dark to read anything now, 'Lige," said Harkutt with evasive good humour, "and I ain't lighten' up to-night."

"But I can tell you the substance of it," said the man with a faintness that however had all the distinctness of a whisper, "if you'll just step inside a minute. It's a matter of importance and a bargain—"

"I reckon we must be goin'," said Billings to the others with marked emphasis. "We're keepin' Harkutt from shuttin' up." "Good-night!" "Good-night!" added Peters and Wingate ostentatiously following Billings hurriedly through the door. "So long!"

The door closed behind them, leaving Harkutt alone with his importunate intruder. Possibly his resentment at his customers' selfish abandonment of him at this moment developed a vague spirit of opposition to them and mitigated his feeling towards 'Lige. He groped his way to the counter, struck a match, and lit a candle. Its feeble rays faintly illuminated the pale, drawn face of the applicant set in a tangle of wet, unkempt, parti-coloured hair. It was not the face of an ordinary drunkard; although tremulous and sensitive from some artificial excitement, there was no *engorgement* or congestion in the features or complexion, albeit they were morbid and unhealthy. The expression was of a suffering that was as much mental as physical, and yet in some vague way appeared unmeaning—and unheroic.

"I want to see you about selling my place on the creek. I want you to take it off my hands for a bargain. I want to get quit of it, at once, for just enough to take me out o' this. I don't want any profit; only money enough to get away." His utterance, which had a certain kind of cultivation, here grew thick and harsh again, and he looked eagerly at the bottle which stood on the counter.

"Look here, 'Lige," said Harkutt not unkindly. "It's too late to do anythin' to-night. You come in to-morrow." He would have added—"when you're sober," but for a trader's sense of politeness to a possible customer, and probably some doubt of the man's actual condition.

"God knows where or what I may be to-morrow! It would kill me to go back and spend another night as the last, if I don't kill myself on the way to do it."

Harkutt's face darkened grimly. It was indeed as Billings had said! The pitiable weakness of the man's manner not only made his desperation inadequate and ineffective, but even lent it all the cheapness of acting. And, as if to accent his simulation of a part, his fingers feebly groping in his shirt bosom slipped aimlessly and helplessly from the shining handle of a pistol in his pocket to wander hesitatingly towards the bottle on the counter.

Harkutt took the bottle, poured out a glass of the liquor and pushed it before his companion, who drank it eagerly. Whether it gave him more confidence, or his attention was no longer diverted, he went on more collectedly and cheerfully, and with no trace of his previous desperation in his manner. "Come, Harkutt—buy my place. It's a bargain, I tell you. I'll sell it cheap. I only want enough to get away with. Give me twenty-five dollars and it's yours. See, there's the papers—the quit-claim—all drawn up and signed." He drew the roll of papers from his pocket again, apparently forgetful of the adjacent weapon.

"Look here, 'Lige," said Harkutt with a business-like straightening of his lips, "I ain't buyin' any land in Tasajara—least of all yours on the creek. I've got more invested here already than I'll ever get back again. But I tell you what I'll do. You say you can't go back to your shanty. Well, seein' how rough it is outside, and that the waters of the creek are probably all over the trail by this time, I reckon you're about right. Now, there's five dollars!" He laid down a coin sharply on the counter. "Take that and go over to Rawlett's and get a bed and some supper. In the mornin' you may be able to strike up a trade with somebody else—or change your

mind. How did you get here—on your hoss?"

"Yes."

"He ain't starved yet?"

"No; he can eat grass—I can't."

Either the liquor or Harkutt's practical unsentimental treatment of the situation seemed to give him confidence. He met Harkutt's eye more steadily as the latter went on, "You kin turn your hoss for the night into my stock corral next to Rawlett's. It'll save you payin' for fodder and stablin'."

The man took up the coin with a certain, slow gravity which was almost like dignity. "Thank you," he said, laying the paper on the counter. "I'll leave that as security."

"Don't want it, 'Lige," said Harkutt pushing it back.

"I'd rather leave it."

"But suppose you have a chance to sell it to somebody at Rawlett's?" continued Harkutt with a precaution that seemed ironical.

"I don't think there's much chance of that."

He remained quiet looking at Harkutt with an odd expression as he rubbed the edge of the coin that he held between his fingers abstractedly on the counter. Something in his gaze—rather perhaps the apparent absence of anything in it approximate to the present occasion—was beginning to affect Harkutt with a vague uneasiness. Providentially a resumed onslaught of wind and rain against the panes effected a diversion. "Come," he said with brisk practicality, "you'd better hurry on to Rawlett's before it gets worse. Have your clothes dried by his fire, take suthin' to eat, and you'll be all right." He rubbed his hands cheerfully, as if summarily disposing of the situation, and incidentally of all 'Lige's troubles, and walked with him to the door. Nevertheless as the man's look remained unchanged, he hesitated a moment with his hand on the handle, in the hope that he would say something, even if only to repeat his appeal, but he did

not. Then Harkutt opened the door; the man moved mechanically out, and at the distance of a few feet seemed to melt into the rain and darkness. Harkutt remained for a moment with his face pressed against the glass. After an interval he thought he heard the faint splash of hoofs in the shallows of the road; he opened the door softly and looked out.

The light had disappeared from the nearest house; only an uncertain bulk of shapeless shadows remained. Other remoter and more vague outlines nearer the horizon seemed to have a funereal suggestion of tombs and grave mounds, and one—a low shed near the road—looked not unlike a halted bier. He hurriedly put up the shutters in a momentary lulling of the wind, and re-entering the store began to fasten them from within.

While thus engaged an inner door behind the counter opened softly and cautiously, projecting a brighter light into the deserted apartment from some sacred domestic interior with the warm and wholesome incense of cooking. It served to introduce also the equally agreeable presence of a young girl who, after assuring herself of the absence of every one but the proprietor, idly slipped into the store, and placing her rounded elbows, from which her sleeves were uprolled, upon the counter, leaned lazily upon them with both hands supporting her dimpled chin and gazed indolently at him. So indolently that with her pretty face once fixed in this comfortable attitude she was constrained to follow his movements with her eyes alone, and often at an uncomfortable angle. It was evident that she offered the final but charming illustration of the enfeebling listlessness of Sidon.

"So those loafers have gone at last," she said meditatively. "They'll take root here some day, pop. The idea of three strong men like that lazing round for two mortal hours doin' nothin'. Well!" As if to emphasize her disgust she threw her whole weight upon the counter by swinging her feet from

the floor to touch the shelves behind her.

Mr. Harkutt only replied by a slight grunt as he continued to screw on the shutters.

"Want me to help you, dad?" she said without moving.

Mr. Harkutt muttered something unintelligible which, however, seemed to imply a negative, and her attention here feebly wandered to the roll of papers, and she began slowly and lazily to read it aloud.

"For value received, I hereby sell, assign, and transfer to Daniel D. Harkutt all my right, title and interest in, and to the undivided half of, Quarter Section 4, Range 5, Tasajara Township'—hum—hum," she murmured, running her eyes to the bottom of the page. "Why, Lord! It's that 'Lige Curtis!" she laughed. "The idea of *him* having property! Why, dad, you ain't been *that* silly!"

"Put down that paper, miss," he said aggrievedly; "bring the candle here, and help me to find one of these infernal screws that's dropped."

The girl indolently disengaged herself from the counter and Elijah Curtis's transfer, and brought the candle to her father. The screw was presently found and the last fastening secured. "Supper gettin' cold, dad," she said with a slight yawn. Her father sympathetically responded by stretching himself from his stooping position, and the two passed through the private door into inner domesticity, leaving the already forgotten paper lying with other articles of barter on the counter.

CHAPTER II.

WITH the closing of the little door behind them they seemed to have shut out the turmoil and vibration of the storm. The reason became apparent when after a few paces they descended half-a-dozen steps to a lower landing. This disclosed the fact that the dwelling part of the Sidon General Store was quite below the level of the shop and

the road, and on the slope of the solitary undulation of the Tasajara plain—a little ravine that fell away to a brawling stream below. The only arboreous growth of Tasajara clothed its banks in the shape of willows and alders that set compactly around the quaint, irregular dwelling which straggled down the ravine and looked upon a slope of bracken and foliage on either side. The transition from the black, treeless, storm-swept plain to this sheltered declivity, was striking and suggestive. From the opposite bank one might fancy that the youthful and original dwelling had ambitiously mounted the crest, but appalled at the dreary prospect beyond, had gone no further; while from the road it seemed as if the fastidious proprietor had tried to draw a line between the vulgar trading-post, with which he was obliged to face the coarser civilisation of the place, and the privacy of his domestic life. The real fact, however, was, that the ravine furnished wood and water; and as Nature also provided one wall of the house—as in the well-known example of aboriginal cave dwellings,—its peculiar construction commended itself to Sidon on the ground of involving little labour.

Howbeit, from the two open windows of the sitting-room which they had entered only the faint pattering of dripping boughs, and a slight murmur from the swollen brook, indicated the storm that shook the upper plain, and the cool breath of laurel, syringa, and alder was wafted through the neat apartment. Passing through that pleasant rural atmosphere they entered the kitchen, a much larger room, which appeared to serve occasionally as a dining-room and where supper was already laid out. A stout, comfortable looking woman—who had, however, a singularly permanent expression of pained sympathy upon her face—welcomed them in tones of gentle commiseration.

“Ah, there you be, you two! Now sit ye right down, dears! *do*. You must be tired out; and you, Phemie,

love, draw up by your poor father. There—that’s right. You’ll be better soon.”

There was certainly no visible sign of suffering or exhaustion on the part of either father or daughter, nor the slightest apparent earthly reason why they should be expected to exhibit any. But, as already intimated, it was part of Mrs. Harkutt’s generous idiosyncrasy to look upon all humanity as suffering and toiling; to be petted, humoured, consoled with, and fed. It had, in the course of years, imparted a singularly caressing sadness to her voice, and given her the habit of ending her sentences with a melancholy cooing and an unintelligible murmur of agreement. It was undoubtedly sincere and sympathetic, but at times inappropriate and distressing. It had lost her the friendship of the one humorist of Tasajara, whose best jokes she had received with such heartfelt commiseration, and such pained appreciation of the evident labour involved, as to reduce him to silence.

Accustomed as Mr. Harkutt was to his wife’s peculiarity, he was not above assuming a certain slightly fatigued attitude befitting it. “Yes,” he said, with a vague sigh, “where’s Clemmie?”

“Lyin’ down since dinner; she reckoned she wouldn’t get up to supper,” she returned soothingly. “Phemie’s goin’ to take her up some sass and tea. The poor dear child wants a change.”

“She wants to go to ’Frisco, and so do I, pop,” said Phemie, leaning her elbow half over her father’s plate. “Come, pop, say do—just for a week.”

“Only for a week,” murmured the commiserating Mrs. Harkutt.

“Perhaps,” responded Harkutt, with gloomy sarcasm, “ye wouldn’t mind tellin’ me how you’re goin’ to get there, and where the money’s comin’ from to take you? There’s no teamin’ over Tasajara till the rain stops, and no money comin’ in till the ranchmen can move their stuff. There ain’t a hundred dollars in all Tasajara—at least there

ain't been the first red cent of it paid across my counter for a fortnit! Perhaps if you do go, you wouldn't mind takin' me and the store along with ye, and leavin' us there."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Harkutt, with sympathetic but shameless tergiversation. "Don't bother your poor father, Phemie, love, don't you see he's just tired out? And you're not eatin' anything, dad."

As Mr. Harkutt was uneasily conscious that he had been eating heartily in spite of his financial difficulties he turned the subject abruptly. "Where's John Milton?"

Mrs. Harkutt shaded her eyes with her hand, and gazed meditatively on the floor before the fire and in the chimney corner for her only son, baptised under that historic title. "He was here a minit ago," she said doubtfully. "I really can't think where he's gone. But," assuringly, "it ain't far."

"He's skipped with one o' those story books he's borrowed," said Phemie. "He's always doin' it. Like as not he's reading with a candle in the wood-shed. We'll all be burnt up some night."

"But he's got through his chores," interposed Mrs. Harkutt deprecatingly.

"Yes," continued Harkutt, aggrievedly, "but instead of goin' to bed, or adding up bills, or takin' count o' stock, or even doin' sums or suthin' usefule, he's ruinin' his eyes and wastin' his time over trash." He rose and walked slowly into the sitting-room, followed by his daughter and a murmur of commiseration from his wife. But Mrs. Harkutt's ministration for the present did not pass beyond her domain—the kitchen.

"I reckon ye ain't expectin' anybody to-night, Phemie?" said Mr. Harkutt, sinking into a chair and placing his slippers feet against the wall.

"No," said Phemie, "unless something possesses that sappy little Parmlee to make one of his visitations. John Milton says that out on the road it blows so you can't stand up. It's just

like that idiot Parmlee to be blown in here, and not have strength of mind enough to get away again."

Mr. Harkutt smiled. It was that arch yet approving, severe yet satisfied smile with which the deceived male parent usually receives any depreciation of the ordinary young man by his daughters. Euphemia was no giddy thing to be carried away by young men's attentions—not she! Sitting back comfortably in his rocking-chair he said, "Play something."

The young girl went to the closet and took from the top shelf an excessively ornamented accordion—the opulent gift of a reckless admirer. It was so inordinately decorated, so gorgeous in the blaze of *papier maché*, mother-of-pearl, and tortoiseshell on keys and keyboard, and so ostentatiously radiant in the pink silk of its bellows, that it seemed to overawe the plainly furnished room with its splendours. "You ought to keep it on the table in a glass vase, Phemie," said her father admiringly.

"And have *him* think I worshipped it!—not me, indeed! He's conceited enough already," she returned saucily.

Mr. Harkutt again smiled his approbation, then deliberately closed his eyes and threw his head back in comfortable anticipation of the coming strains.

It is to be regretted that in brilliancy, finish, and even cheerfulness of quality they were not up to the suggestions of the keys and keyboard. The most discreet and cautious effort on the part of the young performer seemed only to produce startlingly unexpected, but instantly suppressed complaints from the instrument, accompanied by impatient interjections of "no, no," from the girl herself. Nevertheless, with her pretty eyebrows knitted in some charming distress of memory, her little mouth half open between an apologetic smile and the exertion of working the bellows, with her white, rounded arms partly lifted up and waving before her, she was pleasantly distracting to the eye. Gradually, as

the scattered strains were marshalled into something like an air, she began to sing also, glossing over the instrumental weaknesses, filling in certain dropped notes and omissions, and otherwise assisting the ineffectual accordion with a youthful but not unmusical voice. The song was a lugubrious, religious chant; under its influence the house seemed to sink into greater quiet, permitting in the intervals the murmur of the swollen creek to appear more distinct, and even the far moaning of the wind on the plain to become faintly audible. At last, having fairly mastered the instrument, Phemie got into the full swing of the chant. Unconstrained by any criticism, carried away by the sound of her own voice, and perhaps a youthful love for mere uproar, or possibly desirous to drown her father's voice, which had unexpectedly joined in with a discomposing bass, their conjoined utterances seemed to threaten the frail structure of their dwelling, even as the gale had distended the store behind them. When they ceased at last it was in an accession of dripping from the apparently stirred leaves outside. And then a voice, evidently from the moist depths of the abyss below, called out,

"Hullo, there!"

Phemie put down the accordion, said, "Who's that now?" went to the window, lazily leaned her elbows on the sill and peered into the darkness. Nothing was to be seen; the open space of dimly outlined landscape had that blank, uncommunicative impenetrability with which Nature always confronts and surprises us at such moments. It seemed to Phemie that she was the only human being present. Yet after the feeling had passed she fancied she heard the wash of the current against some object in the stream, half stationary and half resisting.

"Is any one down there? Is that you, Mr. Parmlee?" she called.

There was a pause. Some invisible auditor said to another, "It's a young lady." Then the first voice rose again

in a more deferential tone. "Are we anywhere near Sidon?"

"This is Sidon," answered Harkutt, who had risen and was now quite obliterating his daughter's outline at the window.

"Thank you," said the voice. "Can we land anywhere here—on this bank?"

"Run down, pop, they're strangers," said the girl with excited, almost childish eagerness.

"Hold on," called out Harkutt, "I'll be thar in a moment!" He hastily thrust his feet into a pair of huge boots, clapped on an oilskin hat and waterproof, and disappeared through a door that led to a lower staircase. Phemie still at the window—albeit with a newly added sense of self-consciousness—hung out breathlessly. Presently a beam of light from the lower depths of the house shot out into the darkness. It was her father with a bull's-eye lantern. As he held it up and clambered cautiously down the bank, its rays fell upon the turbid rushing stream, and what appeared to be a rough raft of logs held with difficulty against the bank by two men with long poles. In its centre was a roll of blankets, a valise and saddle-bags, and the shining brasses of some odd-looking instruments.

As Mr. Harkutt, supporting himself by a willow branch that overhung the current, held up the lantern, the two men rapidly transferred their freight from the raft to the bank, and leaped ashore. The action gave an impulse to the raft which, no longer held in position by the poles, swung broadside to the current and was instantly swept into the darkness.

Not a word had been spoken, but now the voices of the men rose freely together. Phemie listened with intense expectation. The explanation was simple. They were surveyors who had been caught by the overflow on Tasajara plain, had abandoned their horses on the bank of Tasajara Creek, and with a hastily constructed raft had entrusted themselves and their instruments to the current. "But," said Harkutt

quickly, "there's no connection between Tasajara Creek and this stream."

The two men laughed. "There is now," said one of them.

"But Tasajara Creek is a part of the bay," said the astonished Harkutt, "and this stream rises inland and only runs into the bay four miles lower down. And I don't see how—"

"You're almost twelve feet lower here than Tasajara Creek," said the first man with a certain professional authority, "and that's *why*. There's more water than Tasajara Creek can carry and its seeking the bay this way. Look," he continued, taking the lantern from Harkutt's hand and casting its rays on the stream, "that's salt drift from the upper bay, and part of Tasajara Creek's running by your house now! Don't be alarmed," he added reassuringly, glancing at the staring storekeeper. "You're all right here; this is only the overflow and will find its level soon."

But Mr. Harkutt remained gazing abstractedly at the smiling speaker. From the window above the impatient Phemie was wondering why he kept the strangers waiting in the rain while he talked about things that were perfectly plain. It was *so* like a man!

"Then there's a waterway straight to Tasajara Creek?" he said slowly.

"There is, as long as this flood lasts," returned the first speaker promptly; "and a cutting through the bank of two or three hundred yards would make it permanent. Well, what's the matter with that?"

"Nothin'," said Harkutt hurriedly. "I am only considering! But come in, dry yourselves, and take suthin'."

The light over the rushing water was withdrawn and the whole prospect sank back into profound darkness. Mr. Harkutt had disappeared with his guests. Then there was the familiar shuffle of his feet on the staircase, followed by other more cautious footsteps that grew delicately and even courteously deliberate as they approached. At which the young girl in some new sense of decorum drew in

her pretty head, glanced around the room quickly, reset the tidy on her father's chair, placed the resplendent accordion like an ornament in the exact centre of the table, and then vanished into the hall as Mr. Harkutt entered with the strangers.

They were both of the same age and appearance, but the principal speaker was evidently the superior of his companion, and although their attitude to each other was equal and familiar, it could be easily seen that he was the leader. He had a smooth, beardless face, with a critical expression of eye and mouth that might have been fastidious and supercilious but for the kindly, humorous perception that tempered it. His quick eye swept the apartment and then fixed itself upon the accordion, but a smile lit up his face as he said quietly,

"I hope we haven't frightened the musician away. It was bad enough to have interrupted the young lady."

"No, no," said Mr. Harkutt, who seemed to have lost his abstraction in the nervousness of hospitality. "I reckon she's only lookin' after her sick sister. But come into the kitchen, both of you, straight off, and while you're dryin' your clothes, mother'll fix you suthin' hot."

"We only need to change our boots and stockings, we've some dry ones in our pack down stairs," said the first speaker hesitatingly.

"I'll fetch 'em up and you can change in the kitchen. The old woman won't mind," said Harkutt reassuringly. "Come along." He led the way to the kitchen, the two strangers exchanged a glance of humorous perplexity and followed.

The quiet of the little room was once more unbroken. A far-off commiserating murmur indicated that Mrs. Harkutt was receiving her guests. The cool breath of the wet leaves without slightly stirred the white dimity curtains, and somewhere from the darkened eaves there was a still, somnolent drip. Presently a hurried whisper and a half laugh appeared

to be suppressed in the outer passage or hall. There was another moment of hesitation and the door opened suddenly and ostentatiously, disclosing Phemie with a taller and slighter young woman, her elder sister, at her side. Perceiving that the room was empty they both said "Oh!" yet with a certain artificiality of manner that was evidently a lingering trace of some previous formal attitude they had assumed. Then without further speech they each selected a chair and a position, having first shaken out their dresses, and gazed silently at each other.

It may be said briefly that sitting thus—in spite of their unnatural attitude, or perhaps rather because of its suggestion of a photographic pose—they made a striking picture and strongly accented their separate peculiarities. They were both pretty, but the taller girl, apparently the elder, had an ideal refinement and regularity of feature which was not only unlike Phemie, but gratuitously unlike the rest of her family, and as hopelessly and even wantonly inconsistent with her surroundings as was the elaborately ornamented accordion on the centre table. She was one of those occasional creatures, episodic in the South and West, who might have been stamped with some vague ante-natal impression of a mother given to oversentimental contemplation of Books of Beauty and Albums rather than the family features; offspring of typical men and women, and yet themselves incongruous to any known local or even general type. The long swan-like neck, tendrilled hair, swimming eyes, and small patrician head, had never lived or moved before in Tasajara or the West, nor perhaps even existed except as a personified "Constancy," "Meditation," or the "Baron's Bride" in mezzotint or copper-plate. Even the girl's common pink print dress with its high sleeves and shoulders could not conventionalise these original outlines; and the hand that rested stiffly on the back of her

chair, albeit neither over white nor well-kept, looked as if it had never held anything but a lyre, a rose, or a good book. Even the few sprays of wild jessamine which she had placed in the coils of her waving hair, although a local fashion, became her as a special ornament.

The two girls kept their constrained and artificially elaborated attitude for a few moments, accompanied by the murmur of voices in the kitchen, the monotonous drip of the eaves before the window, and the far-off sigh of the wind. Then Phemie suddenly broke into a constrained giggle, which she however quickly smothered as she had the accordion, and with the same look of mischievous distress.

"I'm astonished at you, Phemie," said Clementina in a deep contralto voice, which seemed even deeper from its restraint. "You don't seem to have any sense. Anybody'd think you'd never had seen a stranger before."

"Saw him before you did," retorted Phemie pertly. But here a pushing of chairs and shuffling of feet in the kitchen checked her. Clementina fixed an abstracted gaze on the ceiling; Phemie regarded a leaf on the window sill with photographic rigidity as the door opened to the strangers and her father.

The look of undisguised satisfaction which lit the young men's faces relieved Mr. Harkutt's awkward introduction of any embarrassment, and almost before Phemie was fully aware of it, she found herself talking rapidly and in a high key with Mr. Lawrence Grant, the surveyor, while her sister was equally, although more sedately, occupied with Mr. Stephen Rice, his assistant. But the enthusiasm of the strangers, and the desire to please and be pleased, was so genuine and contagious that presently the accordion was brought into requisition, and Mr. Grant exhibited a surprising faculty of accompaniment to Mr. Rice's tenor, in which both the girls joined.

Then a game of cards with partners followed, into which the rival parties in-

roduced such delightful and shameless obviousness of cheating, and displayed such fascinating and exaggerated partisanship that the game resolved itself into a hilarious *mêlée*, to which peace was restored only by an exhibition of tricks of legerdemain with the cards by the young surveyor. All of which Mr. Harkutt supervised patronisingly, with occasional fits of abstraction, from his rocking-chair; and later Mrs. Harkutt from her kitchen threshold, wiping her arms on her apron and commiseratingly observing that she "declared the young folks looked better already."

But it was here a more dangerous element of mystery and suggestion was added by Mr. Lawrence Grant in the telling of Miss Euphemia's fortune from the cards before him, and that young lady, pink with excitement, fluttered her little hands not unlike timid birds over the cards to be drawn, taking them from him with an audible twitter of anxiety and great doubts whether a certain "fair-haired gentleman" was in hearts or diamonds.

"Here are two strangers," said Mr. Grant with extraordinary gravity laying down the cards, "and here is a 'journey,' this is 'unexpected news,' and this ten of diamonds means 'great wealth' to you, which you see follows the advent of the two strangers and is some way connected with them."

"Oh, indeed," said the young lady with great pertness and a toss of her head. "I suppose they've got the money with them."

"No, though it reaches you through them," he replied with unflinching solemnity. "Wait a bit, I have it! I see, I've made a mistake with this card. It signifies a journey or a road. Queer! isn't it, Steve? It's *the road*."

"It is queer," said Rice with equal gravity; "but it's so. The road, sure!" Nevertheless he looked up into the large eyes of Clementina with a certain confidential air of truthfulness.

"You see," ladies," continued the surveyor appealing to them with un-

abashed rigidity of feature, "the cards don't lie! Luckily we are in a position to corroborate them. The road in question is a secret known only to us and some capitalists in San Francisco. In fact even *they* don't know that it is feasible until *we* report to them. But I don't mind telling you now, as a slight return for your charming hospitality, that the road is *a railroad* from Oakland to Tasajara Creek of which we've just made the preliminary survey. So you see what the cards mean is this: You're not far from Tasajara Creek; in fact with a very little expense your father could connect this stream with the creek, and have *a waterway straight to the railroad terminus*. That's the wealth the cards promise; and if your father knows how to take a hint he can make his fortune!"

It was impossible to say which was the most dominant in the face of the speaker, the expression of assumed gravity or the twinkling of humour in his eyes. The two girls with superior feminine perception divined that there was much truth in what he said, albeit they didn't entirely understand it, and what they did understand—except the man's good-humoured motive—was not particularly interesting. In fact they were slightly disappointed. What had promised to be an audaciously flirtatious declaration, and even a mischievous suggestion of marriage, had resolved itself into something absurdly practical and business-like.

Not so Mr. Harkutt. He quickly rose from his chair, and leaning over the table, with his eyes fixed on the card as if it really signified the railroad, repeated quickly: "Railroad, eh! What's that? A railroad to Tasajara Creek? Ye don't mean it!—That is—it ain't a *sure* thing?"

"Perfectly sure. The money is ready in San Francisco now, and by this time next year——"

"A railroad to Tasajara Creek!" continued Harkutt hurriedly. "What part of it? Where?"

"At the *embarcadero* naturally,"

responded Grant. "There isn't but the one place for the terminus. There's an old shanty there now—belongs to somebody."

"Why, pop!" said Phemie with sudden recollection, "ain't it 'Lige Curtis's house? The land he offered—"

"Hush!" said her father.

"You know the one written in that bit of paper," continued the innocent Phemie.

"Hush! will you? God A'mighty! are you goin' to mind me? Are you goin' to keep up your jabber when I'm speakin' to the gentlemen? Is that your manners? What next, I wonder!"

The sudden and unexpected passion of the speaker, the incomprehensible change in his voice, and the utterly disproportionate exaggeration of his attitude towards his daughters, enforced an instantaneous silence. The rain began to drip audibly at the window, the rush of the river sounded distinctly from without, even the shaking of the front part of the dwelling by the distant gale became perceptible. An angry flash sprang for an instant to the young assistant's eye, but it met the cautious glance of his friend, and together both discreetly sought the table. The two girls alone remained white and collected. "Will you go on with my fortune, Mr. Grant?" said Phemie quietly.

A certain respect, perhaps not before observable, was suggested in the surveyor's tone as he smilingly replied, "Certainly, I was only waiting for you to show your confidence in me," and took up the cards.

Mr. Harkutt coughed. "It looks as if that blamed wind had blown suthin' loose in the store," he said affectedly. "I reckon I'll go and see." He hesitated a moment and then disappeared in the passage. Yet even here he stood irresolute, looking at the closed door behind him, and passing his hand over his still flushed face. Presently he slowly and abstractedly ascended the flight of steps, entered the smaller passage that led to the

back door of the shop and opened it.

He was at first a little startled at the halo of light from the still glowing stove which the greater obscurity of the long room had heightened rather than diminished. Then he passed behind the counter, but here the box of biscuits which occupied the centre and cast a shadow over it, compelled him to grope vaguely for what he sought. Then he stopped suddenly, the paper he had just found dropping from his fingers, and said sharply:

"Who's there?"

"Me, pop."

"John Milton?"

"Yes, sir."

"What the devil are you doin' there, sir?"

"Readin'."

It was true. The boy was half reclining in a most distorted posture on two chairs, his figure in deep shadow, but his book was raised above his head so as to catch the red glow of the stove on the printed page. Even then his father's angry interruption scarcely diverted his preoccupation; he raised himself in his chair mechanically with his eyes still fixed on his book. Seeing which his father quickly regained the paper, but continued his oburgation.

"How dare you? Clear off to bed, will you! Do you hear me? Pretty goin's on," he added as if to justify his indignation. "Sneakin' in here and—and lyin' round at this time o' night! Why, if I hadn't come in here to——"

"What?" asked the boy mechanically, catching vaguely at the unfinished sentence and staring automatically at the paper in his father's hand.

"Nothin', sir! Go to bed, I tell you! Will you? What are you standin' gawpin' at?" continued Harkutt furiously.

The boy regained his feet slowly and passed his father, but not without noticing with the same listless yet ineffaceable perception of childhood that he was hurriedly concealing the paper

in his pocket. With the same youthful in consequence, wondering at this more than at the interruption, which was no novel event, he went slowly out of the room.

Harkutt listened to the retreating tread of his bare feet in the passage and then carefully locked the door. Taking the paper from his pocket, and borrowing the idea he had just objurgated in his son, he turned it towards the dull glow of the stove and attempted to read it. But perhaps lacking the patience as well as the keener sight of youth, he was forced to re-light the candle which he had left on the counter, and reperused the paper. Yes! there was certainly no mistake! Here was the actual description of the property which the surveyor had just indicated as the future terminus of the new railroad, and here it was conveyed to him—Daniel Harkutt! What was that? Somebody knocking! What did this continual interruption mean? An odd superstitious fear now mingled with his irritation.

The sound appeared to come from the front shutters. It suddenly occurred to him that the light might be visible through the crevices. He hurriedly extinguished it, and went to the door.

"Who's there?"

"Me—Peters. Want to speak to you."

Mr. Harkutt with evident reluctance drew the bolts. The wind, still boisterous and besieging, did the rest, and precipitately propelled Peters through the carefully guarded opening. But his surprise at finding himself in the darkness seemed to forestall any explanation of his visit.

"Well," he said with an odd mingling of reproach and suspicion. "I declare I saw a light here just this minit! That's queer."

"Yes, I put it out just now. I was goin' away," replied Harkutt, with ill-disguised impatience.

"What! been here ever since?"

"No," said Harkutt curtly.

"Well, I want to speak to ye about

'Lige. Seein' the candle shinin' through the chinks I thought he might be still with ye. If he ain't, it looks bad. Light up, can't ye! I want to show you something."

There was a peremptoriness in his tone that struck Harkutt disagreeably, but observing that he was carrying something in his hand, he somewhat nervously re-lit the candle and faced him. Peters had a hat in his hand. It was 'Lige's!

"'Bout an hour after we fellers left here," said Peters, "I heard the rattlin' of hoofs on the road, and then it seemed to stop just by my house. I went out with a lantern, and, darn my skin! if there warn't 'Lige's hoss, the saddle empty, and 'Lige nowhere! I looked round and called him—but nothing were to be seen. Thinkin' he might have slipped off—tho' ez a general rule drunken men don't, and he is a good rider—I followed down the road, lookin' for him. I kept on follerin' it down to your run, half a mile below."

"But," began Harkutt, with a quick nervous laugh, "you don't reckon that because of that he—"

"Hold on!" said Peters, grimly producing a revolver from his side pocket with the stock and barrel clogged and streaked with mud. "I found *that* too—and look! one barrel discharged! And," he added hurriedly, as approaching a climax, "look ye—what I nat'rally took for wet from the rain—inside that hat—was—blood!"

"Nonsense!" said Harkutt, putting the hat aside with a new fastidiousness. "You don't think—"

"I think," said Peters, lowering his voice, "I think, by God! *he's bin and done it!*"

"No!"

"Sure! Oh, it's all very well for Billings and the rest of that conceited crowd to sneer and sling their ideas of 'Lige gen'rally as they did jess now here—but I'd like 'em to see *that*." It was difficult to tell if Mr. Peters' triumphant delight in confuting his late companions' theories had not even usurped in his

mind the importance of the news he brought, as it had of any human sympathy with it.

"Look here," returned Harkutt earnestly, yet with a singularly cleared brow and a more natural manner. "You ought to take them things over to Squire Kerby's, right off, and show 'em to him. You kin tell him how you left 'Lige here, and say that I can prove by my daughter that he went away about ten minutes after—at least, not more than fifteen." Like all unprofessional humanity, Mr. Harkutt had an exaggerated conception of the majesty of unimportant detail in the eye of the law. "I'd go with you myself," he added quickly, "but I've got company—strangers—here."

"How did he look when he left—kinder wild?" suggested Peters.

Harkutt had begun to feel the prudence of present reticence. "Well," he said, cautiously, "*you* saw how he looked."

"You wasn't rough with him?—that might have sent him off, you know," said Peters.

"No," said Harkutt, forgetting himself in a quick indignation, "no, I not only treated him to another drink, but gave him—" he stopped suddenly and awkwardly.

"Eh?" said Peters.

"Some good advice—you know," said Harkutt hastily. "But come, you'd better hurry over to the squire's. You know *you've* made the discovery; *your* evidence is important, and there's a law that obliges you to give information at once."

The excitement of discovery, and the triumph over his disputants being spent, Peters, after the Sidon fashion, evidently did not relish activity as a duty. "You know," he said dubiously, "he mightn't be dead, after all."

Harkutt became a trifle distant. "You know your own opinion of the thing," he replied after a pause. "You've circumstantial evidence enough to see the squire, and set others to work on it; and," he added significantly, "you've done your

share then, and can wipe your hands of it, eh?"

"That's so," said Peters eagerly. "I'll just run over to the squire."

"And on account of the women folks, you know, and the strangers here, I'll say nothin' about it to-night," added Harkutt.

Peters nodded his head, and taking up the hat of the unfortunate Elijah with a certain hesitation, as if he feared it had already lost its dramatic intensity as a witness, disappeared into the storm and darkness again. A lurking gust of wind lying in ambush somewhere seemed to swoop down on him as if to prevent further indecision and whirl him away in the direction of the justice's house; and Mr. Harkutt shut the door, bolted it, and walked aimlessly back to the counter.

From a slow, deliberate and cautious man, he seemed to have changed within an hour to an irresolute and capricious one. He took the paper from his pocket and, unlocking the money drawer of his counter, folded into a small compass that which now seemed to be the last testament of Elijah Curtis, and placed it in a recess. Then he went to the back door and paused, then returned, reopened the money drawer, took out the paper and again buttoned it in his hip pocket, standing by the stove and staring abstractedly at the dull glow of the fire. He even went through the mechanical process of raking down the ashes—solely to gain time and as an excuse for delaying some other necessary action.

He was thinking what he should do. Had the question of his right to retain and make use of that paper been squarely offered to him an hour ago, he would have, without doubt, decided that he ought not to keep it. Even now, looking at it as an abstract principle, he did not deceive himself in the least. But Nature has the reprehensible habit of not presenting these questions to us squarely and fairly, and it is remarkable that in most of our offending the abstract principle is never the

direct issue. Mr. Harkutt was conscious of having been unwillingly led step by step into a difficult, not to say dishonest, situation, and against his own seeking. He had never asked Elijah to sell him the property; he had distinctly declined it; it had even been forced upon him as security for the pittance he so freely gave him. This proved (to himself) that he himself was honest; it was only the circumstances that were queer. Of course if Elijah had lived he, Harkutt, might have tried to drive some bargain with him before the news of the railroad survey came out—for *that* was only business. But now that Elijah was dead, who would be a penny the worse or better but himself if he chose to consider the whole thing as a lucky speculation, and his gift of five dollars as the price he paid for it? Nobody could think that he had calculated upon 'Lige's suicide, any more than that the property would become valuable. In fact if it came to that, if 'Lige had really contemplated killing himself as a hopeless bankrupt after taking Harkutt's money as a loan, it was a swindle on his—Harkutt's—good-nature. He worked himself into a rage, which he felt was innately virtuous, at this tyranny of cold principle over his own warm-hearted instincts, but if it came to the *law*, he'd stand by law and not sentiment. He'd just let them—by which he vaguely meant the world, Tasajara, and possibly his own conscience—see that he wasn't a sentimental fool, and he'd freeze on to that paper and that property!

Only he ought to have spoken out before. He ought to have told the surveyor at once that he owned the land. He ought to have said: "Why, that's my land. I bought it of that drunken 'Lige Curtis for a song and out of charity." Yes, that was the only real trouble, and that came from his own goodness, his own extravagant sense of justice and right—his own cursed good-nature. Yet, on second thoughts, he didn't know why he was

obliged to tell the surveyor. Time enough when the company wanted to buy the land. As soon as it was settled that 'Lige was dead he'd openly claim the property. But what if he wasn't dead? or they couldn't find his body? or he had only disappeared? His plain, matter-of-fact face contracted and darkened. Of course he couldn't ask the company to wait for him to settle that point. He had the power to dispose of the property under that paper, and—he should do it. If 'Lige turned up that was another matter, and he and 'Lige could arrange it between them. He was quite firm here, and oddly enough quite relieved in getting rid of what appeared only a simple question of detail. He never suspected that he was contemplating the one irretrievable step, and summarily dismissing the whole ethical question.

He turned away from the stove, opened the back door, and walked with a more determined step through the passage to the sitting-room. But here he halted again on the threshold with a quick return of his old habits of caution. The door was slightly open; apparently his angry outbreak of an hour ago had not affected the spirits of his daughters, for he could hear their hilarious voices mingling with those of the strangers. They were evidently still fortune-telling, but this time it was the prophetic and divining accents of Mr. Rice addressed to Clementina which were now plainly audible.

"I see heaps of money and a great many friends in the change that is coming to you. Dear me! how many suitors! But I cannot promise you any marriage as brilliant as my friend has just offered your sister. You may be certain, however, that you'll have your own choice in this, as you have in all things."

"Thank you for nothing," said Clementina's voice. "But what are those horrid black cards beside them?—that's trouble, I'm sure."

"Not for you, though near you. Perhaps some one you don't care much

for and don't understand will have a heap of trouble on your account—yes, on account of these very riches; see, he follows the ten of diamonds. It may be a suitor—it may be some one now in the house, perhaps.”

“He means himself, Miss Clementina,” struck in Grant’s voice laughingly.

“You’re not listening, Miss Harkutt,” said Rice with half serious reproach. “Perhaps you know who it is?”

But Miss Clementina’s reply was simply a hurried recognition of her father’s pale face that here suddenly confronted her with the opening door.

“Why, it’s Father!”

CHAPTER III.

In his strange mental condition even the change from Harkutt’s feeble candle to the outer darkness for a moment blinded Elijah Curtis, yet it was part of that mental condition that he kept moving steadily forward as in a trance or dream, though at first purposelessly. Then it occurred to him that he was really looking for his horse, and that the animal was not there. This for a moment confused and frightened him, first with the supposition that he had not brought him at all, but that it was part of his delusion; secondly, with the conviction that without his horse he could neither proceed on the course suggested by Harkutt, nor take another more vague one that was dimly in his mind. Yet in his hopeless vacillation it seemed a relief that now neither was practicable, and that he need do nothing. Perhaps it was a mysterious Providence!

The explanation, however, was much simpler. The horse had been taken by the luxurious and indolent Billings unknown to his companions. Overcome at the dreadful prospect of walking home in that weather, this perfect product of lethargic Sidon had artfully allowed Peters and Wingate to precede

him, and, cautiously unloosing the tethered animal, had safely passed them in the darkness. When he gained his own enclosure he had lazily dismounted, and, with a sharp cut on the mustang’s haunches, sent him galloping back to rejoin his master, with what result has been already told by the unsuspecting Peters in the preceding chapter.

Yet no conception of this possibility entered Lige Curtis’s alcoholised consciousness, part of whose morbid phantasy it was to distort or exaggerate all natural phenomena. He had a vague idea that he could not go back to Harkutt’s; already his visit seemed to have happened long, long ago, and could not be repeated. He would walk on, enwrapped in this uncompromising darkness which concealed everything, suggested everything, and was responsible for everything.

It was very dark, for the wind, having lulled, no longer thinned the veil of clouds above, nor dissipated a steaming mist that appeared to rise from the sodden plain. Yet he moved easily through the darkness, seeming to be upheld by it as something tangible, upon which he might lean. At times he thought he heard voices—not a particular voice he was thinking of, but strange voices—of course unreal to his present fancy. And then he heard one of these voices, unlike any voice in Sidon, and very faint and far off, asking if it “was anywhere near Sidon?”—evidently some one lost like himself. He answered in a voice that seemed quite as unreal and as faint, and turned in the direction from which it came. There was a light moving like a will-o’-the-wisp far before him, yet below him as if coming out of the depths of the earth. It must be fancy, but he would see—ah!

He had fallen violently forward, and at the same moment felt his revolver leap from his breast pocket like a living thing, and an instant after explode upon the rock where it struck, blindingly illuminating the declivity down which he was plunging. The sulphurous sting of burning powder was in

his eyes and nose, yet in that swift revealing flash he had time to clutch the stems of a trailing vine beside him, but not to save his head from sharp contact with the same rocky ledge that had caught his pistol. The pain and shock gave way to a sickening sense of warmth at the roots of his hair. Giddy and faint his fingers relaxed, he felt himself sinking, with a languor that was half acquiescence, down, down, until, with another shock, a wild gasping for air, and a swift reaction, he awoke in the cold rushing water !

Clear and perfectly conscious now, though frantically fighting for existence with the current, he could dimly see a floating black object shooting by the shore, at times striking the projections of the bank, until in its recoil it swung half round and drifted broadside on towards him. He was near enough to catch the frayed ends of a trailing rope that fastened the structure—which seemed to be a few logs—together. With a convulsive effort he at last gained a footing upon it, and then fell fainting along its length. It was the raft which the surveyors from the *embarcadero* had just abandoned.

He did not know this, nor would he have thought it otherwise strange that a raft might be a part of the drift of the overflow, even had he been entirely conscious, but his senses were failing, although he was still able to keep a secure position on the raft, and to vaguely believe that it would carry him to some relief and succour. How long he lay unconscious he never knew ; in his after recollections of that night, it seemed to have been haunted by dreams of passing dim banks and strange places ; of a face and voice that had been pleasant to him ; of a terror coming upon him as he appeared to be nearing a place like that home that he had abandoned in the lonely *tules*. He was roused at last by a violent headache, as if his soft felt hat had been changed into a tightening crown of iron. Lifting his hand to his head

to tear off its covering, he was surprised to find that he was wearing no hat, but that his matted hair, stiffened and dried with blood and ooze was clinging like a cap to his skull in the hot morning sunlight. His eyelids and lashes were glued together and weighted down by the same sanguinary plaster. He crawled to the edge of his frail raft, not without difficulty, for it oscillated and rocked strangely, and dipped his hand in the current. When he had cleared his eyes he lifted them with a shock of amazement. Creek, banks, and plain had disappeared ; he was alone on a bend of the tossing bay of San Francisco !

His first and only sense—cleared by fasting and quickened by reaction—was one of infinite relief. He was not only free from the vague terrors of the preceding days and nights, but his whole past seemed to be lost and sunk for ever in this illimitable expanse. The low plain of Tasajara, with its steadfast monotony of light and shadow, had sunk beneath another level, but one that glistened, sparkled, was instinct with varying life, and moved and even danced below him. The low palisades of regularly recurring *tules* that had fenced in, impeded, but never relieved the blankness of his horizon, were for ever swallowed up behind him. All trail of past degradation, all record of pain and suffering, all footprints of his wandering and misguided feet were smoothly wiped out in that obliterating sea. He was physically helpless, and he felt it ; he was in danger, and he knew it—but he was free !

Haply there was but little wind and the sea was slight. The raft was still intact so far as he could judge, but even in his ignorance he knew it would scarcely stand the surges of the lower bay. Like most Californians who had passed the straits of Carquinez at night in a steamer, he did not recognise the locality, nor even the distant peak of Tamalpais. There were a few dotting sails that seemed as remote, as

uncertain, and as unfriendly as sea-birds. The raft was motionless, almost as motionless as he was in his cramped limbs and sun-dried, stiffened clothes. Too weak to keep an upright position, without mast, stick, or oar to lift a signal above that vast expanse, it seemed impossible for him to attract attention. Even his pistol was gone.

Suddenly, in an attempt to raise himself, he was struck by a flash so blinding that it seemed to pierce his aching eyes and brain and turned him sick. It appeared to come from a crevice between the logs at the further end of the raft. Creeping painfully towards it he saw that it was a triangular slip of highly polished metal that he had hitherto overlooked. He did not know that it was a "flashing" mirror used in topographical observation, which had slipped from the surveyors' instruments when they abandoned the raft, but his excited faculties instinctively detected its value to him. He lifted it, and, facing the sun, raised it at different angles with his feeble arms. But the effort was too much for him; the raft presently seemed to be whirling with his movement, and he again fell.

* * * * *

"Ahoy there!"

The voice was close upon—in his very ears. He opened his eyes. The sea still stretched emptily before him; the dotting sails still unchanged and distant. Yet a strange shadow lay upon the raft. He turned his head with difficulty. On the opposite side—so close upon him as to be almost over his head,—the great white sails of a schooner hovered above him like the wings of some enormous sea-bird. Then a heavy boom swung across the raft, so low that it would have swept him away had he been in an upright position; the sides of the vessel grazed the raft and she fell slowly off. A terrible fear of abandonment took possession of him, he tried to speak, but could not. The vessel moved further away, but the raft followed!

He could see now it was being held by a boat-hook—could see the odd, eager curiosity on two faces that were raised above the taffrail, and with that sense of relief his eyes again closed in unconsciousness.

A feeling of chilliness, followed by a grateful sensation of drawing closer under some warm covering, a stinging taste in his mouth of fiery liquor and the aromatic steam of hot coffee, were his first returning sensations. His head and neck were swathed in coarse bandages, and his skin stiffened and smarting with soap. He was lying in a rude berth under a half deck from which he could see the sky and the bellying sail, and presently a bearded face filled with rough and practical concern that peered down upon him.

"Halloo! coming round, eh? Hold on!"

The next moment the stranger had leaped down beside Elijah. He seemed to be an odd mingling of the sailor and ranchero with the shrewdness of a seaport trader.

"Hullo, boss! What was it? A free fight, or a wash out?"

"A wash out!"¹ Elijah grasped the idea as an inspiration. Yes, his cabin had been inundated, he had taken to a raft, had been knocked off twice or thrice, and had lost everything—even his revolver!

The man looked relieved. "Then it ain't a free fight, nor havin' your crust busted and bein' robbed by beach combers, eh?"

"No," said Elijah with his first faint smile.

"Glad o' that," said the man bluntly. "Then thar ain't no police business to tie up to in 'Frisco? We were stuck thar a week once just because we chanced to pick up a feller who'd been found gagged and then thrown overboard by wharf thieves. Had to dance attendance at court thar and lost our trip." He stopped and looked half-pathetically at the pros-

¹ A mining term for the temporary inundation of a claim by flood; also used for the sterilising effect of flood on fertile soil.

trate Elijah. "Look yer! ye ain't just dyin' to go ashore *now* and see yer friends and send messages, are ye?"

Elijah shuddered inwardly, but outwardly smiled faintly as he replied, "No!"

"And the tide and wind jest servin' us now, ye wouldn't mind keepin' straight on with us this trip?"

"Where to?" asked Elijah.

"Santy Barbara."

"No," said Elijah, after a moment's pause. "I'll go with you."

The man leaped to his feet, lifted his head above the upper deck, shouted "Let her go free, Jerry!" and then turned gratefully to his passenger. "Look yer! A wash out is a wash out, I reckon, put it any way you like; it don't put anything back into the land, or anything back into your pocket afterwards, eh? No! And yer well out of it, pardner! Now there's a right smart chance for locatin' jest back of Santy Barbara, where

thar ain't no God-forsaken *tules* to overflow; and ez far as the land and licker lies ye 'needn't take any water in yours' ef ye don't want it. You kin start fresh thar, pardner, and brail up. What's the matter with you, old man, is only fever 'n' agur ketched in them *tules*? I kin see it in your eyes. Now you hold on whar you be till I go forrard and see everything taut, and then I'll come back and we'll have a talk."

And they did. The result of which was that at the end of a week's tossing and sea-sickness, Elijah Curtis was landed at Santa Barbara, pale, thin, but self-contained and resolute. And having found favour in the eyes of the skipper of the *Kitty Hawk*, general trader, lumber dealer, and ranchman, a week later he was located on the skipper's land and installed in the skipper's service. And from that day, for five years, Sidon and Tasajara knew him no more.

(*To be continued.*)

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHILE the question of the overcrowding of the living has been gradually claiming a larger measure of public attention, that of the overcrowding of our illustrious dead within the four walls of the Abbey has in like manner been pressing itself with gathering insistence on the minds of the comparatively few whose official position brings home to them the realities of the case. This is no new difficulty. So long ago as the era of the Commonwealth we shall find that it cropped up, though in a less acute form. By that time, as we learn from the evidence of the Dean of Westminster before the Royal Commission, the want of space "in the parts most traditionally prized," Henry the Seventh's chapel, and the chapels north and south of the east end, made an overflow into the choir aisles, the north transept, and finally the nave, a matter of necessity.

It is idle to lament the waste of valuable space which our ancestors did so little to discountenance, the preposterous size and unfortunate placing of many of the monuments, the slender claims of some of the men and women whose mediocrity alone they perpetuate. It is worse than idle to sneer at a custom sanctioned now by the usage of centuries, extended to no mere privileged class, as has been asserted, a custom which, whether actually provocative of great actions or not,—and we know that Blake's burial in the Abbey was intended as an incentive to heroic achievements—has been present to the minds of many at the moment of death, and is recognised by an overwhelming majority of the nation as the fitting crown for its noblest and most fruitful lives. To hint at its possible discontinuance is to confess the decadence of our manhood, or to make an assumption of a merit which

transcends the material memorial. The act of abnegation would be as unreasonable as the claim unwarrantable, and to consider seriously such a solution of the problem is quite unnecessary.

The evidence collected by the Commissioners has now been before us for some months. An inquiry conducted by experts, a feature in such a case not more new than welcome, has collected a body of evidence manageable in quantity, interesting as it is intelligible in its matter, and sufficient even without the report of the Commissioners, which is now published, to show precisely what courses are open to us for choice and the reasons which must govern it.

Broadly speaking there are in the first instance two alternatives, both of them necessarily leaving something to be desired. The first is represented by the provision of some entirely new place of rest for those whom the nation delights to honour, whether in direct connection with the Abbey or not. This is the positive course. The second consists in accepting what we have to our hands, using the Abbey for actual sepulture so long as it will admit of it, and placing the memorials, much restricted in size and confined to tablets of some form or another, on the walls of the cloisters or any other position of similar importance which might present itself, leaving, in a word, the final settlement of the question to posterity.

The actual position is as follows. As regards interments, it was elicited from the Clerk of Works by one of the Commissioners who devoted himself with great perseverance to the discovery of the utmost limits of the Abbey's capacity, that there is still room for at least ninety more. Throughout the

last century, though some rigour was exercised in the matter of monuments, the burial of a number of inconsiderable persons was unfortunately permitted. The opening of a new century saw a somewhat more jealous supervision, and, latterly, the privilege has come to be regarded by the authorities as one to be granted with so much circumspection that the Abbey may be expected at the present rate of interment—about one in every two years—to hold out for nearly two centuries longer. There is breathing-space here; but unfortunately mere interment without visible memorial does not meet the case, and it is in this connection that the need for immediate relief is at once apparent. The number of monuments erected is considerably in excess of the burials, being on an average three in two years; and at the present moment there is actually no vacant space unless it be for a bust clinging like some uncouth growth to a column, or a medallion set in a solemn and unvarying shade. Indeed so long ago as 1881, when it fell to Dean Stanley and the First Commissioner, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, to select a position for the intended statue to Lord Beaconsfield, it was found that there were only two possible places for the memorial of a man of such eminence; the statue in question occupies one, the other still remains vacant.

To say there is no room for memorials while there is room for interments cannot of course be strictly true, because the flat stone which covers the grave may always carry a brass, or a marble slab incised or carved in low relief, and there is still a large range of windows which might under fit restraints be filled with memorial glass; but, after all, these tell their story in only a lame way, and can hardly be considered even passable substitutes for the forms which almost universally prevail. Finally, and this has been mooted more than once, and indeed acted on but with fortunate tentativeness, some temporary relief might no doubt be obtained by shifting here

and paring there, by putting the insignificant away in the remoter corners and stripping them of their excrescences or their projections. This, however, is a course which it is difficult to reprobate too strongly. If the tablet or monument has not an indefeasible right to the position it occupies; if, holding it once, it does not hold it for good,—then half the value and half the sentiment, and, as Sir Frederic Leighton said with great justice, at least a part of the architectural merit, is absolutely blotted out. So and so has no representatives,—Wolfe for example—such and such a family has died out, it has been said with an unmistakable reference to the resulting possibilities. Well, even in a country church such a reason for the semi-obliteration of the memory of some local tradesman is a cruel one; but in such a case as this where, as we know, the tombs have in many cases been arranged with an affecting regard for the congruity and propriety of their surroundings,¹ where friend has been placed so that he may rest by friend, ally and ally side by side, such a proposal is almost an outrage, and comes ill from those who are asking in the same breath for a building in intimate connection with the Abbey so that there may be no break of continuity. What a contradiction is here! How strange a confusion of thought, when it is even proposed, as has been done in all gravity, that some of the memorials of the more eminent men should be moved at once into the new annexe to take off the smell of fresh paint as it were, to act as warming-pans, as tame elephants, as decoy ducks, or whatever one may choose to call

¹ Thus, taking only more recent years, Charles Dickens was buried close to the bust of Thackeray; Lord Lytton, as the author of *The Last of the Barons*, by the side of a warrior who fell at Barnet; Lord Lawrence was buried near Sir James Outram and Lord Clyde; Sir Charles Lyell “at the foot of the monument of Woodward, the first founder of English geology;” Bishop Thirlwall near George Grote; and Mr. Spottiswoode near Archbishop Spottiswoode, the historian of the Scottish Church.

them! Rather let us have an abrupt severance, a simple cleavage, than brush away a cobweb which associations have hallowed, than break a link in the chain of historical sequence. We have our museums elsewhere; let us beware of adding another to the number.

So much for the sentimental side of a suggestion for which architectural advantages have also been claimed by its admirers. It is perfectly true, and the simple fact is patent beyond denial, that the architecture is in some measure masked by works which are very often quite out of keeping with it, and in many cases tinged with a sickly sentimentality which is jarring enough; but they have at least the advantage of preserving what they do somewhat to hide, a point of which an architectural purist is somewhat oblivious, and the broad and solemn background actually gains in dignity from the fanciful fretwork which plays about it. Moreover, once begin to move structures for which in many instances arcades have been blocked up, string-courses cut short, and wall-spaces tampered with, and it will be found that a very large amount of new stonework will be necessary. So far the interior is in happy contrast to the outside. No old church, in fact, preserves more intact the warm and sombre colouring which time only gives; to break this up with spots and stripes of new stonework would be destructive of the rich harmony which now forms so large a part of the great church's charm, the sacrifice of a reality for an idea.

It has been incidentally mentioned that the great cloisters have been suggested as offering the easiest and most natural solution of the question. There is a good deal to be said for this view, and Mr. Knowles, who is responsible for it, put the case strongly in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century Review*. The cloisters, as he argued, are a central part of the old Abbey precincts; they are approached directly from the south aisle at two points,

and, which is a happy feature in the case, and does a good deal to break the abruptness of the transition from inside to outside, the northern half of the east walk is actually an integral part of the main fabric, being in point of fact nothing else than the western aisle of the south transept.

The cloisters themselves are of noble size, and, as Mr. Knowles was able to show, offer an amount of wall-space which it would take a long time to fill. That they are somewhat squalid now is unfortunate for the attractiveness of the suggestion; but a little restoration carefully applied, and the glazing of the openings,—an indispensable precaution—would do all that is needful to fit them for their new use. So much in their favour; objections, however, suggest themselves at once. The first is that the cloisters are an open thoroughfare, though little importance need be attached to this; the second is that, while the wall-space may be adequate enough, there is no floor-space at all, and floor-space is indispensable for all but tablets and medallions of modest dimensions. To confine the memorials to the cloisters would be in fact equivalent to passing a sumptuary law to restrict their form and size, and the architectural effect of such a result would be unspeakably monotonous and wearisome.

There is one other point on which Mr. Knowles laid much stress,—the propriety of utilising the garth for burials. Such a course would be most natural, and indeed it appears, on the testimony of the Clerk of Works, that, as might have been anticipated, it commended itself as such to our ancestors some six hundred years ago, the ground being so full of remains as to preclude any further use of it. The advantages which the cloisters offer are, it would seem, of no very real kind. There was some talk before the Commission of first and second class interments. The phrase is distressingly suggestive of Mr. Bumble; but if anything of the sort did commend itself—though

where the process of selection is so severe distinctions would be very invidious—the cloisters might be made use of. It is probable, however, that a reference was made to existing monuments; to move them to the cloisters would be just as objectionable as moving them to a new building, and it was not likely that the Commissioners would make such a recommendation.

Before passing to the suggestions now actually before us it is worth while to notice briefly some earlier proposals of which they are the legitimate successors. The first to be regularly formulated, though Sir Charles Barry appears to have made drawings of a cloister, was that of Sir Gilbert Scott. His scheme was a large one, including a so-called *campo santo* and a memorial chapel on the Abingdon Street front opposite the Victoria Tower which was to be approached by a long passage-way passing under the buttresses of the Chapter House and then turning south. The mere clearance of the site would have cost some £200,000, and a structure of such extreme length and moderate height would have offered a very difficult problem for architectural treatment. This scheme however held the field till Mr. James Fergusson, after considerable correspondence with Mr. Shaw Lefevre, published a plan for a new transept. This transept was to have been a great hall, similarly approached round the Chapter House, running directly south from that building and extending as far as the College garden. If built on Mr. Fergusson's plan it would have "provided space for monuments very much larger than the existing nave of the Abbey," a provision of quite unnecessary magnitude; and the building itself, which was to have been wider than the Abbey nave and covered with a roof of flat pitch, could hardly have missed being unwieldy in itself besides acting prejudicially on its magnificent neighbour, crushing the Chapter House, and greatly dwarfing Henry the Seventh's Chapel. The hand of

Mr. Shaw Lefevre was apparent in this plan; his interest in the Abbey is of long standing, and he has devoted considerable time and labour to studying the subject and to writing upon it. Tired however of a course which possibly seemed too negative, and oblivious of certain well-meant attempts during an ambitious tenure of the ædileship which nothing can persuade the public to view with satisfaction, he was moved by the approach of the Queen's Jubilee to broach a project for a Victoria Chapel, to be built close to the Abbey, on a par with it in dignity, or, to use his own words, "quite as much so as Henry the Seventh's Chapel," and devoted to monuments of the great men of the Victorian Era. The clearance thus effected in the church itself was to have been followed by a general shifting of the other monuments,—a sort of Mad Tea-party on a large scale—a course to which Mr. Shaw Lefevre seems to have been moved by the enjoyment which the clearance of the old Law Courts from Westminster Hall afforded him. Much grievous work has been done in the name of the Jubilee, but had the Victoria Chapel been carried out in all its completeness we should have had an achievement quite peerless in its undesirability. What would have happened had not the Imperial Institute justified itself at that early stage of its existence by blocking the way, it is dreadful to contemplate. Mr. Lefevre has evidently not lost his liking for his project, but its day is clearly past.

We now find ourselves face to face with the proposals on which the Commission has actually reported, and for convenience' sake we may regard them as divided into buildings in close connection (real or supposed) with the Abbey, and those not in direct communication, and as subdivided into those which provide permanent and those which give only temporary relief. It will be better in the first instance to deal with those for which their authors claim direct connection with the main building, a claim which is

actually made in every case but one, and finally to consider that single example.

Mr. Pearson has no less than five schemes, though one of them is so slight a modification of another that the two may be taken together, on all of which he was examined at length by the Commission. The largest of these projects, and that which differs less materially than the others from those already noticed, reproduces the now familiar feature of a covered passage from Poets' Corner under the Chapter House buttresses, but the memorial chapel itself is on a reasonable scale, and as it takes the form of a nave with double aisles on either side, the highest part, though but little south of the centre of the Chapter House, would allow of a good view of that building from the north-east. A second plan showing the whole structure moved twenty-five feet southwards would of course be proportionately better in that respect. The east end of the chapel is shown projecting slightly further eastwards than Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and while otherwise creating no interference, would altogether mask the Chapter House from the south-east.

The second scheme is an entirely new departure, being nothing less than a proposal to add a new north aisle running from the north transept almost the whole length of the existing aisle of the nave, and entered directly from it and from the transept. The third plan also occupies the Abbey Green, but takes the form of a "double cloister, glazed at both sides, enclosing a garth with approaches to the Abbey similar to those in the previous scheme." This plan is not much favoured by its author; and, as a matter of fact, the building of a new cloister, however conveniently planned for its particular purpose, while one already exists, is a proposal which hardly needs combating.

On somewhat the same lines as Mr. Pearson's first scheme is one which is jointly promoted by Messrs. Lawrence

Harvey and J. P. Seddon. The main difference being that the entrance in this case would be from the south end of the east walk of the cloisters instead of from the Abbey, that the chapel would extend right out to Abingdon Street instead of only to the frontage of Palace Yard, and that it would be a great deal more expensive,—some £400,000 in all.

It is something of a relief to pass from so large a project as this to the modest proposals of Mr. R. H. Carpenter and the late Mr. Tarver, the plan of the former consisting of a small addition in the angle formed by the north transept and the north aisle of the nave, and that of the latter of "a wreath of chapels" round the Chapter House. Now there is an initial objection to such a scheme as that of Mr. Tarver,—and Mr. Carpenter's is only somewhat better in this respect—that a little series of *columbaria*, (if we may so call them, and who knows what the womb of time may bring forth!) which obviously lack the monumental and dignified character that the purpose demands, is quite unsuited for the reception of anything of the first importance and would not give relief of a permanent kind. Moreover, a scheme which is hardly more than a makeshift sets a bad precedent, and the very existence of such an addition as is proposed would suggest the erection of some similar little chapels or chambers whenever these should be exhausted. It has the further disadvantage, and this Mr. Pearson's first scheme shares with it, of obscuring the outline of the Chapter House, altering an original and characteristic design, and embodying the buttresses in the building in just the same way as has been done, with or without justification, at Westminster Hall.

All the plans for the erection of a building to the south-east of the Abbey would tend to clog up and hide the Chapter House; they would either vie with the Abbey or look

insignificant by the side of it, and would entail a large outlay in the clearance of the ground to the south east of the Chapter House only to cumber it again. Nothing is more irritating, more productive of lasting discontent, than to see a building in all its beauty for a season only to lose it again. Such has been our experience lately with Saint George's, Bloomsbury, thrown open for a few months, and now again hermetically sealed, and with a very ill-looking stopper. If a church of comparatively slight interest is to be regretted, how much more would the varied and charming group in question, once disclosed, cry aloud for lasting freedom? Let a clearance be made by all means, if the funds admit of it,—two houses on the Old Palace Yard front and three behind would be almost sufficient—but let there be no doubt about the permanence of the improvement.

The new north aisle, while free from the aforesaid objections, and certainly not wanting in special advantages of its own, is too bold an experiment to be tried unless one is quite sure that there is justification for it, or, indeed, no possible loophole of escape from it. The connection with the Abbey would be direct. That is a feature which commends itself at once; but if the connection is merely to be by a door or doors, the aisle would practically be, as one of the members of the Commission said, "the next room." That is, as M. d'Argenton would have said, a *mot cruel*, but it conveys very clearly the nature of the bulwark which exists in that great aisle wall. Does so discrete a connection, we are bound to ask ourselves, constitute a sufficient cause for tampering with the integrity of a great historical monument?

Our Abbey Church is so richly dowered with associations; it is to so many of us what it was to Voltaire, the *temple consacré à la Mémoire*, that we are perhaps liable to overlook its

merits as a piece of architecture. Yet it is a quite unique building in this country; and though, as Mr. Pearson says, the nave is modernised and debased outside, yet the whole design does here stand practically confessed, here on the Abbey Green and nowhere else. There may be possibilities of beauty in a work which have escaped the author. It may be true that Chopin said of a rendering of a work of his own, "That is not what I meant, but I like it better;" but it is for the creator to say so.

It is quite possible that the new aisle might prove no eyesore: it might prove even the reverse; but we must not run the risk unless the benefits which are to accrue are something more real than those which Mr. Pearson holds out. Again, the question of style, one of the greatest importance, is beset with difficulties. It is becoming an old story now, the cry for a new style of our own which cannot be manufactured and will not grow. For six thousand years, as Victor Hugo says in that strange and fanciful chapter in *Notre Dame*, architecture was the book in which the thoughts of the whole human race were inscribed. Therein were recorded not only the various manifestations of religious feeling, but, in the very portals of the church, may be read the protest of the worldling or the reactionary. Where one building preached an ancient faith, a love of order and stable government, another,—and Victor Hugo names St. Jacques de la Boucherie as an instance—was, so to speak, the organ of the Opposition. The durable book of architecture has been killed by the still more lasting product of the printing-press. We are no longer articulate in stone and marble; it is not the vehicle for the expression of our thoughts which is natural to us, and in the consequent want of inspiration our choice has to be made deliberately and in cold blood. What then is to be our model? Mr. Pearson's own idea is to show that the addition is of later date than the church proper

by the simple adoption of a later style. Now to copy exactly may be to run the risk of falsifying the history of the fabric, but designedly to adopt some special development of a later period, is somewhat like going out of the way to make falsification false; and the presence of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, a veritably late growth, makes the question all the more thorny. At this point, fortunately, we are met by a suggestion which has recently appeared in the pages of *The Builder* (December 27th, 1890), bolder indeed than that which we have been considering, but far more fruitful in advantages. The writer proposes that an aisle should be built in the precise position adopted by Mr. Pearson, that a gabled roof should take the place of the lean-to form adopted by that gentleman, and that the whole of the glass should be taken out of the existing two-light windows so far as the new aisle might extend, and be moved bodily into a series of openings of precisely similar outline in the new north wall. The effect of such a proceeding would be that the unglazed windows would form a great open arcade giving an exceedingly picturesque view into the new aisle, and the connection between the new work and the old would be of the closest possible kind. Further, the general question of style would have been settled by the necessity for accommodating existing memorial glass, while a few modern touches, as the writer suggests, might be trusted to give the necessary hint to the archæologist of the future. Such an addition as this would, it is almost needless to say, have ample precedent in old work, and it is enough to point to the north-west and south-west chapels at Lincoln Minster as a case in point.

Such then being the possibilities in the way of direct connection, it remains to notice the scheme already alluded to as standing alone in the category of the professedly disconnected, a scheme which, introduced late in the day and with no great flourish of trumpets,

still boasts an obvious propriety which appeared to be generally recognised before the Commission closed its sittings.

A glance at a ground plan of the Abbey precincts will show us that the south wall of the cloisters forms the northern boundary of a strip of ground running nearly the whole length of the cloister walk, the site of the old refectory, and still unoccupied except for some buildings of quite trivial character at one end. This piece of land, which is bounded on the south side by Ashburnham House, is apparently still the property of the Dean and Chapter and theirs to deal with if they so decide, seeing that no consideration whatever was given for it at the time that Ashburnham House was itself handed over to the Governing Body of Westminster School. This then is the subject of the last and perhaps the most satisfactory of Mr. Pearson's proposals. Now, it has been claimed by the partisans of each of the remaining sites that they admit of a direct connection with the Abbey. Nothing of the sort is urged in favour of the one under notice. The intimate connection of a new north aisle is of course admitted, but with what show of reason can direct connection be claimed for any of those buildings which have to be approached through corridors and chambers, or in what respect is the noble and ancient cloister walk a less fitting approach to the new building? Is it because it is open to wind and rain? That is easily remedied. Is it because it is a passage way, an entrance to the Abbey? That has actually been claimed for the other sites as a good feature. Is the opposition to the cloister consequent on the squalid condition into which it has been allowed to fall? Then a reason for putting it into proper repair should be welcomed rather than rejected.

What are the actual facts of the case? The refectory site may be reached directly down either the east or west walks of the cloister, the distance from door to door being little

more than one hundred and fifty feet. None of the proposed chapels are nearer than this, except Mr. Tarver's "wreath," and some are more distant. The available dimensions are ample, the lowest estimate being one hundred and thirty feet by thirty-seven, and the cost is put at £30,000. Nothing providing the same amount of accommodation could be cheaper, and as a matter of fact, Mr. Pearson himself estimates his Palace Yard chapel at twice the amount. Far from being conspicuous, and that surely is not desirable, a building in this position would hardly make its presence felt, and being raised on the old lines would group harmoniously with the existing units of an architectural whole. This reticence, if we may so term it, is a point on which some stress should be laid. It is probable that most of us regret a good deal that was done in the early days of revived church restoration. The feeling of respect for old work has grown and is growing; almost in spite of the attitude adopted by some of its advocates. What it may be two or three centuries hence it is impossible to forecast, but the chances are that posterity will not bless us if we put a rash hand on the Abbey itself. What would be our own feelings if our great-grandfathers had done what we lightly speak of doing; or is there any reason to suppose that indiscreet action on our part would be less resented by those who follow us than the vandalism of the early years of the century is resented by ourselves?

All that remains of the refectory is the north wall for a height of some thirty feet, and a much decayed piece of arcading at the east end. The north wall, which contains a Norman arcade below and a range of blocked up two-light windows of the fifteenth century above, is still capable of being pre-

served, though rapidly decaying, and would necessarily give the keynote of the whole design. The new building could not pretend to be a restoration, but at any rate we know what the old windows were, and the mere fact of covering in the open space would preserve features of old work which are otherwise doomed to gradual extinction.

Nearly all the designs show the chapels composed of a central portion and at least two aisles. What the intention of such an arrangement may be is not quite clear; and an almost unbroken hall, with but shallow recesses, such as the refectory would present, will commend itself to most as being better suited for the particular purpose, and decidedly more economical of space. Mr. Pearson himself seems to favour the north aisle; but, if he does so, he has put a two-edged sword into the hands of his opponents by showing in a slight sketch an admirable treatment of the building on the refectory site, a treatment which is unusual, picturesque without loss of dignity, and justified, or rather necessitated, by structural difficulties.

No more need be said; the settlement of the question lies on the knees of the gods. Give us, however, a new refectory, such as the actual report of the Commission suggests, restored for another and higher purpose than that which its founders contemplated; give us a Chapter House freed from accretions, the squalor of which can hardly be matched in the neighbourhood of any other great church; and we shall say that the common altar of Use and Beauty has been crowned with an acceptable offering on which the fire from heaven will not be called down in vain.

ARTHUR EDMUND STREET.

TWENTY YEARS AGO IN EAST LoTHIAN.

THE period designated at the head of this paper is not a capricious selection out of many fat years, nor is it pitched upon merely for the sake of rounding off a title-page. The figures, admirably as they serve the purpose in hand, are of a purely personal origin. To be brief, it is exactly twenty years ago this spring that I myself, a humble pilgrim from the far south, sniffed for the first time the mingled odours of phosphates, guano, and fish manure with which the keen sea breezes of an East Lothian seeding-time were ever laden. My first emotions upon that occasion did greater credit, I fear, to my familiarity with the author of *Waverley*, than with the illustrious Stephens, whose *Book of the Farm* was the agricultural classic of that period. I can even now recall how strong were my emotions when I realised that the russet-coloured shadowy range before me was the Lammermuirs; that the mightiest of the many sea-girt crags round which the surf of the North Sea was rushing before a landward gale, was in very truth the famous Bass Rock; that the huge cone-shaped hill springing high above plain and sea was that same Berwick Law, whose crown had been so often lit by the witches' funeral fire; that the grey pile of ruinous walls poised upon the cliff not far beyond, marked where

Tantallon's dizzy steep
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.

And last of all, but most captivating at the time to my imagination, was the great headland of St. Abbs. It was not so much perhaps the grandeur of the abrupt descent which the eastern spurs of the Lammermuirs here make into the North Sea that held my fancy, but the knowledge that

the lonely crag, standing out into the waves at their feet and visible miles away, was indelibly associated with the tragic fate and fortunes of the Master of Ravenswood and the immortal humours of Caleb Balderstone. I remember too how well upon that occasion I realised what a poor preparation for facing the colloquial Doric was even a lifelong devotion to the printed wisdom of an Edie Ochiltree or a Meg Dods. It is true that my pilot on that expedition was the most uncompromising exponent of the vernacular in East Lothian. He had, moreover, a voice that made the slothful hind, or the too contemplative ditcher, at the far end of a forty-acre field jump as if a cannon shot had passed within a foot of his head. I did not however know that at the time. I only felt a conviction that it would in all probability be very long before I was in a position to exchange ideas with him upon agriculture or any other subject. Not however that my guide wished to exchange ideas upon agriculture with any one, least of all with a benighted Southron. Heavens forbid! Mr. B—— was, and for years unnumbered had been, steward of the most celebrated farm in the most celebrated farming district in Great Britain. He was a man of iron and a man of action. On weekdays consumed from morning till night with an untiring energy, a passion for his work, and a pride in its results that was certainly not misplaced; on Sundays a pillar of his church, chief patron of its nonconforming minister, and in religious exercises never excelled in diligence by the most enthusiastic Covenanter that ever pined in the dungeons of the Bass.

However great the trials and ad-

versities which East Lothian has passed through, she shows small trace of them upon her smooth fair surface. For no one with even the most limited appreciation of rural affairs could look, I think, to-day upon those marvellously tilled plains without some quickening of the pulse, some thrill of more than common interest. From the windows of the Flying Scotchman as it bursts out of the tortuous glens of Berwickshire, and meeting the sea breeze at Cockburn's-path turns westward for its final rush along the level Lothian shore, nothing would seem to have changed. Past Innerwick and away over the famous red lands of Dunbar; past the very spot where Cromwell, gazing upward at the moving ranks of the Scottish army, must have uttered his historical thanksgiving for the delivery of the Amalekites into his ruthless hand; on still over the darker soils of Drem and Longniddry till the coal-fields of Mid Lothian and the battle ground of Preston Pans announce the approach to the outskirts of the modern Athens. On the one hand there are glimpses of blue sea and of a level but rock-bound island-studded coast; upon the other the long swell of the Lammermuirs fills the southern sky. But always in the foreground are the clean treeless fields, the close-clipped thorn fences and the great red-roofed steadings with their tall engine chimneys tapering heavenwards, suggestive, and not inaptly so, of factories of meat and grain, rather than the homely farmyard of the Southerner. Mile after mile the vast tillage fields fly by. Scarcely an acre of permanent pasture, save park or paddock, from Preston Pans to Cockburn's-path, from the Lammermuirs to the sea. The very train itself seems to throb to the time-honoured East Lothian six shift rotation and familiar refrain: "Turnips, barley seeds, oats, potatoes, wheat, but dinna forget plenty muck—plenty muck." Scarcely an open ditch is to be seen; land has been too precious; but hundreds

of miles of subsoil tile-draining convey the surface water into one of the half-dozen streams that flow seawards from the Lammermuirs. There are no grassy lanes here, no tangled hedgerows, no flowery banks, no scattered timber, no reedy ponds nor nutty copses. Every nook and angle and excrescence, such as soften the material monotony of the ordinary commonplace country landscape, has in East Lothian been ruthlessly shorn off. Every foot of soil, save that occupied by the root of the close-shaven low thorn hedge, has to produce its tribute, and this to the extreme limit of earth's productive power. This sounds appalling, but the very abundance and the colouring consequent on such abundance almost redeem it. And who that had a soul for such things at all would quibble about the constituents of an East Lothian foreground? In the shires of Huntingdon or Bedford such ruthless thrift might add melancholy to an already sombre landscape. But daisies and buttercups, thatched cottages and hedgerow trees, can be dispensed with here. The point of view is different. It is a land of breezy space and spreading distance. What matter the forty acres of potato drills at your feet, if without moving you can see the sun sink behind Arthur's Seat twenty miles away upon the one hand, or watch the light fade from the wild crests of the Lammermuirs upon the other, or hear behind you the surf booming in the caverns of Tantallon or on the rocky ledges of Ebroughie or Fidra?

Whether from train or high road, or anywhere else, there is little superficial change in the surface of East Lothian since the good old times before the Deluge. It is into the big stone farmhouses, into the agents' offices, into the ledgers of the country banks that you must penetrate to see how the mighty are fallen, or, to put it more clearly, appreciate the financial reconstruction to which the country as had to submit. And with these we have nothing to do.

Thousands of Englishmen make the

transit of East Lothian every autumn, bound for the North. It is the rarest thing to meet one who has ever set foot in this interesting corner of Scotland. It is almost as rare, outside purely agricultural circles, to find any one who has a clear idea of exactly where the county of Haddington lies, and what claims it has (and they are many) on his notice. Most of the few strangers that are to be seen there nowadays are pilgrims to some of the lesser shrines of Scottish golf, notably to North Berwick. Twenty years ago North Berwick Links were the trysting ground of neighbouring farmers, with a sprinkling of Edinburgh amateurs and professionals in the holiday seasons. The modern golfer, whose attitude towards the royal and ancient game differs considerably in many subtle ways from that of the old frequenters of Lothian Links, nevertheless regards the atmosphere of a Scottish green as specially bracing to his golfing tone. So now the medal-days at North Berwick in the season fill half a column of a newspaper. And the old fogeys growl at a pot-hunting, stroke-counting, record-making generation, as the mixing of the second tumbler produces reminiscences of quiet matches for half-a-crown a hole in the brave days of old when wheat in Haddington market brought sixty shillings a quarter, and Border Leicester ewes were four pounds apiece. The modern golfer, however unmerited may be the strictures of the score-despising toddy-drinking veteran, is the last person we should suspect of carrying his investigations of East Lothian much beyond the precincts of North Berwick. It is not necessary to have spent an autumn at St. Andrews to be aware that when the golfer is on the war-path his wife is practically a widow and his children fatherless from Monday morning till Saturday night. Even upon the one day on which public opinion, in Scotland at any rate, drags him from his labour of love, some carping spirits aver that he is so busy pondering, not, I am afraid, upon his sins, but upon

the balls he has "topped" and "sliced" and "hooked" during the week, that he is unavailable for ordinary purposes or for rational society.

Even the golfer however as he stands at Drem Junction waiting for the train that is to bear him to the goal of his desires must look at something. And as his gaze will probably be by intuition turned seaward, he will find it met by a long swelling ridge, cultivated in forty-acre rectangular fields of the most approved East Lothian culture, and crowned by an ample homestead of the most severe East Lothian type. This is Fenton Barns. And what then? the reader will probably ask. Alas for fame! Somewhat less than twenty years ago, Great Britain, for a short space, and not Great Britain only but enlightened agricultural centres throughout Europe, rang with the name. It is not for the sake of reopening old sores that I recall the incident in question, but simply as one of the most striking and significant illustrations of the change of times that could be cited.

In 1872 Mr. George Hope, then tenant of Fenton Barns, received notice from his landlord that his lease would not be renewed. His family had just completed the century of their occupation. The first tenant of the name had found the farm a tract of cold clays, of water-logged fields, and marshy, furzy commons,—such indeed as was much of the country from which the Lothians in the last century were reclaimed. The last had created not merely a national but a European reputation for himself and his farm. Fenton Barns throughout the two previous decades had been a Mecca whither aspiring farmers from the Caucasus to the Rocky Mountains, from Sicily to Sweden, turned their steps. Mr. Hope was a gentleman whose modesty and high character were equal to his wide reputation as an agriculturist. His farming was of the bold, generous, and enterprising kind which made the Lothian tenants the most admirable of their class and the Lothian landlords

the most fortunate of theirs. Mr. Hope however had the misfortune to differ from his landlord in politics. No matter that his radicalism as judged by current standards would seem mild and innocuous indeed. He was a Liberal then at any rate and that was sufficient. A comparatively backward and only partially fertile region had by the skill and enterprise of three or four generations of cultivators become the most productive and the highest rented in Europe. Landlords would have been more than human if their heads had not been a trifle turned. The proprietor of Fenton Barns was also a most excellent man. He was moreover a Right Honourable and had been once a pillar of his party in a quiet way, and when he gave the distinguished occupant of Fenton Barns notice to quit he was of course acting strictly within his rights. But an eccentric exercise of a right sometimes arouses more indignation than the perpetration of a wrong. The storm that descended upon the head of this stalwart, but misguided, Right Honourable made his bitterest foes almost sorry for him, and must have made this really kind-hearted gentleman wish that he had never been born. The blunder was so amazing that the sympathy expressed far and wide for the victim of it became after a time very generally extended to the persons whose convictions at the time compelled them to find excuses for it. Special correspondents from the great London journals descended at Drem Station. The agricultural papers gave themselves up to the absorbing topic. Britons from all quarters poured forth their indignation, and recorded their admiration for and their gratitude to the man "who had done more than any one living for British agriculture." Unkind questions, too, by way of contrast were asked in these communications, sarcastic inquiries whether anybody had ever heard of the Right Honourable, and if so who was he? &c., &c. Foreigners from all over the Continent wrote to the English Press in the same strain.

I have dwelt on this incident of 1872, not for its own sake, but as a remarkable illustration of the plethoric condition which Lothian land had reached before its downfall. With the history of the next ten years fresh in the mind and a vivid recollection of the almost panic-stricken state of East Lothian at their close, the question of political opinions, giving rise to such an incident sounds like a grim joke. If the famous tenant of Fenton Barns had been a man capable of cherishing resentment (which he was not) he need have asked for nothing more than to have been spared to see the next decade. There were probably few tenants in East Lothian who by 1882 had not come to curse the day when their leases were renewed. Twenty years ago, however, when tillage farming on a great scale was profitable, and the fine old sod of even the Wiltshire downs was being broken up to grow a meagre three-quarters of wheat to the acre, the Lothians were the show-ground of British agriculture, and the Lothian farmers confessed to be the most skilful husbandmen on a great scale that the world had ever seen. It fell to my lot during a residence of two years in East Lothian to be frequently in the company of people from all parts of the country, and indeed from many countries, who were capable of forming an opinion and drawing contrasts on such matters, and had indeed come there for the purpose. Whether from Suffolk or from Denmark, from Lincolnshire or the Rhine Valley, the note was the same,—one of unqualified admiration and unconcealed surprise. East Lothian in August was indeed a sight worth looking at. I have seen the north-western prairies in harvest-time; but the point of view there is, how little has been done by man in the production of such an ocean of waving grain, and how vast are the potentialities of mere area. East Lothian, on the other hand, is the triumph of science. And at the risk of being technical I must remark that *six* quarters of wheat to the acre, with

straw to match and barley and oats in the same relative proportions, presents a very different appearance to the eye from *three* quarters. As the swedes and turnips too, with the advance of autumn, began to fill the drills, how thick and strong and level they grew out of the clean friable soil! By November the roots in their serried ranks seemed to be literally jostling one another out of the ground. With November came the potato "lifting." And I have known the potato crop on an East Lothian farm in those days sold in the ground free of further expense for three thousand pounds! but underneath it, be it remembered, there were forty tons of barn-yard manure and nine hundred pounds of artificial fertiliser! What a difference there was between the gathering of the crop from those vast clean fields, and the same operation in the land which the potato has made so particularly its own. Beyond the Channel the tattered Irishman, up to his knees in a tangled mass of weeds, laboriously scoops out his year's rations from his petty patch with a long-handled narrow-bladed spade. In Scotland the lifting ploughs go tearing up the long, clean, weedless drills, scattering right and left the luscious mealy roots that have perhaps been already purchased for the most famous London restaurants. Behind follow the gatherers, a gang of lusty girls, many of them from the Western Islands, vast of limb, scanty of skirt, and with cheeks as red as the tiled roofs of the "bothies" they are housed in. Behind them again marches the "Grieve," on most farms a functionary in chief command, on a great farm, however, only lieutenant to the steward and in charge of this big gang, twenty in number perhaps, of female hands. Whether shovel-hoeing grain, or singling turnips, or gathering potatoes, or carrying four-bushel sacks of grain on their backs to the granaries on threshing-days, the Grieve is there in command of his troop of Amazons. And they needed a master, these Gaelic-cackling, boisterous lassies, as was very evident

when for an occasional brief interval they had a forty-acre field to themselves. They were a striking feature in the rural economy of the Lothians. Exotics from the Hebrides most of them, and a queer contrast with their shrill cackle to the stolid serious Lowland labourer, who, as likely as not, had a brother a member of the Canadian House of Commons, or a son a doctor of medicine in Aberdeenshire. He himself was only earning, potato allowance, cow-feed and coals included, thirteen or fourteen shillings a week; but he would have been very much surprised if, in the fulness of your heart, or for some trifling service rendered, you had offered him a shilling. Nor, I think, would you have, in those days at any rate, repeated the experiment. On the other hand he knew nothing of what you may call the manners (or the obsequiousness if you please) of his southern brother. As to touching his hat to his superiors, or even calling them *sir*, he would never have dreamed of it. And if he did not sometimes address his master by his Christian name, the latter may have considered himself lucky. Now his master, be it remembered, was a gentleman who kept a brougham and a coachman.

Even in the dull winter months, when the short days of that northern climate were darkened by wet mists from the North Sea, there was stir and animation in the fields and steadings of Haddingtonshire. From any rising knoll in the county you could see near at hand the smoke of a dozen steam ploughs and of a score of tall engine chimneys, and the throb of machinery was with you go where you would. The desolation that lies upon a winter landscape in the plough counties of England was not nearly so marked in East Lothian, where, to put a business point on the matter, nearly double the capital to the acre was being expended. And yet with all this bustling materialism in the immediate foreground you had only to lift your eyes to remember that you were in a land that had also attractions

of a far different sort. Nor was it only the sharp contrasts of sea and moorland to the rich productiveness between, that constituted the charm of this region. The bird life was in many respects that of a wild country. All day long in the winter months great flocks of wild geese were continually within sight or sound—either settled in the absolute security which the centre of a great wheat field offers, or flying far up out of shot after the angular fashion of their kind. Pewits, reared on the sandy links by the sea-shore, hovered all autumn through over the richer tillage lands. As for wood-pigeons—nowhere, it is, I believe, generally conceded, do they so abound as in East Lothian. To watch them gathering at evening among the pine woods on the shores of the Firth after their day's depredations was a sight such as I have never seen elsewhere. The plaintive pipe of the golden plover in autumn and winter evenings was also a familiar sound. In fact the sandy shores of the mouth of the Firth, girt as they are with small islands, were made for the feeding and breeding ground of wild birds of every description. Knots and plovers of all kinds, oyster-catchers and redshanks, sand-pipers, ducks, teal and geese were all in strong force as the tide rolled back from the wet sands of Tynningham and Aberlady. In early winter, when the potato fields had just been or were being sown with wheat, they were a favourite feeding ground for the ducks. Many a cold night under a November or a December moon I have lain for them under the scant cover of an East Lothian hedge, with an indifference to clothing or temperature that seems in the retrospect an audacious defiance of Providence.

At the time I speak of the shadow of foreign competition had not, for many and obvious reasons, assumed any serious proportions. The agricultural interest resembled a happy family, who might have their own quarrels, but towards the outside world presented an invulnerable front. Farmers

were not all making fortunes as the modern grumbler is given sometimes to imagining. But the majority were making an interest on their money; an interest, it is true, which tradesmen or manufacturers would laugh at, but with which farmers all the world over have been told by people who work indoors they ought, in consideration of being rained upon and blown upon, to be content. Some had undoubtedly made money. Rents in the Lothians had gone to a figure, on nineteen-year leases, and were cheerfully paid, which taxed the general credulity. Five pounds an imperial acre, and even more, for a farm of several hundred acres was not unknown, and four pounds was common. What struck an Englishman living in agricultural circles in the Lothians in those days was the preponderance of the commercial element in the relations between landlord and tenant. The last spark of feudalism seemed extinguished. The social condition of things no longer seemed to admit of the personal element of loyalty, mutual attachment and so forth which lingered, and still linger and influences the rent-rolls, in the South. The farmers of East Lothian were of course big men—so were the great farmers of Lincolnshire and Norfolk, in some respects bigger, for they were less provincial. But among the latter mutual sentiment in their relation with their landlords was infinitely stronger. One thing, however, is worthy of remembrance. The East Lothian landlord was divided in sympathy from his tenants by circumstances that did not exist south of the Border. Some of the ties that bound even the biggest English landlord and his tenants together were here wanting. The Lothian farmer was a Presbyterian, a supporter of what, be it remembered, is the parish church. His landlord went almost always to the Episcopal chapel, a proceeding which to the Lowland rural mind is profoundly anti-national. The rent-rolls in East Lothian again were usually so large that their recipients had become cos-

mopolitan to a marked degree. The laird of former days had become a particularly modern stamp of landlord whose capital was naturally London, whose playground was Europe, and whose speech had lost every trace of his native accent. There was little temptation too in East Lothian for a landlord to be an amateur farmer to any serious extent.

The competition for farms twenty years since was of course keen everywhere. In East Lothian the commercial view so generally taken of these matters gave it, perhaps, greater prominence than in most places. Heredity, and the preference due to a sitting tenant, were not of course overlooked at the end of a lease, but they had not the same force as in the South. Edinburgh tradesmen and successful middle-class business men bid against one another for the privilege of putting a son and five or ten thousand pounds into a Lothian farm. Money-making was not the object. There was not, I think, much illusion about that. The very best farmers were making about ten per cent. on their capital at that time. Many were making little or nothing. A Lothian farm, however, had something of prestige about it in those days. It was a snug, respectable, pleasant life, and a fairly safe investment. Better in all probability for every one of these men if they had invested half their capital in Consols, and thrown the other half into the Firth. Better for some if they had thrown the whole amount at once into the sea. But the life was pleasant, and who could tell what things were coming to pass? "High living and hunters" could never have been thrown seriously in the teeth of the East Lothian tenantry as an aggravation of their troubles, when troubles came. It was not a hunting country, as may readily be conceived. Greyhounds and golfing, and in winter frosts, need I add "the roaring game" of curling, were the prevailing dissipation. And where toddy is such a sacred institution as it is, or was,

among middle-class Scotchmen, the wine-merchant's bill could never have attained the serious proportions that carping spirits averred it did among the great tenants of the South.

One feature in the East Lothian of those days must not be overlooked, and that is the agricultural student, or what in the euphonious language of the place and period was known as the "Mud." The country was full of them, and they came from every land. There were the eldest sons of country squires. There were Oxford and Cambridge graduates, to whom the profession of a land-agent seemed then to hold out good prospects, and to which a year or two in the Lothians was supposed to be a stepping-stone. There were young gentlemen in plenty without either prospects or apparent aspirations, for whom complete absence of restraint, entire want of occupation, unlimited opportunities for toddy, and a frequent train-service to Edinburgh, seemed to be regarded by their friends as a desirable course. There were also the sons of large English farmers who were the best of all prepared to appreciate what they saw; and not a few Irishmen, for just at that time the improvement of Irish estates seemed to the eyes of many of their owners a desirable and fairly safe venture. Vain hope! But in addition to these there was a considerable foreign element, and an interesting one, as it consisted of men of a turn of mind and occupation that are seldom met with in England or in ordinary foreign travel. There were young men of all ranks and all nations. Swedish counts and Danish landowners' sons, North German stewards, Hungarian nobles, French and Russians, and even Fins. They were scattered about on the more notable farms, learning English with a good Doric accent, and imbibing the just principles of good East Lothian tillage. It was particularly noticeable how thoroughly at home Danes and Swedes of this class, who had never left their own country before, seemed to be in Scotch country life and among Scotch and

English companions. The Bedford cords and yellow gaiters and birdseye ties which the Mud of those days particularly affected, sat very naturally on the Scandinavian squiring. And if he could not talk English, which was sometimes the case, he was in every other detail a ready-made Briton.

I should like to turn now from the Lothians of to-day and yesterday, and take a brief glance at their condition during the first half of the last century. The special interest that attaches to such a retrospect lies not in the mere development of the country, which in various degrees is common to the whole of Great Britain, but in the extraordinary change that has taken place in the relative position of the two countries towards one another in matters agricultural. There are plenty of authorities to whom we can turn for information on this topic, but none at once more lucid and more fascinating than John Ramsey of Ochertyre, whose journals have been lately edited by Mr. Allardice. Ramsey was a shrewd and well-educated Scottish laird, a model country gentleman, an enthusiastic farmer and patron of agriculture, and a good deal more, as his writings testify. It is with his chapters on land matters and farming however that we have to do. These cover the period from the Union in 1700 till the American war. His personal recollections extend back to the rebellion of 1745, but his oral evidence, gathered at first hand and gathered evidently with the utmost pains, extends to the Union. The surroundings among which he grew up, and in which his own responsibilities as a landlord were first incurred, give us a picture of Scottish agriculture, as compared even to the primitive condition south of the Border, which a familiarity with the modern Lothians makes it doubly hard to realise. Ramsey, it is true, was more immediately concerned with the country between Linlithgow and Stirling. But this is a mere detail; it is only in degree that

East Lothian can be now singled out from the rest of the regions on the south bank of the Forth. In those days no such subtle distinction could have been drawn, and his remarks applied generally to the arable Lowlands, and England, their model and their mentor, is the burden of them. The Rebellion of 1745 Ramsey regards as the first step, out of agricultural chaos, the peace of 1760 the real beginning of a new era. Up till the former period the system was so primitive that it can hardly have made much advance since the Saxon invaders beat their spears into plough-shares. Farms of about thirty (thirty-six English) acres up till after the middle of the century were the commonest form of holding. The ancient "infield" and "outfield" system was the rule; a small patch that is to say round the house getting all such wretched manure as there might be, while the outfields were cropped three years running in oats, and then "rested" in fallow for six years. The labour consisted of a "big man," a "little man" (boy of fifteen or sixteen), a child to herd cattle, and two maids. Interest fell with the Union from six to five per cent., and gave some stimulus to the purchasers of land which after the Parliamentary wars appears to have become literally unsaleable.

After 1700 lime became gradually known. Though its effect from the first was extraordinary, its use made very slow way. We are given the names of enterprising tenants who about 1720 to 1730 hauled lime in the rough carts of those days for miles over rough and rutty roads, and grew enormous crops (for the time), while good old conservatives living at the very mouth of the lime-quarries wagged their heads in disapproval of such doings, not merely as innovations, but as a wicked want of confidence in the dispensations of Providence.

For half a century lime was the alpha and omega of Scottish agriculture. As to turnip culture, rotation of crops, and fencing in land, which

had become general south of the Tweed, a few Scotchmen only, and those landlords, had ever dreamed of it. And here it may be fairly stated that if the Lothian landlords of the nineteenth century have been borne along to wealth by the great enterprise of their tenants, the first step in that direction, according to Ramsey, was made under much discouragement and some ridicule by themselves. The Scotch tenants of 1750, he tells us, looked mightily askance at the English system. It might do for rich Englishmen and their kindlier climate, or for gentlemen playing at farming, but for poor practical Scotchmen the primeval practices then in vogue with their miserable results were, in professional eyes, the only safe course. For a generation after 1745 we find the whole stock of the country rambling at will over the tillage fields from harvest till Lady-day. A man would have been considered, laments the laird of Ochertyre, a curmudgeon who objected to have the barley or wheat on his undrained clays poached in wet weather by the whole of his neighbour's stock. The great argument against the introduction of turnips was that when the half-famished cattle had once got a taste of the succulent root no herd-boy, and scarcely even a fence, could keep them out of the field.

The gentry, however, in spite of the jeers of their tenants, persisted valiantly in the English system, and moreover imported Englishmen to carry it out and instruct their own bailiffs.

Our genial laird while criticising the faults of his brother landlords—their too wholesale and indiscriminating application of a strange system, and hasty condemnation and open contempt for the bigotry of the farmers—quaintly but justly urges that they have at least deserved well of their country. He gives also most minute, instructive, and sometimes amusing biographical sketches of some of these enthusiasts. A

certain Mr. Callender, for instance, who had devoted many years “to the study of music and the writing of a commentary on Milton's *Paradise Lost*,” was bitten with the agricultural mania. He carried his new pursuit so far as to wear a fustian frock and a felt hat, and to partake in company with his labourers of their coarse food at hours to which he had hitherto been a stranger. This gentleman, says Ochertyre, introduced the English waggon into the country, and it was strange, he adds, to see these great vehicles dragged by six horses over a country that had hitherto seen nothing but tumbrels with solid, spokeless wheels. Nothing but one-horse carts, it may be observed parenthetically, are used in the Lothians to-day; but the carts and the horses are of a somewhat different order from those of 1760. Mr. Callender, we are told, gave up after a time the regeneration of Scottish agriculture, took off his smock frock and felt hat in disgust, and returned to a generous diet and his commentaries on *Paradise Lost*.

The peace of 1760 was an epoch, as fortunes were then accumulating in Glasgow and other trading centres, and began to look to land as an investment. Returning Indian nabobs became also large purchasers and improvers. Tenants, however, for a long time most stubbornly held out against the improved system. Their resistance seems to have been eventually overcome by the example of bailiffs and stewards, who, having had the opportunity of testing the English system at their masters' expense, and learning its efficacy, became tenants themselves, and as such, by a successful application of the new husbandry, defied criticism.

Among other stimulants to Scottish agriculture Ramsey mentions the great military roads to the North made after the Rebellion, with which the name of General Wade has been so inseparably connected. In 1760 the trade in black cattle with the

Highlands began to assume large proportions. Lowland farmers bought them for the English market. And between that time and the American war they rose, together with grain, so enormously in value, that the whole face of the Lowlands began to change. Farm implements had hitherto been made at home, the rough timber for the purpose being supplied by Highlanders at fairs and markets. The manufactured implements that were brought from England by the gentry were regarded with that fine scorn of which your thorough-going farmer in every generation and in every country has shown himself a master. Few people would think that fences were so great an innovation, a little over a hundred years ago, anywhere in Britain. But Ramsey tells us of the unexpected results and the rich rewards that accrued to those enterprising tenants who first fenced in grass pastures. They not only improved the native grass on their own farms, and profitably confined their own stock, but received large prices from their less fortunate neighbours who sent their own cattle to them. In spite, however, of all this, there were years of great scarcity. In 1784 there was something like a famine, and food was voted by Parliament for the northern counties. Even in 1790, about which time Ochtertyre closes his journal, England is still the teacher and the model. A crop of turnips, by way of the highest possible praise, is spoken of as being "almost as heavy and as clean as in Hertfordshire itself." To the Lothian farmer of 1870 this would have sounded a joke indeed. It is an interesting commentary on this comparison of Mr. Ramsey's that Hertfordshire, about the latter year, unwittingly returned the compliment. An active movement took place about that time towards what was called

the East Lothian system, and extended even to the importation of Scotch farmers.

The frugal living of the Scotch people in former days is of course a familiar historical truism. But in spite of this the picture which Ramsey gives of the daily diet of the farming class around him is somewhat appalling. Wheat bread was unknown in the farmhouse, even the humble oatcake was something of a luxury. Bread made from bear, and in times of scarcity largely mixed with the sweepings and refuse of the mill, was the ordinary food. Meat was rarely tasted, though sheep or cattle that died of starvation in the winter were sometimes used to help out the monotonous production of the kale-yard. Their clothing was of home manufacture, supplemented sometimes by an English overcoat, capable of defying the worst weather and carefully treasured through half a lifetime, and worn by a couple of generations. Even among his own equals, the local, home-staying gentry of good estate, female fashion, says Ramsey, had scarcely an existence. It was only on very great occasions that the ladies discarded their plain home-made stuff gowns for something gayer. Then, says Ochtertyre, the splendour of the laces and velvets offered a contrast too marked and out of keeping with their ordinary attire. The commonest occasion for these displays, as may perhaps be supposed, was that ceremony so dear to the Caledonian breast,—a funeral. The obsequies of the last Lord of Ravenswood it will be remembered cost a sum equal to two years' rental of the residuary estate. This might well be, for Mr. Ramsey estimates that among his own neighbours each funeral in a family absorbed a year's rental.

A. G. BRADLEY.

EXTRACTS FROM SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

III.

"How easy it is to feel a man's nature through his letters! I felt something of your nature through the very first letter I received from you. I felt I might trust, and need not fear. Through Mr. Lewes's three or four epistles, his cast of disposition was discernible; the same might be said of Mr. Taylor's correspondence." Charlotte Brontë wrote thus in the year 1849. Since that date the influence of postcard and telegram has so completely metamorphosed the spirit of our letter-writing, that it would need a keener insight than many of us could boast to read, as she says, "a man's nature through his letters." Fifty years ago, however, a letter had sometimes the chance of being more or less an index to the mind of its writer. In the case of her own correspondence, gleaned here and there from various and unconnected sources, we seem to see a series of clear and consistent pictures of herself, blending together into a harmonious whole.

Letter-writing was evidently a source of great pleasure to her. Among the sisters she was designated the "family correspondent," and before me is a letter from Anne to my father-in-law, explaining Charlotte's silence on one occasion, as the result of some temporary indisposition, and playfully commenting on the fact that Charlotte was "even disinclined for writing to her friends," which task Anne appears to be undertaking for her.

Believing that each and every scrap from her pen will prove of interest to her admirers, I have not in my third and last paper excluded anything, even of a comparatively trivial and fragmentary nature, which might tend to fill in and complete the little glimpse

of her individuality which this small group of her letters affords.

We find her dwelling frequently and with gratitude on the pleasure and profit derived by the quiet family at the parsonage from the arrival of a box of books, forwarded her from time to time by the kindness and courtesy of her publishers at Cornhill. There was the beauty of mystery about these delightful visitors which appeared to enhance their value. Charlotte writes as follows.

Do not ask me to mention what books I should like to read. Half the pleasure of receiving a parcel from Cornhill consists in having its contents chosen for us. We like to discover, too, by the leaves cut here and there that the ground has been travelled before us. I took up Leigh Hunt's book *The Town* with the impression that it would be interesting only to Londoners, and I was surprised, ere I had read many pages, to find myself enchained by his pleasant, graceful, easy style, varied knowledge, just views, and kindly spirit. There is something peculiarly anti-melancholic in Leigh Hunt's writings, and yet they are never boisterous—they resemble sunshine, being at once bright and tranquil.

I like Carlyle better and better. His style I do *not* like, nor do I always concur in his opinions, nor quite fall in with his hero-worship; but there is a manly love of truth, an honest recognition and fearless vindication of intrinsic greatness, of intellectual and moral worth considered apart from birth, rank, or wealth, which commands my sincere admiration. Carlyle would never do for a contributor to the *Quarterly*. I have not read his *French Revolution*. Carlyle is a great man, but I always wish he would write plain English.

Emerson's *Essays* I read with much interest and often with admiration; but they are of mixed gold and clay—deep, invigorating truth, dreary and depressing fallacy, seem to me combined therein.

Scott's *Suggestions on Female Education* I read with unalloyed pleasure: it is justly, clearly, and felicitously expressed. The girls of this generation have great advantages—it seems to me that they receive much encouragement in the acquisition of knowledge and the cultivation of their minds. In these days women may be thoughtful and well read, without being stigmatised as “blues” or pedants.

The women of our day may well wonder and smile at the writer's expression of satisfaction with the advantages enjoyed by her sisterhood at the period in which she writes, when the “use of the globes” was a *sine quâ non*, and the study of Latin an unknown quantity in an “Establishment for Young Ladies.” Nevertheless, even at that time the spirit of progress was making itself felt—the machinery was already in motion, and the great wheel beginning to revolve which was eventually to roll the girl of the present day towards Newnham and Girton.

I have lately been reading *Modern Painters*, and have derived from the work much genuine pleasure, and, I hope, some edification; at any rate it has made me feel how ignorant I had previously been on the subject which it treats. Hitherto I have only had instinct to guide me in judging of art; I feel now as if I had been walking blindfold—this book seems to give me eyes. I do wish I had pictures within reach by which to test the new sense. Who can read these glowing descriptions of Turner's works without longing to see them? However eloquent and convincing the language in which another's opinion is placed before you, you still wish to judge for yourself. I like this author's style much; there is both energy and beauty in it. I like him too, because he is such a hearty admirer. He does not give half-measure of praise or veneration. He eulogises, he reverences with his whole soul. One can sympathise with that sort of devout, serious admiration (for he is no rhapsodist), one can respect it. Yet, possibly, many people would laugh at it. I am truly obliged to Mr. Smith for giving me this book, not having often met with one that has pleased me more.

I congratulate you on the approaching publication of Mr. Ruskin's new work. If the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* re-

semble their predecessor, *Modern Painters*, they will be no lamps at all, but a new constellation—seven bright stars, for whose rising the reading world ought to be anxiously agaze.

I am beginning to read Eckermann's *Goethe*—it promises to be a most interesting work. Honest, simple, single-minded Eckermann! Great, powerful, giant-souled, but also profoundly egotistical old Johann Wolfgang von Goethe! He was a mighty egotist. He thought no more of swallowing up poor Eckermann's existence in his own, than the whale thought of swallowing Jonah.

The worst of reading graphic accounts of such men, of seeing graphic pictures of the scenes, the society in which they moved, is that it excites a too tormenting longing to look on the reality: but does such reality now exist? Amidst all the troubled waters of European society, does such a vast, strong, selfish old Leviathan now roll ponderous? I suppose not.

The letter which follows concerns her own affairs again, and has reference to a piece of information which Mr. Williams has given her which greatly upsets her equanimity. *Jane Eyre* is to be dramatised, with or without the consent of its author, and is shortly to appear. No wonder she finds this news startling and disturbing. She is far away; she can make no suggestion or stipulation with regard to the new guise in which the child of her fancy is to appear before the public; the whole prospect appears to her annoying and tantalising. She is sure that it would be—

an afflicting spectacle. I suppose all would be wofully exaggerated and painfully vulgarised. What—I cannot help asking myself—would they make of Mr. Rochester? And the picture my fancy conjures up, by way of reply, is a somewhat humiliating one. What would they make of Jane? I see something very pert and very affected as an answer to that query.

Still, were it in my power, I should certainly make a point of being myself a witness of the exhibition. Could I go quietly and alone, I undoubtedly should go; I should endeavour to *endure*, for the sake of the useful observations to be collected in such a scene.

As to whether I wish *you* to go, that is another question. I am afraid I have

hardly fortitude enough really to wish it. One can endure being disgusted with one's own work, but that a friend should share the repugnance is unpleasant. Still I know it would interest me to hear both your account of the exhibition, and any ideas which the effect of the various parts on the spectators might suggest to you. In short, I should like to know what you would think and to hear what you would say on the subject. But you must not go merely to satisfy my curiosity—you must do as you think proper: whatever you decide on will content me. If you do *not* go, you will be spared a vulgarising impression of the book; if you *do* go, I shall perhaps gain a little information: either alternative has its advantages.

Eventually Mr. Williams does go, and his verdict upon the performance is, as she had some reason to anticipate, an adverse one.

It was probably the result of her own and her sisters' struggles towards independence, that caused her sympathies to be so keenly enlisted in the peculiar trials and difficulties attending the lot of governesses. From time to time in her letters she dwells on this subject in a manner which indicates how greatly she was interested in the class to which she had had her share of apprenticeship, without, perhaps, being very well fitted by nature to shine in it. One case in particular she refers to with so much warmth that one would fancy it must be her own, or possibly that of her sister Anne. It could hardly apply to the strong-willed and unyielding Emily, who, even had she undergone such miseries as Charlotte describes, would scarcely have been so communicative with regard to them.

I have seen an ignorant nursery-maid,—who could scarcely read or write, by dint of an excellent, serviceable, sanguine, phlegmatic temperament, which made her at once cheerful and immovable, of a robust constitution, and steady unimpressible nerves which kept her firm under shocks, and unharassed under annoyances—manage with comparative ease a large family of spoilt children, while their governess lived among them a life of inexpressible misery; tyrannised over, finding her efforts to please and to teach utterly vain, chagrined, dis-

tressed, worried;—so badgered, so trodden on, that she ceased almost at last to know herself, and wondered in what despicable, trembling frame her oppressed mind was prisoned, and could not realise the idea of evermore being treated with respect and regarded with affection; till she finally resigned her situation, and went away quite broken in spirit and reduced to the verge of decline in health.

We will trust that such experiences in governess life are rare. It has been stated that Charlotte Brontë had little or no tact in her dealings with children; that she was herself aware of her deficiency in this respect, and has been heard to admit with regret her inability to interest herself in them or their pursuits. If this be true, it is the easier to understand why so many of her readers are struck with the seeming impossibility of such children as Helen Burns, Little Polly, or Rose Yorke in *Shirley*.

Some further remarks in reference to the governess topic follow.

I often wish [she continues] to say something on the "condition-of-women" question, but it is one on which so much cant has been talked, that one feels a sort of reluctance to approach it. I have always been accustomed to think that the necessity of earning one's living is not, in itself, an evil; though I feel it may become a heavy evil if health fails, if employment lacks, if the demand upon our efforts made by the weakness of others dependent upon us becomes greater than our strength. Both sons and daughters should early be inured to habits of independence and industry.

A governess's lot is frequently, indeed, bitter, but its results are precious. The mind, feelings, and temper are subjected to a discipline equally painful and priceless. I have known many who were unhappy as governesses, but scarcely one who, having undergone the ordeal, was not ultimately strengthened and improved—made more enduring for her own afflictions, more considerate for the afflictions of others. The great curse of a single female life is its dependency: daughters, as well as sons, should aim at making their way honourably through life. Teachers may be hard-worked, ill-paid, and despised; but the girl who stays at home *doing nothing* is worse off than the worst paid

drudge of a school : the listlessness of idleness will infallibly degrade her nature.

Lonely as I am, how should I be if Providence had never given me courage to adopt a career, perseverance to plead through two long weary years with publishers till they admitted me ? How should I be, with youth passed, sisters lost, a resident in a moorland parish where there is not a single resident family ? In that case I should have no world at all. The raven weary of surveying the deluge, and with no ark to return to, would be my type.

As it is, something like a hope and a motive sustain me still. I wish every woman in England had also a hope and a motive. Alas ! I fear there are many old maids who have neither.

The above remarks were written during the weary months following her sisters' death, and I think they show that those heavy troubles which might have embittered a less fine nature, and wrapped her in selfish absorption, had served to widen her sympathies and intensify her consideration for the trials and sufferings of others.

This also is indicated in the next extract here given. At this time her friends were repeatedly urging upon her the desirability of engaging the services of some bright, cheerful girl, whose fresh young presence might enliven her solitary existence, and lead her mind away from the too constant contemplation of its bereavement and desolation. But this suggestion she could never bring herself to adopt ; she shrank from what she considered the "selfishness" of such an arrangement, and disliked the idea of exacting cheerfulness and brightness from any fresh young nature, under conditions so ill-calculated to inspire these qualities. The imaginary "young person" under discussion, when viewed in this light might, she feared, become more of a pain than a pleasure to her employer, and she finally rejects the plan in these words :

There are two persons whom it would not suit, and not the least incommoded of these would be the "young person"

whom I might request to come and bury herself in the hills of Haworth—to take a church and a stony churchyard for her prospect ; the dead silence of a village parsonage, in which the ticking of the clock is heard all day long, for her atmosphere ; and a grave, silent spinster for her only companion. I should not like to see youth thus immured. The hush and gloom of our house would be more oppressive to a buoyant than to a subdued spirit. My work is my best companion—hereafter I look for no great earthly comfort, excepting what congenial occupation can give.

Not only is she able thus to modify her hopes and aspirations with regard to things temporal, but her mind seems to lose much of that shade of intolerance which many have remarked, and which was perhaps most conspicuously displayed in her prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church, a prejudice which, it would appear, was shared to the full by her father. With regard to religious questions in general I find here and there among the earlier letters a fixed idea on this or that dogma emphasised and insisted upon with warmth and tenacity ; but the words in which this paper concludes, written in the latter years of her short life, are, I think, when the spirit of the time in which she lived is duly taken into consideration, remarkable for their tone of moderation and tolerance.

Thought and conscience are, or ought to be, free, but man, as he now is, can no more do without creeds and forms in religion, than he can do without laws and rules in social intercourse. Ignorance, weakness, and indiscretion must have their props—they cannot walk alone. Let them hold by what is purest in doctrine, and simplest in ritual—*something* they must have.

I perceive, myself, that some light falls on earth from Heaven ; that some rays from the shrine of Truth pierce the darkness of this life, but they are few, faint, and scattered.

E. BAUMER WILLIAMS.

HEERA NUND.

HE stood in the verandah, salaaming with both hands, in each of which he held a bouquet—round-topped, compressed, prim little posies, with fat bundles of stalk bound spirally with date-fibre ; altogether more like ninepins than bouquets, for the time of flowers was not yet, and only a few ill-conditioned rosebuds, suggestive of worms, and a dejected *champak* or two showed amongst the green.

The holder was hardly more decorative than the posies. Bandy, hairy brown legs, with toes set wide open by big brass rings,—a sight bringing discomfort within one's own slippers from sheer sympathy ; a squat body, tightly buttoned into a sleeveless white coat ; a face of mild ugliness overshadowed by an immaculately white turban. From the coral and gold necklace round his thick throat, and the crescent-shaped earrings in his spreading ears I guessed him to be of the Arain caste. He was, in fact, Heera Nund, gardener to my new landlord ; therefore, for the present, my servant. Had I enquired into the matter, I should probably have found that his forbears had cultivated the surrounding land for centuries ; certainly long years before masterful men from the West had jotted down their trivial boundary pillars to divide light from darkness, the black man from the white, cantonments from the rest of God's earth. One of these little white pillars stood in a corner of my garden, and beyond it lay an illimitable stretch of bare brown plain, waiting till the young wheat came to clothe its nakedness.

I did not enquire, however ; few people do in India. Perhaps they are intimidated by the extreme antiquity of all things, and dread letting loose the floodgates of garrulous memory.

Be that as it may, I was content to accept the fact that Heera Nund, whether representing ancestral proprietors or not, had come to congratulate me, a stranger, on having taken, not only the house, but the garden also. The *sahibs*, he said, went home so often nowadays that they had ceased to care for gardens. This one having been in a contractor's hands for years had become, as it were, a miserable low-degree native place. In fact, he had found it necessary to steep his own knowledge in oblivion in order that content should grow side by side with country vegetables. Yet he had not forgotten the golden age, when, under the ægis of some judge with a mysterious name, he too, Heera Nund the Arain, had raised celery and beet-root, French beans and artichokes, asparagus and petercelli. He reeled off the English names with a glibness and inaccuracy in which, somehow, there lurked a pathetic dignity. Then suddenly, from behind a favouring pillar, he sprung upon me the usual native offering, consisting of a flat basket decorated with a few coarse vegetables. A bunch of rank-smelling turnips, half-a-dozen blue radishes running two to the pound, various heaps of native greens, a bit off an overblown cauliflower proclaiming its bazaar origin by the turmeric powder adhering to it in patches, a leaf-cup of mint ornamented by two glowing chillies. He laid the whole at my feet with a profound obeisance. "This dust-like offering," he said gravely, "is all that the good God (*khoda*) can give to the *sahib*. Let the Presence (*huzoor*) wait a few months and see what Heera Nund can do for him."

I shall not soon forget the ludicrous solemnity of voice and gesture, or the simple self-importance, overlaying the

ugly face with the smile of a cat licking cream.

I did not see him again for some days, for accession to a new office curtails leisure. When, however, I found time for a stroll round my new domain I discovered Heera Nund hard at work. His coattee hung on a bush; his bare, brown back glistened in the sunshine as he stooped down to deepen a water-course with his adze-like shovel. A brake of sugar-cane, red-brown and gold, showed where the garden proper merged into the peasants' land beyond; for the well, whence the water came that flowed round Heera Nund's hidden feet as he stood in the runnel, irrigated quite a large stretch of the fields around my holding. The well-wheel creaked in recurring discords, every now and again giving out a note or two as if it were going to begin a tune. The red evening sun shone through the mango trees, where the green parrots hung like unripe fruit. The bullocks circled round and round; the water dripped and gurgled.

"How about the seeds I sent you?" I asked, when Heera Nund drew his wet feet from the stream, and composing himself for the effort, produced an elaborate salaam.

He left humility behind him as he stalked over to a narrow strip of ground on the other side of the well, a long strip portioned out into squares and circles like a doll's garden, with tiny one-span walks between.

"Behold!" he said. "His Honour will observe that the cabbage caste have life already."

Truly enough the half-covered seeds showed gussets of white in their brown jackets. "But where are the tickets? I sent word specially that you were to be sure and stick the labels on each bed. How am I to know which is which?"

"The Presence can see that the sticks are there," he answered with a superior smile; "but there are others beside the *sahibs* who love tickets."

He pointed to the tree above us, where on a branch sat a peculiarly

bushy-tailed squirrel, as happy as a king over the brussel-sprouts' wrapper, which he was crumpling into a ball with deft hands and sharp teeth. How I came to know it was this particular wrapper happened thus: I threw my cap at the offender, and in his flight he dropped the paper on my bald head; it was hard, and had points.

"They are mis-begotten devils," remarked Heera cheerfully; "but they are building nests, *sahib*, and like to paper the inside. Notwithstanding, the Presence need fear no confusion; his slave has many names in his head. This is *arly walkrin* (early Walcheren), that is *droomade* (drumhead), yonder is *dookoyark* (Duke of York), and that, that, and that——" He would have gone on interminably, had I not changed the subject by asking what was growing beneath a dilapidated hand-light, which stood next to a sturdy crop of broad-cast radishes. Only a few panes of glass remained intact, but the vacancies had been neatly supplied by coarse muslin. The gardener's face, always simple in expression, became quite homogeneous with pure content.

"*Huzoor!* It is the *malin* (female gardener)!"

"The *malin!* What on earth do you mean?"

Have you ever watched the face of a general servant when she takes the covers off the Christmas dinner? Have you ever seen a very young conjuror lift his father's hat to show you that the handkerchief (which he has palpably secreted elsewhere), is no longer in its legitimate hiding-place? Something of that mingled triumph and fear lest some accident may have befallen skill in the interim showed itself in Heera Nund's countenance as he removed the light with a flourish, thus disclosing to view a fat and remarkably black baby asleep on a bed of leaves. It was attired in a pair of silver bangles, and a Maw's feeding-bottle grew, like some new kind of root-crop, from the ground beside it.

"My daughter, *Huzoor*—little Dhropadi the *malin*."

His voice thrilled even my bachelor ears as he squatted down and began mechanically to fan the swift-gathering flies from the sleeping child.

"You seem to be very fond of her," I remarked after a pause. "It is only a girl after all. Have you no son?"

He shook his head.

"She is the only one, and I waited for her ten years. Ten long years; so I was glad even to get a *malin*. Dhropadi grows as fast as a boy; almost as fast as the *Huzoor's* cabbages. Only the other day she was no bigger than my hand."

"Your wife is dead, I suppose?" The question was, perhaps, a little brutal, but it was so unusual to see a man doing dry nurse to a baby girl, that I took it for granted that the mother had died months before, at the child's birth. I never saw a face change more rapidly than his; the simplicity left it, and in place thereof came a curious anxiety such as a child might show with the dawning conviction that it has lost itself.

"She is not at all dead, *Huzoor*; on the contrary she is very young. Children cry sometimes, and my house does not like crying. You see, when people are young they require more sleep; when she is old, as I am, she will be able to keep awake."

His tone was argumentative, as if he were reasoning the matter out for his own edification. "Not that Dhropadi keeps me awake often," he added, in hasty apology to that infant's reputation; "considering how young a person she is, her ways are very straight-walking and meek."

"If she cries you can always stop her with the watering-pot, I suppose."

He looked shocked at the suggestion.

"*Huzoor*! it is not difficult to stop them; such a very little thing pleases a baby. Sometimes it is the sunshine, —sometimes it is the wind in the trees, —sometimes it is the birds, or

the squirrels, or the flowers. When it is tired of these there is always the milk in its stomach.' Dhropadi's goat is yonder; it lives on your Honour's weeds. You are her father and her mother."

However much I might repudiate the relationship, I soon became quite accustomed to finding Dhropadi in the most unexpected places in my garden. For, soon after my first introduction to her, the claims of an early crop of lettuces to protection from the squirrels led Heera Nund to transfer the hand-light from one of his charges to another. Dhropadi, he said, could grow nicely without it now; the black ants could not carry her off, and the squirrels had quite begun to recognise that she was of the race of Adam. At first, however, he took precautions against mistakes, and many a time I have seen the sleeping child stuck round with pea-sticks, or decorated with fluttering feathers on a string, to scare away the birds. Sometimes she was blanching with the celery, and once I nearly trod on her as she lay among the toppings in a thick plantation of blossoming beans. But she never came to harm; the only misadventure being when her father would lay her to sleep in some dry water channel, and, forgetting which one it was, turn the shallow stream that way. Then there would be a momentary outcry at the cold bath; but the next, she would be pacified with a flower, and sit in the sun to dry, for to say sooth no more good-tempered child ever existed than Dhropadi. In this, at any rate, she was like her father, though I could trace no resemblance in other ways. "She is like my house," he would say, when I noticed the fact. "She is young, and I am old,—quite old."

Indeed, as time passed I saw that Heera Nund was older than I thought at first. Before the barber came in the morning there was quite a silver stubble on his bronze cheek, and his bright restless eyes were haggard and anxious. Despite his almost comic

jauntiness and self-importance he struck me as having a hunted look at times, especially when he came out from the mud-walled enclosure at the further end of the garden, where his "house" lived. He went there but seldom, spending his days in tending Dhropadi and his plants with an almost extravagant devotion. His state of mind when that young lady used her new accomplishment of crawling, to the detriment of a bed of *sootullians* (Sweet Williams) in which he took special pride, was quite pathetic. I found him simply howling between regret for the plants and fear lest I should order punishment to the offender. His gratitude when I laughed was unbounded.

After this Dhropadi used to be set in a twelve-inch pot, half sunk in the ground, where she would stay contentedly for hours, drumming the sides with a carrot, while Heera weeded and dibbled.

"She grows," he would say, snatching her up fiercely in his arms; "she grows as all my plants grow. See my *sootullians*! They will blossom soon and then all the *sahibs* will come and say, 'See the *sootullians* which Heera Nund and Dhropadi have grown for the *Huzoor*.'"

Yet with all this blazoning of content the man was curiously restless; almost like a child in his desire for action and vivid interest in trivialities. "See the misbegotten creature I have found eating the honourable *Huzoor's* roots!" he would say, casting a wire-worm on the verandah steps, and dancing on it vindictively. "It was in the *Huzoor's* carnations, but by the blessing of God and Heera Nund's vigilance it is dead. Nothing escapes me. Have I not fought wire-worms since the beginning of all things, I and my fathers? We kill all creeping, crawling things, except the holy snake that brings fruit and blossom to the garden."

One night I was disturbed by unseemly noises, coming apparently from the servants' quarters; but my remon-

strances next morning were met, by my bearer, with swift denial. "It is Heera. He, poor man, has to beat his wife almost every night now. I wonder the Presence has not heard her before; she screams very loud."

I stood aghast.

"He should let her go, or kill her," continued the bearer placidly. "She is not worth the trouble of beating; but he is a fool, because she is Dhropadi's mother. Yes, he is a fool; he beats her when he finds her lover there. He should beat her well before the man comes. That is the best way with women."

It was an old story it seemed, dating before Dhropadi's appearance on the scene. It occurred to me that perhaps a deeper tragedy than I had thought for was ripening in my garden among the ripening plants. I found myself watching Dhropadi and her father with an almost morbid interest, and hoping that, if my idle suspicion was right, kindly fate might hide the truth away for ever, in the bottom of that well where Heera often held the child to smile at her own reflection, far down where the water showed like a huge round dewdrop.

So time went on, until the *sootullians* showed blossom buds and Dhropadi cut her first tooth on one and the same day. Perhaps the excitement of the double event was too much for Heera's nerves; perhaps what happened was due anyhow; but as I strolled through the garden that evening at sundown I saw the most comically pathetic sight my eyes ever beheld. Heera Nund, clothed, but not in his right mind, was dancing a *cancan* among his *sootullians*, while Dhropadi shrieked with delight and beat frantically on her flower-pot. Even with the knowledge of all that came after, the remembrance provokes a smile. The rhythmic bobbing up and down of the uncouth figure, the cow-like kicks of the bandy legs, the preternaturally grave face above, the crushed *sootullians* below.

I sent him in charge of two sepoy

to the Dispensary, and there he remained for two months, more or less. When he came back he was very quiet, very thin, and there were the marks of several blisters on the back of his head. He resumed work cheerfully, with many apologies for having been ill, and once more he and Dhropadi,—who had been handed over meantime, under police supervision, to her mother—were to be found spending their days together in amicable companionship. His only regrets being apparently that the *sootullians* had blossomed and Dhropadi learnt to walk in his absence.

But for one or two little eccentricities I might have been tempted to forget that *can-can* among the flowers ; indeed I always met his enquiries as to the *sootullians* with the remark that they had done as well as could be expected, in the circumstances. The eccentricities, however, if few, were striking. One was his exaggerated gratitude for the blisters on the back of his head ; the last thing in the world one would have thought likely to produce an outburst of that Christian virtue. But it did, and an allusion to the all too visible scars invariably crowned the frequent recital of the benefits he had received at my hands. Another was the difficulty he had in distinguishing Dhropadi from the other fruits of his labours. On two separate occasions she formed part of the daily basket of vegetables which he brought into me, and very quaint the little black morsel looked sitting surrounded by tomatoes and melons. But though he treated the matter as an elaborate joke when I remarked on it, there was a dazed uncertain look in his eyes as if he were not quite sure as to the right end of the stick.

Nevertheless peace and contentment reigned apparently in his house. When I sat out in the dark hot evenings, a glow of flickering firelight from within showed the mysterious mud-walled enclosure by the wall, decorous and conventional. The twinkling stars looking down into it knew

more of the life within than I did, but at any rate no unseemly cries disturbed the scented night air and the *Huzoor's* slumbers. Perhaps the police supervision had impressed the lover with the dangers of lurking house-trespass by night ; perhaps the dark-browed, heavy-jowled young woman who had taken my warning so sullenly had learnt more craft ; perhaps the languor which creeps over all things in May had sucked the vigour even from passion. Who could say ? Those crumbling mud walls hid it all, and Heera seemed to have begun a new life with the hot-weather vegetables.

So matters stood when an old enemy laid hold of me. Ten days after I found myself racing Death with a determination to reach the sea, and feel the salt west wind on my face before he and I closed with each other. The strange hurry and eagerness of it all comes back to some of us like a nightmare, years after the exile is over. The doctor's verdict, the swift packing of a trunk or two, the hope, the fear, the mad longing at least to see the dear faces once more.

They packed me and a half hundred pillows into a *palki ghari* one afternoon. The servants stood, white clad, in a row beside the white pillars, dazzling in the slanting sunlight. I drove through the flower garden dusty and scorched. At the gate stood Heera Nund, one arm occupied by Dhropadi, the other supporting a huge basket of vegetables. He looked uncertain which to present ; finally, seeing the carriage drive on, he deliberately let the basket fall, and running to my side, thrust the child's chubby hands forward. They held just such ninepin bouquets as he had carried on our first introduction. "Take them, *sahib* !" he cried. "Take them for luck ! and come back soon to the *mali* and the *malin*." As the *ghari* turned sharp down the road I saw him standing amidst the ruins of the basket with Dhropadi in his arms.

Six months passed before I set foot on

Indian soil again ; and then fate, and a restless Government, sent me to a new station. When my servants arrived with my baggage from the old one, I naturally fell to asking questions. "And how is Heera Nund?" was one. My bearer smiled benignly. "*Huzoor*, he is well,—in the month of July he was hanged."

"Bearer!"

"Without doubt; it was in the month of July. He killed his wife with an axe. Dhropadi was bitten by a snake while she slept one day when Heera had to leave her with her mother; and that night he killed his wife as *she* slept also. It was a mistake to be so revengeful, for every one knew Dhropadi was not really his daughter."

"Do you think that Heera knew?"

"She told him when the child died,

in order to stop his grief; but it did not. She was very kind to him,—after the other one went to prison for lurking about."

"And did no one tell about it all?"

"About what, *Huzoor*?"

"About the vegetables, and Dhropadi, and the *sootullians* and the blisters on the back of his head! Did no one say the man was mad?"

"There was a new assistant at the Dispensary, *sahib*, and her people were very rich; besides Heera was not mad at all. He did it on purpose. He was a bad man, and the Sirkar did right to hang him,—in July."

But as I turned away I could think of nothing but that *can-can* among the *sootullians*, with little Dhropadi beating time with a carrot.

F. A. STEEL.

THE DUTCHMAN AT HOME.

ALFIERI once said: "I have uniformly wished to fix my residence only in England or Italy, because in the former Art has everywhere subjugated and changed Nature, and because in the latter Nature always appears predominant and in its pristine force and vigour." As a matter of fact, we are by no means really so completely under the sway of Art here in England; but Alfieri's opinion may be quoted because of its kindred application to Holland. Even the Dutch have not wholly succeeded in getting the whip hand over Nature in that hard bleak land of theirs; yet they deserve whatever of compliment may lie in Alfieri's words far more than we do.

One day while skating in the province of Drenthe, between Groningen and Assen, the flat heathy landscape which had stretched for miles on either side of the canal began to change. Instead of the sterile and uninteresting waste, there were plantations of fir, hearty young birch trees, and signs of garden vegetation. I skated on, and then in a few minutes more I discovered a delightful country-house embedded in these dark green little woods. A gate led to the house, and on the gate-posts were the two words *Werk* and *Lust*, Work and Play. The former word was on the gate-post to the left. Had it been otherwise, I should have felt myself licensed to enlarge on the virtues of the members of this industrious nation, who, though willing enough to enjoy such of the pleasures of life as come in their way, are yet more eager to confess that they are sent into the world primarily to labour. I believe, however, that in truth the Dutchman loves his pipe and his dinner, and his wife and children, and the comforts of his home infinitely more than the counting-house or the butter-store in which his hours of toil

are passed, and whence his pleasures may be said to proceed. Wherein, of course, he differs not at all from the rest of us.

Some of us fancy that in Holland, at least in the country parts, bad manners and discourtesy are the rule. I was prepared for both when I screwed on my skates and, without more than a distractingly vague idea of the accent and pronunciation of the Dutch language, glided over the canals into the heart of the northern and least sophisticated provinces of the Netherlands. I was putting the natives to a strong test. In England, even in the gentlest of our counties (though I know not which these be) the foreigner with strange speech may not expect to be received by our rustics with unbounded amiability and politeness. But here in Friesland and Drenthe, where the peasants as often as not have to support life on a wage of but fivepence or sixpence a day, in the midst of a land whose chief graces are its windmills, and whose most conspicuous quality is ingratitude, my halting enquiries were always received with respect, and answered even at the cost of much effort.

In the little country town of Sneek, for example, where I entered a humble tavern for a glass of gin, the tavern-keeper volunteered to be my guide and companion through the town. He led me to the bookseller of Sneek, who straightway gave me something to marvel at. This was a Dutch edition of *Robert Elsmere*, translated and published here in Sneek, and already in its second edition. Nor was this all. The bookseller, who was also the translator and therefore spoke English very well, told me without demur that though the writer's opinions about society and human relationships were new and acceptable to Sneek on the

ground of their novelty, Sneek was by no means struck with the religious element in her story. This last seemed to it insipid, obsolete, and quite behind the times. Upon the whole, however, Sneek pronounced the book to be beautiful, though a trifle long. From the book-shop my ginseller guided me to other interesting parts of his native town-let, including the picturesque seventeenth-century water-port, with its medieval turrets, which have so often wooed and won the notice of artists and photographers. He showed me the townhall, and the old red brick church. The latter, like other Dutch churches of distinction, is endowed with sweet bells which chime about four times an hour—a charming talent in the abstract, but one provocative of infinite disquiet to the stranger anxious to sleep within a hundred yards of its belfry. Further, it contains the tomb of “Lange Pier,” a valorous giant who died in Sneek in 1520, after spending an eventful life as a warrior under the more orthodox name of Peter Van Heemstra. It is besides very ugly, thanks to the red brick outside and the whitewash within. And when the good fellow had filled the time at my disposal to the most profitable and entertaining advantage, he bid me God-speed in a cordial manner, and directed me on my way, without overcharging me for my gin, or even trying to persuade me to pass a night in his house at a guilder or two for the bed.

To be sure, I may account for some of the civility that was proffered to me by the simple fact that I carried my skates with me wherever I went. In Friesland at any rate you may skate to the heart of a man, though you could not in any other way take it by storm. This applies also to a woman, which makes it the more delightful. I have, for instance, entered a canal-side inn, and found myself in a common room among six or eight heavy-featured, sour-faced countrymen, all engaged in discussing strong drinks and local affairs. Truly I have felt

in a semi-apologetic mood on such occasions, especially when my bow of general greeting has fallen quite flat upon the seal-skin caps the men wore on their heads. But wait a minute. At first there was nothing but boorish surprise in the stare with which they met me. Anon, however, their eyes descended from my face to the buttons of my coat and so to the very skates upon my feet, with their nice bright curves of British steel and perky air of superiority over the more ordinary Friesland skates. As like as not an exclamation breaks from two or three mouths at the same time. Their cigars (at four to the penny) are laid aside, and the gin is held at a distance instead of being brought to their eager lips. And with this prelude they draw near and examine the feet which, nothing so very loath, I lift on high for the satisfaction of their inquisitive souls. I tell them the history of the things, their cost, and the contempt I feel for them in comparison with the beautiful old-fashioned articles they wear to their own feet. Thus we get into a warm five minutes’ intimacy, and the “Farewell, Mynheer!” with which they salute my departure shows that I have succeeded in making myself agreeable to them. But I know full well it is all due to the skates, and that their last lingering looks are directed towards them and not upon me.

Upon another day I had another experience. This was with two Dutchmen of higher degree, who though neither of them had ever been out of Holland, or desired to see the world, wore a very agreeable cosmopolitan polish to their manners. I had come to the town of Vries, about ten miles north of Assen, the provincial capital. Here I was in the heart of that province of Drenthe which is said to be the worst-mannered district in the Netherlands. And so I unstrapped my skates at the canal-side, and made way for a young man and a young woman who were anxious to start for Groningen, whence I had come; after which I walked up the long straight

road towards a church tower which I guessed was in the centre of the village.

It was a charming bright day, and Sunday. The sky was clear, though with an unmistakable pale frosty haze between the earth and it, and the methodical trees above this straight road were prettily decked with frosty rime. Ere I had reached the heart of the village, I had passed fully a score of lads in groups, each with his skates in his hand, and I believe I may say that each one of the twenty proffered me a genial Sabbath greeting.

But in the village it was not quite the same. I was sadly hungry, having eaten but lightly of the bread and butter and raw smoked ham of the breakfast table in Groningen that morning. The word *logement* caught my eye on a board over the door of an assuming red-brick house. I knocked and waited in hope; but I was to be disappointed. A young lady in a vast deal of finery over the gold skull-cap which was the most remarkable thing about her (a local hereditary treasure, worth a small fortune in some cases) having opened unto me, was soon out of patience with my speech. The house was an hotel to be sure, but she would rather I went for my dinner to the building over the way, which was also an inn. And so thither I went, with the echo of her tinkling ridicule in my ears as she turned aside to her friends in an inner chamber.

Here it was different. The landlord, an honest fat fellow with a healthy red face, was eager to serve me. His wife, also in a gold skull-cap, and round both of face and body, was his mate in hospitality. While dinner was preparing my host and I visited the old church of Vries adjacent. Its tower was shapely, and its windows in particular merit a better fate than the destruction with which, after an existence of six or seven centuries, they are now menaced. For the rest, it was bare and white, as it was bound to be. My companion prattled to me all the while about many things the drift of

which I but imperfectly comprehended. On the pulpit ledge was a row of buttons, metal and bone; these the youth of Vries had of late put into the offertory box, instead of pence. My friend fully entered into their mirthful humour. But he thought it a very small matter that his predecessors in Vries, some three centuries or more ago, had ravished the brasses from the tombs in the pavement, and battered the chiselled capitals of the columns which once graced the building. He assured me I might walk in the sanctuary with my hat on, and smoke my cigar even as he continued to smoke his, without fear of the consequences; but here also I surprised him by my obstinacy, even as I made him open his eyes when I expressed regret for the vanished brasses of the tombs.

At parting from this man, I shook him by the hand, for he had shown a kindly spirit. This amazed a new companion who had come to me. "Do you in England shake hands with men like him?" he asked. He was rather a young man, sojourning temporarily in Vries for purposes connected with her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina's revenue, and he had accosted me in English in the inn, and when he discovered that I was a genuine Englishman had straightway gone up stairs to his room and put on his best clothes, including a blue satin necktie. I had complimented him on his English, which was far from bad, and a great comfort to me; and this had endeared me to him so that he must needs carry me off to the burgomaster to be introduced. "It is not so in Holland," he continued, when I explained that in England I had often shaken hands with men who stood worse with the world than the portly inn-keeper of Vries. "Here we live in rings, as it were one within another, and each not touching the other, even though it be ever so near. The Government functionary thinks himself above every one. The wholesale merchants scorn the retail merchants, and the retail merchants treat those

beneath them with contempt. It is quite severe, this distinction between the classes, and we find it very hard to get out of our grooves. I thought it was the same in England, but you have enlightened me, and I thank you."

I may have improved on my companion's English in this presentation of his views, but the sense is exact. I gathered from his tone and speech that he would as soon have offered his hand (it was white and small) to a chimpanzee as to a rustic of Drenthe. The burgomaster confirmed his notions. He was an affable, stalwart man, and he dwelt in a precise villa with a doll's-house edition of it set up in an arbour on one side of it. I did not want to be an annoyance to him, but when he proposed to be my guide there and then to one of the *Hunnebedden*, or so-called Tombs of the Huns, in the neighbourhood, I could not help accepting his offer.

We traversed three miles or so of typical Drenthe peat waste land. It was flat as the palm of my hand, and there was more of it beyond. The snow lay several inches deep, so that our excursion was not one of undiluted pleasure. But the burgomaster laughed to derision the idea that his worshipful feet might suffer from the snow. He told me that in Drenthe a sheep cost no more than sixteen shillings and eightpence, and that the peasant who can get work five or six days a week, at sixpence or sevenpence a day, thinks himself in rather a fortunate plight. And when we had viewed the *Hunnebedden* (an arrangement of eleven granite boulders to form a sort of cave above ground), he indulged me with gin at a wayside house, and shook my hand warmly as he sent me speeding along the ice towards Assen.

I wish I could remember fully our conversation during the two hours we spent together. What of it stays in my mind is an eccentric *olla podrida*, in which the chief elements depend on the cordial detestation of Germany by the contiguous Dutch provinces, and their determination at all costs to

keep themselves out of the hands of Kaiser William, and on the difficulty with which a true-born Dutchman can understand an Englishman's liking to wander away from his home. A writer many years ago has told us that "when the Queen of Wurtenburg visited Zaandam [a town about ten miles from Amsterdam], at a dinner they gave her she asked the Mayor, 'Monsieur, avez-vous beaucoup voyagé?' 'Madame,' he replied, 'j'ai été à Amsterdam.'" So it was with my burgomaster and the young revenue-commissioner. They were in entire sympathy with the late Mayor of Zaandam and his ambitions. And as I skated away under the bright moon at a madcap pace, I thought to myself that perhaps they were right. A man's patriotism does have to bear some shocks if he of his free will exiles himself from his native land for months and years in succession. His domestic instincts also must get much enfeebled. But yet, as to the conclusion whether it be or be not better never to set foot outside one's native land, I had come to no decision when the yellow lights of Assen broke through the thin fog which veiled the country, and it was time to seek another inn.

So far, I think I have limned the Dutch character with no unkind hand. Now it behoves me to run a tilt with a person, for whom in the abstract, however, I have much respect. This is the humble, red-armed drudge-maiden who on Saturday morning goes forth with mop and pail against the world, and leaves no man in peace until her appointed task be done, and done thoroughly.

It was at another canal-side tavern that I made her acquaintance. I had skated from Leeuwarden, the capital of Friesland, in the direction of Dokkum, where some eleven hundred years ago St. Boniface was martyred. The ice was so very rough and angular that it gave me a splitting headache ere I had lost sight of the church towers and windmills of Leeuwarden.

Moreover, on this occasion the day was not pleasant. There was no sun, nor glimmer of sun. It was thick, grey, windless weather, and mortal man could not tell whether it was still freezing or beginning to thaw.

I had skated about ten miles, and felt as if half my bones were out of joint. The landscapes had been as grim as my experiences. On each side of the rigid water-way the country stretched to the sky-line, flatter than the flattest pancake that was ever made. Here and there I saw a squat farmhouse that seemed all roof; here and there a windmill, motionless as an Egyptian mummy; here and there a saddleback-towered church. There were sheep in the snow of the fields, and very dirty their wool looked in contrast with what they seemed to browse upon. For other society I had to put up with the ravens which flew to and fro across the canal, turning their shapely black bills this way and that in quest of worms. I began to think that I myself might be the chief object of their notice, that they hoped ere daylight waned to sup upon me and my wearied bones. Also, there were occasional magpies, with an overwhelming air of self-importance in that strut of theirs. Else there was nothing, save myself, the bilious-complexioned sky, and the stubbly rushes whose extremities were welded into twelve or fourteen inches of ice.

After several miles of this, I hailed with elation the signs of a considerable village, in the outskirts of which were yellow-haired damsels and very stout small boys skating on the canal, the latter smoking cigars while they skated.

The inn was about half way in the line of one-storied red houses which faced the water, and I scrambled into it on my skates and called for refreshment. An extremely corpulent woman in wooden clogs, with her dress pinned high, was directing the domestic drudge how to place a series of bright copper buckets full of water.

They were just about to begin the weekly inundation of the public room.

It was a pleasant room, with a singular model of an apricot tree in wax, hung against the wall in a glass case. The fruit on the tree was quite seductive, and there was a waxen ladder to aid in the plucking of it. But even while I was examining this ornament, there was a roar of waters in my ears, and the flow of the first of the buckets surged to my boots. Then with what vigour and lusty inspirations the red-haired and purple-cheeked damsel began to apply her mop! She too had drawn her clothes to her knees and the attitudes she assumed in her work were as ungraceful as they could be. In stentorian tones the housewife issued her instructions. First one table was pushed aside, then another, then the forms which here served for chairs. Then they were all piled together upon one side of the room. And so we poor travellers (there were three of us) were driven from side to side, and from one soaked board to another, until at length I began to doubt if I should not have done better to have sat down on an ice-floe by the canal side. And one bucket after another was discharged against us by the purple-faced damsel, whose cheeks glistened with soap, and whose large red arms looked as if Jack Frost had taken up a lodging in the marrow of her elbow. Even the master of the house seemed dissatisfied with so much fuss of cleanliness, and winked twice or thrice drily to a friend when his wife's voice was extra harsh, or there was more than an inch of soap suds round about us. Yet with him this weekly flood is an institution. But for my part I could not endure it; and so I went away towards Dokkum convinced in my heart that of all tyrants there can be none to equal the Dutch wife on a washing-day.

Now Dokkum is the Friesland townlet which above all others took my fancy, and I am unwilling to say aught in depreciation of it and its people. To be sure, the Dokkum

children shouted after me as a *vreemde* man while I skated upon the canal which circumvents and divides the place. But this is a very tolerable sort of homage to one's individuality. And, anxious to see if their aggressiveness could by any chance pass beyond the verbal stage (there was plenty of snow for snowballing) I came at length to a pause, and sat down on a bench in a coffee-stall on the ice. Then how suddenly the better part of their young human nature came to the fore. Their ribald tongues fell silent. First they stared, and then they drew near in a body, and paid a chorus of compliments to my skates. And afterwards, when it appeared that I was content to sit indefinitely for their entertainment, they screamed for their mothers and little sisters who were skating in the neighbourhood; so that, before I had fully estimated the responsibility of my position, I was the centre of a throng of Dokkumites who contemplated me much as I should suppose a devout Hindoo would look upon the latest incarnation of his chief divinity. The pretty rosy-cheeked damsels said many pretty things about my skates in ejaculatory phrases, and their mothers were scarcely less civil.

From this situation I relieved myself by going ashore on the leathern soles to my feet, and wandering amid the low cleanly red houses of Dokkum. Thus hazard led me to a small inn wherein I discovered the fairest face I had seen in all Holland, ay, and in England too, for many a day. She was a girl of but twenty or so, and her first-born babe lay in a large cradle, under the green covering to which she was peeping at her little treasure with such a happy light in her face when I entered the room. I cannot describe her as she appeared to me; but I will try. She was rather tall for a Dutch girl, and much less heavy of shape than most of her sisters. Indeed she had a waist,—which alone marked her as a marvel in this land of women framed like the pillars of a collegiate church. Her profile was almost classic

in its severity; the nose straight, and the chin beautifully outlined. Her brow was low, and her black hair (another anomaly in this flaxen-locked country) just drooped engagingly over it. The mouth was neither too large nor too small; it was of the proper width to allow her to talk freely, and to show the very white regular teeth which were yet another of her uncommon collection of charms. Lastly, she had a divine healthy complexion, and her eyes were of that love-compelling colour which is neither blue nor black but takes now one and now the other tint, and they were caressed by the prettiest little curved eyebrows you ever saw.

From the crowd of gapers by the canal-side to this haven of Olympus was a change indeed. It was better still when I found that, bad though my Dutch was, she could, when she tried hard, comprehend some of it. And so she supplied me with refreshment, and had no objection to a cigar afterwards, and no other customers came to disturb us, and she prattled about her little baby (born on July 5th, and christened Jan Cornelius) and asked me if I too were wed, and why I was not wed, and many more questions, all of which I did my best, though at grievous cost, to answer. All this time her husband (the enviable fellow) was trumpeting in the band which that afternoon had been summoned to play at an ice-revel held in the neighbourhood of Dokkum. The ice-revel was one reason why the trumpeter's young wife and the stranger were allowed to have the house so entirely to themselves. "I too," said the girl, "should dearly have liked to go to see them race; but I would not leave the little one here alone."

And this charming little town, with its red houses and big green and black windmills, and burly barges and boats fast frozen in the opaque ice, was the site as nearly as may be of the murder of the Apostle of Germany and Central Europe! "On a summer's day

[June 4th or 5th, in the year 755] the messengers of peace, a little company of some fifty in all, planted their tents on the banks of a river near Dockum or Dorkum, there awaiting the arrival on the morrow of a large number of converts to be confirmed by the missionary bishop. But the early morning witnessed a strangely different sight. Boniface and his companions found themselves beset by a concourse of armed pagans [one may see in the museum of Leeuwarden just the kind of weapons the rogues carried], eager to stop the progress of these destroyers of their idols, and to seize the vessels of gold and silver supposed to be in their keeping." . . Boniface met his fate "with the calmness of one of the early Christians in a Roman amphitheatre. Scarcely any of his followers escaped. His assailants fought among themselves over the scanty booty which disappointed their expectations, and Pepin availed himself of the excuse for invading Frisia by way of avenging their massacre." Dokkum is not actually the scene of this murder. Murmerwoude, a village about half an hour's walk distant, bears the dishonour of the deed. But there is little doubt the pagan Friesland-ers who killed St. Boniface were natives of Dokkum, which has existed ever since about 240 A.D., and which, before 755 A.D., was a fortified town surrounded by a wall.

But in spite of the town's unfortunate reputation, I was heartily sorry to leave it when the pretty girl of Dokkum warned me that it would be too late for ice-work if I did not start again in the next half-hour. Nothing was more piquant in her than her matronly solicitude for my comfort in conjunction with her tender girlish face and ways. She was unwilling to let me pay for the parting glass,— offered, perhaps, as a conventional courtesy.

In skating in the northern provinces of Holland, one soon admires the stalwart aspect of the Friesland women upon the ice. This applies to

the women of all ages. I have met dames as hard-featured and weather-worn as Rembrandt's *Dame Bas* in the Amsterdam gallery, seventy if a day ; and they have made their six or eight miles an hour without an effort, and have steered over rough ice with a balance and tact little short of marvellous. As for the younger women, they move like sylphs. Whether they are alone, or convoyed between two men, one before and one behind, so that they are quite shielded from the inconvenience of the freezing blast, their feet are perfectly at ease. One's days on the Dutch canals, and especially in Friesland, print themselves on the memory not only for the uniform, yet not altogether dull appearance of the country and its villages, but also for the multitude of very red cheeks and bright eyes which pass one by with lightning speed, undissembled laughter, and unconscious grace.

I do not believe there is a land where the spirit of independence exists more lustily than here. No doubt, in his heart the Frieslander loves the girl of his choice as fully as Nature would have him love her ; but he does not seem to show his affection very strongly. If the girl have some difficulty with her skates, according to the guide-books the competition is keen as to who shall be favoured with the work of re-adjustment. Yet I have seen, and many times seen, Friesland damsels separate from their male escorts, and sit in the snow for their toil of this kind ; while the Friesland gentleman does but use the opportunity to light another cigar. Perhaps the man is thus neglectful rather in accordance with the bidding of Nature than his own heart. These Friesland damsels are so manifestly strong and able that it seems absurd to fancy even for a moment that there is anything civility might spare them. The smoking carriages in Holland are somewhat trying ordeals even to the inured male ; but the Friesland women do not mind them, nor does the mordant

vapour from the bad cigars in seven or eight mouths deprive their eyes of their wonted lustre.

Some say that Holland, and especially the more strictly pastoral parts of it, is better seen in summer than in winter. One may then certainly be more sure of seeing the grass of its fields. The prevailing colours are then the green of the meadows, and the blue of the sky. As M. Harvard has described it for us: "Grassy plains stretching their blue outlines on the grey morning sky, dark steeples, a few red roofs, an occasional hamlet, a large village, a small town with its gables and chimneys. . . . Nearer at hand . . . immense plains dotted with cattle, with here and there a cottage, or one of those rich substantial farm-houses where everything indicated order and plenty." One can imagine it easily enough. A single glance at one of Ruysdael's landscapes lets us into the whole secret. The accessories of windmills, sails to the craft on the canals, and men and women are easily supplied. When the eye has thus seen one Dutch landscape, the imagination may stock the mind with a whole gallery of pictures, and they shall all be true to nature. A touch or two of Jan Steen's humour will enable you to go from the outside of the heavy-browed farmhouse to the inside, and so add to your diversion and your picture-gallery.

But winter of course quite transforms the country. Where is then the violet-coloured peat-water of the Friesland meres, upon which the sunlight works such magical hues of gold and bronze? It is solid for a foot down, and gusts from the north-east that hang one's beard with icicles sweep across the vast flat surfaces of ice, which sometimes run to the horizon in all directions. The red roofs and the black or the slate-blue spires of the churches are mantled in snow; and very pretty they are, peeping

through the bare twigs of the trees, which seem to cower together towards the buildings to keep the cottagers warm. Save for the sheep, which need all their wool to keep them from congealing in the night, the cattle are gone from the fields, which are white wherever the eye looks. The arms of the windmills are stretched as if pleadingly towards heaven and earth, and no man shall say when the canals will loosen and let the millers' boats renew their journeying.

Yet, if for no other reason, Friesland cannot but be better in winter for the sake of its fine tonic air. In summer, with so much water about, there may be agues for those susceptible to such afflictions, and there will on bad days be fogs which no man likes. But when all the waters are bound hard and fast, the breezes blow pure and undefiled across the level land. They are keen, but how invigorating! An average winter here ought, at least for a certain number of its weeks, to be as beneficial as Davos. And nothing can be imagined more delightful than a tour on skates from one snow-bound village to another, with the wintry blue sky overhead by day, and the bright winter's moon as a lamp above the glistening course of the canals by night. The people, too, are then seen at their best. They are in holiday humour; a stranger cannot for the life of him believe he is in the land of the proverbially stolid and surly Dutchman. Perhaps one might add that the hotels are not up to the standard of Davos. Indeed, they are distinctly indifferent. Time enough, however, to say worse things of them when the frequenters of Davos in all seriousness turn their attention towards Friesland. For the present, it is a land which the more hardy tourist may rely upon having very much to himself,—in winter.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

A REAL TARTARIN.

THE ingenious Monsieur Alphonse Daudet, we may suppose, has taken a large hint for his last romance from the doings of a certain scheming nobleman which ended in a notorious criminal trial. But such a careful student of "human documents" must also have had his eye on another contemporary adventurer, that singular personage who bestowed upon himself the high-sounding title of King of Araucania and Patagonia, but who, wanting any sacred bard to celebrate his deeds, will soon prove hard to rescue from oblivion. What we can gather as to this obscure sovereign's career has to be taken from unsatisfactory chronicles of his own, dealing with the early part of it, and, for the rest, from scattered allusions by writers less respectful of his pretensions; but if ever his majesty's memory found a properly equipped historian, the result might well rival in interest some of Don Quixote's boldest exploits, not to say those of M. Tartarin de Tarascon.

Our future monarch, Aurelius Antony de Tounens by name, was, like M. Daudet's hero, a scion of the imaginative *midî*. He began life as a lawyer at Périgeux, in the early days of the Second Empire, which may have helped to turn his head by its example of how easily fortune favours the bold with crowns. For a time impatiently submitting to that commonplace drudgery, he seems to have been exercised in mind as to the power France had lost in America; then, fired by patriotic desire to spread the influence of his country as well as to gain for himself a more congenial sphere of action, he conceived the project of setting up a brand-new kingdom somewhere or other in the wilds of the New World. To this enterprise he committed himself single-handed, with a sanguine confidence that did not sufficiently con-

sider the two ludicrous failures made by his imperial model before the great stroke which at length set Louis Napoleon on the throne.

The field for M. de Tounens' *coup d'état* was chosen on the borders of Chili, where the Araucanian Indians had never been subdued by their Spanish neighbours. A hardy, warlike race, the Iroquois of South America, tens of thousands strong, and so trained in riding from childhood that man and horse were like a centaur, there is little doubt that if united under a capable leader they might have given a great deal of trouble to the Chilians, who had to content themselves with a vague claim of sovereignty over the Araucanian tribes, their mutual relations being comprised in continual grudges, occasional affrays, and a border trade carried on by armed merchants through the help of half-bred interpreters. The hero of Périgeux thus showed discrimination in fixing on this region as the site of his kingdom. Indeed, an enterprise of much the same kind as he undertook, had long before been suggested by our shrewd countryman Defoe, in one of those fictions of his that read so much like sober histories.

The would-be sovereign of Araucania left France in 1858, but did not appear before his subjects, as yet unconscious of his existence, for a couple or so of years, during which he remained at or about Coquimbo, wisely employed in learning Spanish and picking up information as to the country he proposed to rule. By and by he made the acquaintance of an Araucanian chief named Magnil, who, he declares, welcomed and encouraged him in his designs. This may be the chief of whom there is a story that, to secure his allegiance, M. de Tounens presented him with a grand piano,

which the Indian forthwith gutted of such useless lumber as keys, strings, and so forth, to turn it into a bed for himself and his wife. At all events one partizan was made; but when, in 1860, the aspirant to royalty crossed the Araucanian frontier on his first visit to his castles in the air, he was met by the news of Magnil's death. Not dismayed by this misfortune, he went on so far as to open his project, by means of an interpreter, to certain other chiefs, who—we have it on his own authority—gave their adherence as readily as the defunct Magnil. Matters seeming thus ripe for such a step, our pretender commenced business by issuing the following decree, as regal in its tone as if he had verily been to the manner born.

We, Prince Orllie-Antoine de Tounens, considering that Araucania is independent of any other state, that it is divided into tribes, and that a Central Government is demanded in both the public and private interest,

Decree as follows :

Art. I. A constitutional and hereditary monarchy is founded in Araucania; Prince Orllie-Antoine de Tounens is named king.

Art. II. In case of the king leaving no descendants, his heirs shall be taken from the other lines of his family, according to the order which shall be ultimately established by a royal ordinance.

Art. III. Until the great bodies of State be constituted, the royal ordinances shall have the force of law.

Art. IV. Our Minister Secretary of State is charged with the presents.

Done in Araucania, 17th November, 1860.

(Signed) ORLLIE-ANTOINE I^{er}.

By the King.

The Minister Secretary of State for the Department of Justice.

(Signed) F. DESFONTAINE.

At the same time, and in the same manner, Orllie-Antoine the First hastened to decree a constitution, drawn up in nine chapters and sixty articles, duly granting universal suffrage, guaranteeing natural and civil rights, such as individual liberty, legal equality, and liability to taxation in proportion

to each subject's fortune, while providing for the machinery of government, the administration of justice, the succession to the throne, a Council of State and a Legislative Body, all defined and codified with ridiculous gravity, according to the most correct French pattern. The cracked-brained character of our law-giver becomes very evident in the articles where he solemnly treats the questions of the Civil List, the proclamation of martial law, and the right of reporting parliamentary debates in Araucania! At home M. de Tounens had not been a lawyer for nothing, or a politician in revolutionary times; and now we find him going into such minute arrangements as that no prince of the blood-royal should sit in the Council of State without the royal permission.

But the Araucanians themselves, if their king's professional bias did not deceive him, were not without some notion of legal subtleties, and even of judicial abuses. Either now, or on his next visit, he represents himself as having assisted at a trial where the procedure greatly edified him. The judges heard the cause on horseback. There were advocates who pleaded on either side for a fee of a sheep, an ox, or a horse; the witnesses too were paid for giving evidence, but did not come forward in open court, since "if the adverse party knew them, he would take away from them the means of bearing witness another time." In this case an ox had been stolen, and for the value of fifty francs the owner had secured a witness to prove the prisoner's having killed and eaten the *corpus delicti*, yet because he could not produce further testimony as to what had become of the hide, the proof was held incomplete according to Araucanian law, and the court pronounced a decree of *non lieu*. But should the theft of a horse, for instance, be fully established, the thief would be sentenced to bring it back with another horse on each side of it by way of costs and damages.

Naturally the ex-lawyer of Périgeux

saw most promising material for his codifying talents in a people with such sound, if somewhat rudimentary, notions of justice. At the outset, however, he was more concerned with the diplomatic relations of his state. It does not appear how those proclamations of his were brought to the notice of his people, but he lost no time in communicating them to the newspapers of Valparaiso and Santiago, for which the Araucanians would not be much the wiser. Furthermore he sent off a truly royal despatch to the President of the Chilean Republic, whose recognition would certainly be of the first importance for this infant kingdom.

EXCELLENCY,

We, Orllie-Antoine the First, by the grace of God King of Araucania,

Have the honour to inform you of our accession to the throne which we have just founded in Araucania.

We pray heaven, Excellency, to have you in its holy and worthy keeping.

Done in Araucania, 17th November, 1860.

(Signed) ORLLIE-ANTOINE I^{er}.

No sooner were these acts of sovereignty accomplished, than we find the ready-made king sighing like a second Alexander for new realms to annex. Three days after his accession—on paper—to the Araucanian throne, he announced himself with similar formalities as the chosen monarch of the Patagonians, that race having expressed a wish, so he says, to enjoy the benefits of his constitutional government. The execution of this decree also was committed to M. Desfontaine, who appears to have been the Poo-Bah of the kingdom, counter-signing Orllie-Antoine's ordinances as a general-utility Minister, now figuring as head of the office for Foreign Affairs, and now as keeper of the portfolio of justice—in fact, we suspect him of being at this period the only faithful subject of his Araucanian majesty, and naturally, therefore, the person best qualified for office. There is, indeed, some hint of another secretary of state, a M. Lachaise, Minister of

the Interior, but no documents bearing his signature are to hand, and we must fear that he never found an opportunity of entering upon his functions. It would indeed be strange if our quixotic founder of kingdoms had come across two Sancho Panzas knavish or foolish enough to follow his fortunes for long.

After thus breaking ground, S.M. Orllie-Antoine saw fit not to proceed in presenting himself to his subjects, but returned to Valparaiso, while yet his "fire-new stamp of honour was scarce current." During the greater part of next year he here awaited answers to letters to friends in France, announcing what had just taken place, and asking for aid in establishing his power. The time was passed in drawing up laws for the united kingdoms of Araucania and Patagonia, which he proposed to christen New France, and to divide into departments and communes. Moreover he supplied himself with a blue, white and green flag, that was henceforth to be the tricolour of his states. The Chilean Government as yet took no notice of these doings, probably regarding him as a harmless lunatic, while he interpreted its forbearance as an acknowledgment of Araucanian independence. For, he argues: "Is there a single king or emperor in the world who would not hasten to throw into prison an individual daring enough to come in a manner defying him, after having carved a kingdom out of his territory?"

To his disappointment, the French Government also withheld its recognition, and his friends at home sent no money for the Araucanian treasury. His appeal had been received with indifference or derision. Such French newspapers as did notice it, with one or two exceptions, took it only as a welcome text for railleury and unworthy jests, giving Orllie-Antoine occasion to remark sorrowfully and sagaciously that his countrymen care for nothing so much as amusement, to which they will often sacrifice the gravest interests

and the most momentous hopes. And yet he was offering the fatherland a realm having a coast of more than four hundred leagues on the Atlantic Ocean, and hardly less on the Pacific, with an average breadth of six hundred miles, a country twice as large as France, of rare fertility, watered by numerous streams, rich in pastures and minerals, favoured by an excellent climate, and not troubled by either fierce beasts or venomous reptiles, all which he took possession of with the intention of making it a French colony, and his ungrateful countrymen saw here nothing but a joke! It is truly the lot of great men to be misunderstood.

No help coming from France, and none of his compatriots in Chili having the heart to share his enterprise—even the Minister of Foreign and other affairs has by this time disappeared from the scene—towards the end of 1861 his Araucanian majesty resolved to go where glory waited him. With a letter of introduction for a French trader residing there, he arrived at Nacimiento on the frontier, from which place he set out into Araucania, attended by a single hired servant. So on Christmas Day we find him actually in the midst of one of the native tribes engaged in “ratifying his election,” as he calls it.

The reports of this ceremony are scant and contradictory. The King himself declares that he spoke to the Indians of nothing but the blessings of peace and civilisation, and treaties with Chili, whereupon they hailed him as their chief with enthusiastic acclamation. More credible seems the story of two Chilian interpreters whom he was fain to employ in delivering his message from the throne. They describe him as telling the “electors” that he had come to aid them in the vindication of their independence against Chili, and promising succour from his own country. We need not then be surprised to hear that the dusky patriots, moved by wonder and warlike joy, galloped

wheeling and whooping round the offered deliverer, and willingly received his gaudy standard as a sign of taking up the hatchet against their ancient enemy. Some of them, it appears, looked on him as having come from the skies; but their barbarous exhibitions of faith and loyalty were not enough for Orllie-Antoine, whose first lesson in constitutional government was to instruct them not to address his sacred person without uncovering their heads, or saluting with the right hand if, as well might be, a dutiful subject had no hat to take off. There seems no doubt that they received and treated him as an extraordinary being, worthy of all confidence, his avatar having already been announced by the deceased chief, Magnil. This outburst of adhesion was hardly needed to turn poor M. de Tounens' head altogether.

In the course of the next few days, the same farce was enacted among two or three other tribes of the neighbourhood, mustering a few hundred warriors, and in each case his election was duly carried, as testified in a series of formal documents drawn up by the monarch himself, for want of any secretary of state. One specimen of these *procès-verbaux* will suffice here:

To-day, 27th December, 1861,

The electors of the tribe of Quicheregua united in general assembly at their ordinary place of meeting, two *kilomètres* from the house of the Cacique Millavil, under the presidency of this chief.

After deliberation, the said electors have elected and proclaimed me King of Araucania and Patagonia in the terms indicated.

Done in Araucania, the above day, month, and year.

(Signed) ORLLIE-ANTOINE I^{er}.

The *plébiscite* having been so far satisfactory, the King's next step was to fix upon a place of residence chosen for convenience of communicating his orders to the tribes and corresponding with foreign governments, especially that of Chili, “which had as much interest as myself in concluding treaties

of peace." A place named Angol was selected as the capital, and thither he set out on January 5th, 1862, "a date that was to be fatal to me."

By this time, through certain traders present at those "elections," the Chilian authorities had information of what was going on, and woke up to the necessity of putting an end to a comely which might end in the tragic scenes of an Indian war. The King's hireling servant, Rosales, must to all future ages be held in like execration with the traitor Gan. This man, though he had just obtained a large rise of wages, ungratefully arranged with the commandant at Nacimiento to deliver his master into the hands of the police. As Orllie-Antoine, having come so far on his journey, was unsuspectingly resting under the shade of some pear trees, he "fell into an ambushade." In fact some half a dozen armed men stole up, suddenly rushed in upon him, seized his sword, packed him on a horse and galloped off with him as fast as they could for fear of a rescue by the Indians. Seeing all lost but honour, the King yielded himself with becoming dignity. Had it not been for the interference of some traders who happened to be on the spot, he says, his captors would have cut off his head forthwith and carried it to their employers as proof of his death, according to historic precedent in such affairs.

Thus, after a reign hardly longer than Lady Jane Grey's, the King of Araucania and Patagonia found himself torn away from his territories, "against the law of nations," and consigned to the royal fate of captivity. From Nacimiento he was sent under escort to Anjeles, the chief town of the province, his departure witnessed by a curious crowd who, according to his own account, showed due sympathy with fallen greatness, while the other way of putting it is that they stared at him as a madman. The height of indignity was that his treacherous servant made one of the party, and forcibly changed horses with him, the King having to ride a sorry broken-

down hack while crafty Rosales bestrode his master's gallant steed. He was consoled in this reverse of fortune by hearing some women exclaim, as he believed, "Is it possible to give such a bad horse to so brave a lord!" Such insults have ever been the lot of ruined royalty; Orllie-Antoine must have thought of Louis XVI. in the Temple, of Buonaparte at St. Helena, and strengthened himself to meet the malice of his enemies with princely fortitude.

Arrived at Anjeles, he was received with the same gaping curiosity, and forthwith led to his dungeon, a large damp room paved with bricks, into which the light of day never penetrated. His enemies, we are to know, hoped that this prison would be his tomb, and, if we may believe his statements, he was indeed treated with unnecessary severity. A light was kept constantly burning by him, and a sentinel had orders to look in upon him from time to time. He soon fell seriously ill, attacked by fever and dysentery, but was not allowed to be removed to the hospital, nor even to have a doctor. In such miserable plight, he saw phantoms hovering round his prison mattress, which yet were unable to strike terror into that lofty soul, enfeebled as the body might be by disease. For weeks, he says, he lay without consciousness, and it was five months before he could use his feet again, more like a skeleton than a living being.

He had to get his head shaved after this illness, but none the less did he cherish those ideas of royalty which had brought him to such a pass. From the first he had not ceased indignantly to protest against the violation done to his regal rights. Denied the privilege of communicating with the outer world, he nevertheless found means of sending a note to the French *chargé d'affaires* at Santiago, whose protection he had already claimed through the consul at Concepcion. This secret missive was despatched quite *en règle*; the story reads like a chapter in Dumas. A Frenchman was permitted to send him in his meals

from outside, the dishes coming through the hands of a soldier. Under their empty tin covers he stowed away a small packet of letters with a line requesting that they might be forwarded. Either now or later, he also addressed protests to the agents of all the Foreign Powers in Chili, and letters to the newspapers, calling on the whole civilised world to judge his cause.

Nothing came of these steps, however, and for nine months the illustrious captive pined in his dungeon, while Spanish-American justice dragged out its slow course. The authorities seem to have been puzzled to know what to do with such a criminal; and it was, luckily for him, decided not to let his case be dealt with by martial law. Fully expecting from day to day to be led out to execution, he felt the necessity of making his political testament, which he did at some length, taking the utmost care to regulate the order of succession in his dynasty. Being a bachelor, he bequeathed the kingdom to his father, then to his eldest brother, then to this brother's son, failing all of whom or their male posterity, to "our well-beloved niece, Lida-Jeanne de Tounens and her descendants in perpetuity." But in case of her line also failing, he was mindful to provide for the successive devolution of the crown on his second, third, fourth and fifth brothers, or after them on his three sisters, male heirs always taking precedence over female ones, though the Salic law was rejected. Clearly there is little likelihood of the royal family of Araucania becoming extinct for some time.

He did not cease to besiege the Chilian authorities with complaints, appeals, and protestations which for a long time seemed thrown away. Standing proudly on his defence, he declared himself and the Araucanians within their right in all they had done; he freely admitted his design of founding a kingdom, raising a loan in Europe, bringing from France officers to discipline a native army, but denied any hostile intentions against Chili. He demanded his release, or at least an

open and immediate trial. After a few months' imprisonment we find him going so far as to promise that if set free he will return to France, but this is the only mark of weakness on his part. In addressing his judges and jailers he takes the high tone of injured innocence, always signing himself Orllie-Antoine I^{er}, and maintaining the grandeur of soul which still inspired him to affirm his rights to the Araucanian and Patagonian throne, consecrated by the free suffrages of these two countries! "What matters the prison which I have suffered"—so he ends his narrative. "If I did not fear to be mistaken in the import of my words and that the greatness of the names might compromise the justice of the comparison, I would say in conclusion, Louis XI. after Péronne, and Francis I. after Pavia, were they less kings of France than before?"

Hitherto this unrecognised monarch has been his own historian, but now his narrative ceases as abruptly as the first part of *Faust*, leaving him, like Gretchen, in imminent danger of execution. Why he broke off here seems no less a puzzle than a disappointment, for there is a long continuation to his career of royalty; and if all stories are true, he was at this point about to enter upon a most romantic adventure quite in keeping with his character as a state prisoner. It is said that he sawed through the bars of his dungeon and escaped by swimming, only to be again recaptured. No details of this episode, however, are forthcoming; and henceforth his annals become somewhat legendary, obscured by conflicting and not very careful authorities, even in the full light of contemporary criticism.

What proves certain is that the Chilian government finally released him, glad no doubt to be rid of such a troublesome case, and that he returned to France, not a whit abating his pretensions to the Araucanian throne. He reached his native place to find himself famous after a fashion. He was the sensation of the day; but to his disgust all but a very few, even

among his friends, refused to take him seriously. It was in vain that he addressed all the European governments in lofty protest against the high-handed proceedings of Chili, and that he sought to arouse his own countrymen to a sense of the advantages to be gained from the establishment of his constitutional kingdom as practically a new French colony. The jeering public would recognise him only as a "king unattached," who occasionally indeed figured in the newspapers, but seldom with proper respect. A national subscription failed to bring in the ten thousand francs which was all he demanded as the sinews of the war he again proposed to carry on in the heart of South America. Even when he reduced his demand to a subsidy of five hundred francs, that sum was not forthcoming. Alas! the next time our hero emerges into the clear light of history it is as summoned to a police court for payment of his hotel bill.

But genius, we understand, implies an infinite capacity for taking pains; and the fallen monarch was not wanting to himself in this low ebb of his fortunes. By dint of pertinacious efforts he succeeded in making some converts to his chimæra, and in the course of a few years managed somehow to raise means of again attempting to grasp the Araucanian sceptre. It was a bad time for such enterprises, the Mexican war having opened the eyes of France to the folly of interfering in transatlantic affairs. But in 1839 it appears that Orllie-Antoine did set sail on a fresh expedition, which turned out a complete fiasco. He came back unhurt, having excited no enthusiasm among the Indians this time nor even any active hostility on the part of the Chilians, yet as much a king as ever in his own eyes, and trusting in his star, hopefully as any Napoleon.

Then followed a stirring year in which Frenchmen had no leisure to listen to the projects of one who passed for an amusing monomaniac. Orllie-Antoine's imagination took another turn to fit the time. He became an

inventor, and announced his discovery of a means for neutralising the hurtful effects of firearms, which indeed would have been of no little use at that period. When the Franco-German war was over, he stooped to journalism, setting up two papers in succession with the view of advocating his neglected claims to royalty. He appealed to his brother journalists to recognise him not only as a colleague, but as a king; and went so far as to found an order of chivalry which he offered to bestow on any editor who would oblige him with a favourable article.

We hear of one further act of sovereignty in these days. There was another Frenchman of lofty and various projects, M. Pertuiset, the inventor of explosive bullets, who in 1872 had his eye upon Patagonia as scene for a wild-geese chase as absurd as that of its *soi-disant* ruler. By the agency of a clairvoyant he believed himself to have discovered that the Incas had buried a vast treasure at a certain spot in Tierra del Fuego, and was organising an expedition to exploit this source of wealth, when one day a polite and distinguished-looking person called upon him, announcing himself as first minister of Orllie-Antoine I^{er}., King of Araucania and Patagonia, in whose name he forbade the new adventurer to undertake any enterprise in his dominions without due authorisation from their sovereign lord. With equal politeness, M. Pertuiset replied that he had serious affairs to occupy him; and the Araucanian emissary let himself be bowed out, content with having lodged a formal protest. It is fine to note the contempt of one dreamer for the delusion of the other.

But though his kingship so long stuck fast at protests, unheeded or derided, Orllie-Antoine's faith in himself still rose superior to all the insults of fortune. And this determined confidence had its effect in winning new partisans among the millions of mockers, choice spirits who recognised his uncrowned royalty with the same devotion as followed a famous English pretender of the period even to his

Dartmoor dungeon. When we might expect to find his cause wholly "played out," we hear of the Araucanian monarch surrounded, like our Tichborne claimant, by a small court who treated him with marked deference; the same witness testifies to his air of dignity and intelligence in this long eclipse. Henri V. did not more nobly bear up against the adversity of an unbelieving age. This force of purpose and power of attracting support should avail to bespeak Orllie-Antoine a true ruler of men, had we not those fantastic proclamations and institutions set in print by himself to show his ideas of ruling. Like Galba, he might be judged worthy to reign, unless he had reigned—on paper.

Louis Napoleon, now an exile in England, no longer supplied such an encouraging example for ambitious adventurers; but our king *in partibus*, having survived his Strasbourg and his Boulogne, was resolute to make yet a third attempt upon the throne to which he had invited himself. In 1874 he once more took passage for South America, travelling *incognito* as Jean Prat, attended by no less than four followers. Such a force, in spite of its gallant devotion, seeming unfit to cope with the Chilian police, this time he proposed to invade his states from the other side, by way of the Argentine Republic. He got safe as far as Buenos Ayres; but embarking there for another point of the coast, he fell in with an Argentine, or, as some say, a Brazilian cruiser, sent out to intercept his progress on demand of the Chilian Government; and thus, in defiance of the laws of neutrality, was he again arrested and ignominiously turned back to France. Well for his fame if he had now fallen in battle according to the fitness of things, or perished with dramatic effect on the scaffold at the hands of those unworthy foes! The prosaic fates, dragging down his whole career, had otherwise decreed. Next year

poor Orllie-Antoine died penniless and miserable in a hospital at Bordeaux.

Thus ended a life which gained a certain notoriety, and perhaps missed more solid fame only for want of a little common-sense, or of the wholesome sense of humour, to ballast its soaring ambition. If M. de Tounens were mad, there seems a good deal of method in his madness; and his amazing vanity must have had a certain fibre at the core to keep him so tenacious of his purpose through every ridiculous failure. In the English papers of the day there were wild stories representing him as having reigned for several years in Araucania and gallantly waged unsuccessful war against Chili; but his own narrative reduces this bubble to its proper dimensions. Even before his speedy dethronement we have some hint that the wondering Indians had already begun to disbelieve in him, since he wasted time in promulgating constitutions, and did not come at once to the business of cutting Chilian throats. A few weeks' experience of government by proclamation would probably have been enough to disenchant them. Little good his brief reign brought that bold race. Within a few years they were pushed still further back from the frontier at which he found them ripe for making a stand against their encroaching neighbours. Yet it may be that these sullen tribes will long cherish a tradition of the great white man who came among them as a demi-god with his marvellous rainbow-hued banner, only to be snatched away by their common foes, but still lives, slumbering in some far-off mystic cave, like Arthur, like Barbarossa, like Sebastian of Portugal, in the hour of need to appear and deliver oppressed Araucania; while we who see the seamy side of the myth, with all its shabby shreds and patches, have nothing but a pitying smile for Orllie-Antoine, the first and last monarch of his race.

A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF.

THE STORY OF A VIOLIN.

I.

AT my dining place in old Soho,—I call it mine because there was a time when I became somewhat inveterate there, keeping my napkin (changed once a week) in a ring recognisable by myself and the waiter, my bottle of Beaune (replenished more frequently), and my accustomed seat—at this restaurant of mine, with its confusion of tongues, its various, foreign clients, amid all the coming and going, the nightly change of faces, there were some which remained the same; persons with whom, though one might never have spoken, one had nevertheless from the mere continuity of juxtaposition a certain sense of intimacy.

There was one old gentleman in particular, as inveterate as myself, who especially aroused my interest. A courteous, punctual, mild old man he was, with an air which deprecated notice; who conversed each evening for a minute or two with the proprietor as he rolled, always at the same hour, a valedictory cigarette, in a language that arrested my ear by its strangeness, and which proved to be his own, Hungarian; who addressed a brief remark to me at times, half apologetically, in the precisest of English. We sat next each other at the same table, came and went at much the same hour; and for a long while our intercourse was restricted to formal courtesies, mutual inquiries after each other's health, a few urbane strictures on the climate. The little old gentleman, in spite of his aspect of shabby gentility, perhaps even because of this suggestion of fallen fortunes, bore himself with pathetic erectness, almost haughtily. He did not seem amenable to advances. It was a long time before I knew him well enough

to rightly value this appearance, the timid defences, behind which a very shy and delicate nature took refuge from the world's coarse curiosity. I can smile now, with a certain sadness, when I remind myself that at one time I was somewhat in awe of M. Maurice Cristich and his little air of proud humility. Now that his place in that dim, foreign eating-house knows him no more, and his yellow napkin-ring, with its distinguishing number, has been passed on to some other customer, I have it in my mind to set down my impressions of him, the short history of our acquaintance. It began with an exchange of cards, a form to which he evidently attached a ceremonial value, for after that piece of ritual his manner underwent a sensible softening and he showed by many subtle, indefinable shades in his courteous address that he did me the honour of including me in his friendship. I have his card before me now; a large, oblong piece of pasteboard, with *M. Maurice Cristich, Theatre Royal*, inscribed upon it amid many florid flourishes. It enabled me to form my first definite notion of his calling, upon which I had previously wasted much conjecture; though I had all along, and rightly as it appeared, associated him in some manner with music.

In time he was good enough to inform me further. He was a musician, a violinist; and formerly, and in his own country, he had been a composer. But whether for some lack in him of original talent, or of patience, whether for some grossness in the public taste, on which the nervous delicacy and refinement of his execution was lost, he had not continued. He had been driven by poverty to London, had given lessons, and then for many years

had played a second violin in the orchestra of the opera.

"It is not much, monsieur!" he observed deprecatingly, smoothing his hat with the cuff of his frayed coat-sleeve. "But it is sufficient, and I prefer it to teaching. In effect, they are very charming, the seraphic young girls of your country! But they seem to care little for music; and I am a difficult master, and have not enough patience. Once, you see, a long time ago, I had a perfect pupil, and perhaps that spoilt me. Yes! I prefer the theatre, though it is less profitable. It is not as it once was," he added, with a half sigh; "I am no longer ambitious. Yes, monsieur, when I was young I was ambitious. I wrote a symphony and several concertos. I even brought out at Vienna an opera which I thought would make me famous; but the good folk of Vienna did not appreciate me, and they would have none of my music. They said it was antiquated, my opera, and absurd; and yet it seemed to me good. I think that Gluck, that great genius, would have liked it; and that is what I should have wished. Ah! how long ago it seems, that time when I was ambitious! But you must excuse me, monsieur, your good company makes me garrulous. I must be at the theatre. If I am not in my place at the half-hour they fine me,—two shillings and sixpence! that is a good deal, you know, monsieur."

In spite of his defeats, his long and ineffectual struggle with adversity, M. Cristich, I discovered, as our acquaintance ripened, had none of the spleen and little of the vanity of the unsuccessful artist. He seemed in his forlorn old age to have accepted his discomfort with touching resignation, having acquired neither cynicism nor indifference. He was simply an innocent old man, in love with his violin and with his art, who had acquiesced in disappointment; and it was impossible to decide whether he even believed in his talent, or had not silently accredited the verdict of musical Vienna,

which had condemned his opera in those days when he was ambitious. The precariousness of the London opera was the one fact which I ever knew to excite him to expressions of personal resentment. When its doors were closed, his hard poverty (it was the only occasion when he protested against it) drove him, with his dear instrument and his accomplished fingers, into the orchestras of lighter houses, where he was compelled to play music which he despised. He grew silent and rueful during these periods of irksome servitude, rolled innumerable cigarettes, which he smoked with fierceness and great rapidity. When dinner was done he was often volubly indignant, in Hungarian, to the proprietor. But with the beginning of the season his mood lightened. He bore himself more sprucely, and would leave me, to assist at a representation of *Don Giovanni* or *Tannhäuser*, with a face which was almost radiant. I had known him a year before it struck me that I should like to see him in his professional capacity. I told him of my desire a little diffidently, not knowing how my purpose might strike him. He responded graciously, but with an air of intrigue, laying a gentle hand upon my coat sleeve and bidding me wait. A day or two later, as we sat over our coffee, M. Cristich with a hesitating urbanity offered me an order.

"If you would do me the honour to accept it, monsieur? It is a stall, and a good one! I have never asked for one before, all these years; so they gave it to me easily. You see, I have few friends. It is for to-morrow, as you observe. I demanded it especially; it is an occasion of great interest to me,—ah! an occasion! You will come?"

"You are too good, M. Cristich!" I said with genuine gratitude, for indeed the gift came in season, the opera being at that time a luxury I could seldom command. "Need I say that I shall be delighted? And to hear Madame Romanoff, a chance one has so seldom!"

The old gentleman's mild, dull eyes glistened. "Madame Romanoff!" he repeated. "The marvellous Leonora! Yes, yes! She has sung only once before, in London. Ah, when I remember——" He broke off suddenly. As he rose, and prepared for departure, he held my hand a little longer than usual, giving it a more intimate pressure.

"My dear young friend, will you think me a presumptuous old man, if I ask you to come and see me to-morrow in my apartment, when it is over? I will give you a whisky, and we will smoke pipes, and you shall tell me your impressions. And then I will tell you why to-morrow I shall be so proud, why I show this emotion."

II.

THE opera was *Fidelio*—that stately, splendid work, whose melody, if one may make a pictorial comparison, has something of that rich and sun-warm colour which, certainly, on the canvases of Rubens, affects one as an almost musical quality. It offered brilliant opportunities, and the incomparable singer had wasted none of them. So that when, at last, I pushed my way out of the crowded house and joined M. Cristich at the stage door, where he waited with eyes full of expectancy, the music still lingered about me like the faint, past fragrance of incense, and I had no need to speak my thanks. He rested a light hand on my arm, and we walked towards his lodging silently, the musician carrying his instrument in its sombre case, and shivering from time to time, a tribute to the keen, spring night. He stooped as he walked, his eyes trailing the ground; and a certain listlessness in his manner struck me a little strangely, as though he came fresh from some solemn or hieratic experience, of which the reaction had already begun to set in tediously, leaving him at the last unstrung and jaded, a little weary of himself and

the too strenuous occasion. It was not until we had crossed the threshold of a dingy, high house in a by-way of Bloomsbury, and he had ushered me, with apologies, into his shabby room near the sky, that the sense of his hospitable duties seemed to renovate him.

He produced tumblers from an obscure recess behind his bed; set a kettle on the fire, which scarcely smouldered with flickers of depressing, sulphurous flame, talking of indifferent subjects as he watched for it to boil. Only when we had settled ourselves in uneasy chairs opposite each other, and he had composed me what he termed "a grog"—himself preferring the more innocent mixture known as *eau sucrée*—did he allude to *Fidelio*. I praised heartily the discipline of the orchestra, the *prima donna*, whom report made his country-woman, with her strong, sweet voice and her extraordinary beauty, the magnificence of the music, the fine impression of the whole.

M. Cristich, his glass in hand, nodded approval. He looked intently into the fire, which cast mocking shadows over his quaint, incongruous figure, his antiquated dress coat, his frost-bitten countenance, his cropped grey hair. "Yes," he said, "yes! So it pleased you, and you thought her beautiful? I am glad."

He turned round to me abruptly, and laid a thin hand impressively on my knee.

"You know I invented her, the Romanoff, discovered her, taught her all she learnt. Yes, monsieur, I was proud to-night, very proud, to be there, playing for her, though she did not know. Ah! the beautiful creature! . . . and how badly I played! execrably! You could not notice that, monsieur, but they did, my *confrères*, and could not understand. How should they? How should they dream that I, Maurice Cristich, second violin in the orchestra of the opera, had to do with the Leonora; even I? Her voice thrilled them; ah, but it was I who taught her her notes!

They praised her diamonds ; yes, but once I gave her that she wanted more than diamonds, bread, and lodging, and love. Beautiful they called her ; she was beautiful too when I carried her in my arms through Vienna. I am an old man now, and good for very little ; and there have been days, God forgive me, when I have been angry with her ; but it was not to-night. To see her there, so beautiful and so great, and to feel that after all I had a hand in it—that I invented her. Yes, yes ! I had my victory to-night, too, though it was so private ; a secret between you and me, monsieur ! Is it not ? ”

I assured him of my discretion, but he hardly seemed to hear. His sad eyes had wandered away to the live coals, and he considered them pensively as though he found them full of charming memories. I sat back respecting his remoteness ; but my silence was charged with surprised conjecture, and indeed the quaint figure of the old musician, every line of his garments redolent of ill success, had become to me of a sudden strangely romantic. Destiny, so amorous of surprises, of pathetic or cynical contrasts, had in this instance excelled herself. My obscure acquaintance Maurice Cristich ! The renowned Romanoff ! Her name and acknowledged genius had been often in men’s mouths of late, a certain luminous, scarcely sacred glamour attaching to it, in a hundred idle stories, due perhaps as much to the wonder of her sorrowful beauty, as to any justification in knowledge of her boundless extravagance, her magnificent fantasies, her various perversity, rumour pointing specially at those priceless diamonds, the favours (not altogether gratuitous it was said) of exalted personages. And with all deductions made, for malice, for the ingenuity of the curious, the impression of her perversity was left ; she remained enigmatical and notorious, a somewhat scandalous heroine ! And Cristich had known her ; he had as he declared—and his accent was not that

of braggadocio—invented her. The conjuncture puzzled and fascinated me. It did not make Cristich less interesting, nor the *prima donna* more perspicuous.

By and by the violinist looked up at me ; he smiled with a little dazed air, as though his thoughts had been a far journey.

“ Pardon me, monsieur ! I beg you to fill your glass. I seem a poor host ; but to tell you the truth I was dreaming ; I was quite away, quite away.”

He threw out his hands, with a vague, expansive gesture.

“ Dear child ! ” he said to the flames, in French ; “ good little one ! I do not forget thee.” And he began to tell me.

“ It was when I was at Vienna, ah ! a long while ago. I was not rich, but neither was I very poor ; I still had my little patrimony, and I lived in the — Strasse, very economically ; it is a quarter which many artists frequent. I husbanded my resources, that I might be able to work away at my art without the tedium of making it a means of livelihood. I refused many offers to play in public, that I might have more leisure. I should not do that now ; but then I was very confident ; I had great faith in me. And I worked very hard at my symphony, and I was full of desire to write an opera. It was a tall, dark house where I lived ; there were many other lodgers ; but I knew scarcely any of them. I went about with my head full of music, and I had my violin ; I had no time to seek acquaintance. Only my neighbour at the other side of my passage I knew slightly, and bowed to him when we met on the stairs. He was a dark, lean man, of a very distinguished air ; he must have lived very hard, he had death in his face. He was not an artist, like the rest of us : I suspect he was a great profligate and a gambler ; but he had the manners of a gentleman. And when I came to talk to him he displayed the greatest knowledge of music that I have ever known. And it was the same with

all ; he talked divinely of everything in the world, but very wildly and bitterly. He seemed to have been everywhere, and done everything, and at last to be tired of it all, and of himself the most. From the people of the house I heard that he was a Pole, noble, and very poor ; and, what surprised me, that he had a daughter with him, a little girl. I used to pity this child, who must have lived quite alone. For the Count was always out, and the child never appeared with him ; and for the rest, with his black spleen and tempers, he must have been but sorry company for a little girl. I wished much to see her ; for you see, monsieur, I am fond of children, almost as much as of music ; and one day it came about. I was at home with my violin ; I had been playing all the evening some songs I had made, and once or twice I had seemed to be interrupted by little tedious sounds. At last I stopped and opened the door, and there, crouching down, I found the most beautiful little creature I had ever seen in my life. It was the child of my neighbour. Yes, monsieur ! you divine, you divine ! That was the Leonora ! ”

“ And she is not your compatriot ? ” I asked.

“ A Hungarian ? ah, no ! Yet every piece of her pure Slav ! But I weary you, monsieur ; I make a long story.”

I protested my interest ; and after a little side glance of dubious scrutiny, he continued in a constrained monotone, as one who told over to himself some rosary of sad enchanting memories.

“ Ah, yes ! she was beautiful ; that mysterious, sad Slavonic beauty ! a thing quite special and apart. And, as a child, it was more tragical and strange ; that dusky hair, those profound and luminous eyes, seeming to mourn over tragedies they had never known. A strange, wild, silent child ! She might have been eight or nine then ; but her little soul was hungry for music. It was a veritable passion ; and when she became, at last, my good

friend, she told me how often she had lain for long hours outside my door, listening to my violin. I gave her a kind of scolding, such as one could to so beautiful a little creature, for the passage was draughty and cold, and sent her away with some *bon-bons*. She shook back her long dark hair : ‘ You are not angry and I am not naughty,’ she said ; ‘ and I shall come back. I thank you for your *bon-bons* ; but I like your music better than *bon-bons*, or fairy tales, or anything in the world.’

“ But she never came back to the passage again, monsieur ! The next time I came across the Count, I sent her an invitation, a little diffidently, for he had never spoken to me of her, and he was a strange and difficult man. Now he simply shrugged his shoulders, with a smile in which, for once, there seemed more entertainment than malice. The child could visit me when she chose ; if it amused either of us, so much the better. And we were content, and she came to me often ; after a while, indeed, she was with me almost always. Child as she was, she had already the promise of her magnificent voice ; and I taught her to use it, to sing, and to play on the piano, and on the violin, to which she took the most readily. She was like a singing bird in the room, such pure, clear notes ! And she grew very fond of me ; she would fall asleep at last in my arms, and so stay until the Count would take her with him when he entered long after midnight. He came to me naturally for her soon ; and they never seemed long, those hours that I watched over her sleep. I never knew him harsh or unkind to the child ; he seemed simply indifferent to her, as to everything else. He had exhausted life, and he hated it ; and he knew that death was on him, and he hated that even more. And yet he was careful of her, after a fashion ; buying her *bon-bons*, and little costumes, when he was in the vein ; pitching his voice softly when he would stay and talk to me, as though he

relished her sleep. One night he did not come to fetch her at all. I had wrapped a blanket round the child where she lay on my bed, and had sat down to watch by her; and presently I too fell asleep. I do not know how long I slept, but when I woke there was a gray light in the room. I was very cold and stiff, but I could hear, close by, the soft regular breathing of the child. There was a great uneasiness on me; and after a while I stole out across the passage and knocked at the Count's door. There was no answer, but it gave when I tried it, and so I went in. The lamp had smouldered out; there was a sick odour of *pétrol* everywhere, and the shutters were closed: but through the chinks the pitiless gray dawn streamed in, and showed me the Count sitting very still by the table. His face wore a most curious smile, and had not his great cavernous eyes been open, I should have believed him asleep: suddenly it came to me that he was dead. He was not a good man, monsieur, nor an amiable; but a true *virtuoso* and full of information, and I grieved. I have had masses said for the repose of his soul."

He paid a tribute of silence to the dead man's memory, and then he went on—"It seemed quite natural that I should take his child. There was no one to care, no one to object; it happened quite easily. We went, the little one and I, to another part of the city. We made quite a new life. Oh! my God! it is a very long time ago."

Quite suddenly his voice went tremulous; but after a pause, hardly perceptible, he recovered himself, and continued with an accent of apology: "I am a foolish old man, and very garrulous. It is not good to think of that nor to talk of it; I do not know why I do. But what would you have? She loved me then; and she had the voice and the disposition of an angel. I have never been very happy; I think sometimes, monsieur, that we others, who care much for

art, are not permitted that. But certainly those few rapid days when she was a child were good; and yet they were the days of my defeat. I found myself out then. I was never to be a great artist, a *maestro*; a second-rate man, a good music-teacher for young ladies, a capable performer in an orchestra, what you will, but a great artist, never! Yet in those days, even when my opera failed, I had consolation. I could say, I have a child! I would have kept her with me always, but it could not be; from the very first she would be a singer. I knew always that a day would come when she would not need me. She was meant to be the world's delight, and I had no right to keep her, even if I could. I held my beautiful strange bird in her cage, until she beat her wings against the bars; then I opened the door. At the last, I think, that is all we can do for our children, our best beloved, our very heart-strings; stand free of them; let them go. The world is very weary, but we must all find that out for ourselves. Perhaps when they are tired they will come home; perhaps not, perhaps not. It was to the Conservatoire at Milan that I sent her finally, and it was at La Scala that she afterwards appeared. And at La Scala too, poor child, she met her evil genius, the man named Romanoff, a baritone in her company, own son of the devil, whom she married. Ah, if I could have prevented it, if I could have prevented it!"

He lapsed into a long silence; a great weariness seemed to have come over him; and in the gray light which filtered in through the dingy window blinds his face was pinched and wasted, unutterably old and forlorn.

"But I did not prevent it," he said at last, "for all my good will; perhaps merely hastened it by unseasonable interference. And so we went in different ways with anger, I fear, and at least with sore hearts and misunderstanding."

He spoke with an accent of finality,

and so sadly that in a sudden rush of pity I was moved to protest.

"But surely you meet sometimes; surely this woman, who was as your own child——"

He stopped me with a solemn appealing gesture.

"You are young, and you do not altogether understand. You must not judge her; you must not believe that she forgets, that she does not care. Only it is better like this, because it could never be as before. I could not help her. I want nothing that she can give me, no, not anything; I have my memories. I hear of her from time to time; I hear what the world says of her, the imbecile world, and I smile. Do I not know best?—I, who carried her in my arms when she was that high!"

III.

I SAW him once more at the little restaurant in Soho, before a sudden change of fortune, calling me abroad for an absence, as it happened, of years, closed the habit of our society. He gave me the God-speed of a brother artist, though mine was not the way of music, with many prophesies of my success; and the pressure of his hand as he took leave of me was tremulous.

"I am an old man, monsieur, and we may not meet again in this world. I wish you all the chances you deserve in Paris; but I—I shall greatly miss you. If you come back in time you will find me in the old places; and if not—there are things of mine which I should wish you to have, that shall be sent you."

And indeed it proved to be our last meeting. I went to Paris; a fitful correspondence intervened, grew infrequent, ceased; then a little later came to me the notification, very brief and official, of his death in the French Hospital of pneumonia. It was followed by a few remembrances of him, sent at his request, I learnt, by the priest who had administered to him the last offices: some books that

he had greatly cherished, works of Gluck, for the most part; an antique ivory crucifix of very curious workmanship; and his violin, a beautiful instrument dated 1670 and made at Nuremberg, yet with a tone which seemed to me at least as fine as that of the Cremonas. It had an intrinsic value to me apart from its associations, for I too was something of an amateur, and since this seasoned melodious wood had come into my possession, I was inspired to take my facility more seriously. To play in public, indeed, I had neither leisure nor desire: but in certain *salons* of my acquaintance, where music was much in vogue, I made from time to time a desultory appearance. I set down these facts because, as it happened, this ineffectual talent of mine which poor Cristich's legacy had recalled to life was to procure me an interesting encounter. I had played at a house where I was a stranger, brought there by a friend, to whose insistence I had yielded somewhat reluctantly, although he had assured me—and, I believe, with reason—that it was a house where the indirect or Attic invitation greatly prevailed—in brief, a place where one met very queer people. The hostess was American, a charming woman of unimpeachable antecedents, but whose passion for society, which, while it must always be interesting, need not always be equally reputable, had exposed her evenings to the suspicion of her compatriots. And when I had discharged my part in the programme and had leisure to look around me, I saw at a glance that their suspicion was justified; very queer people indeed were there. The large, hot rooms were cosmopolitan—infidels and Jews, everybody and nobody; a scandalously promiscuous assemblage! And there with a half start, which was not at first recognition, my eyes stopped before a face which brought me a confused rush of memories. It was that of a woman, who sat on an ottoman in the smallest room which was almost empty. Her companion was a small vivacious man,

with a gray imperial and the red ribbon in his buttonhole, to whose continuous stream of talk, eked out with meridional gestures, she had the air of being listlessly resigned. Her dress, a marvel of discretion, its colour the yellow of old ivory, was of some very rich and stiff stuff cut high to her neck; that, and her great black hair, clustered to a crimson rose at the top of her head, made the pallor of her face a thing to marvel at. Her beauty was at once sombre and illuminating, and youthful too. It was the woman of thirty; but her complexion, and her arms, which were bare, were soft in texture as a young girl's.

I made my way, as well as I could for the crowd, to my hostess, listened, with what patience I might, to some polite praise of my playing, and made my request.

"Mrs. Destrier, I have an immense favour to ask; introduce me to Madame Romanoff!"

She gave me a quick, shrewd smile; then I remembered stories of her intimate quaintness.

"My dear young man, I have no objection. Only I warn you, she is not conversational; you will make no good of it, and you will be disappointed; perhaps that will be best. Please remember, I am responsible for nobody."

"Is she so dangerous?" I asked. "But never mind; I believe that I have something to say which may interest her."

"Oh, for that!" she smiled elliptically; "yes, she is most dangerous. But I will introduce you; you shall tell me how you succeed."

I bowed and smiled; she laid a light hand on my arm, and I piloted her to the desired corner. It seemed that the chance was with me. The little, fluent foreigner had just vacated his seat; and when the *prima donna* had acknowledged the hasty mention of my name, with a bare inclination of her head, I was emboldened to succeed to it. And then I was silent. In the perfection of that dolorous face I could

not but be reminded of the tradition which has always ascribed something fatal and inevitable to the possession of great gifts, of genius, or uncommon fortune, or a singular personal beauty, and the commonplace of conversation failed me.

After a while she looked askance at me, with a sudden flash of resentment.

"You speak no French, monsieur! And yet you write it well enough; I have read your stories."

I acknowledged Madame's irony, permitting myself to hope that my efforts had met with Madame's approval.

"*A la bonne heure!* I perceive you also speak it. Is that why you wished to be presented, to hear my criticisms?"

"Let me answer that question when you have answered mine."

She glanced curiously over her feathered fan, then with the slightest upward inclination of her statuesque shoulders,—"I admire your books; but are your women quite just? I prefer your playing."

"That is better, Madame! It was to talk of that I came."

"Your playing?"

"My violin."

"You want me to look at it? It is a Cremona?"

"It is not a Cremona; but if you like I will give it to you."

Her dark eyes shone out in amazed amusement.

"You are eccentric, monsieur! but your nation has a privilege of eccentricity. At least, you amuse me; and I have wearied myself enough this long evening. Show me your violin; I am something of a *virtuosa*."

I took the instrument from its case, handed it to her in silence, watching her gravely. She received it with the dexterous hands of a musician, looked at the splendid stains on the back, then bent over towards the light in a curious scrutiny of the little faded signature of its maker, the *fecit* of an obscure Bavarian of the seventeenth century. It was a long time before she raised her eyes.

When she spoke her rich voice had a note of imperious entreaty in it. "Your violin interests me, monsieur! "Oh, I know that wood! It came to you——?"

"A legacy from an esteemed friend."

"His name?" she cried, with the flash which I waited for.

"Maurice Cristich, madame!"

We were deserted in our corner. The company had strayed in, one by one to the large *salon* with its great piano, where a young Russian musician, a pupil of Chopin, sat down to play with no conventional essay of preliminary chords an expected morsel. The strains of it wailed in just then through the heavy screening curtains; a mad valse of his own, that no human feet could dance to; a pitiful, passionate thing that thrilled the nerves painfully, ringing the changes between voluptuous sorrow and the merriment of devils, and burdened always with the weariness of "all the Russias"—the proper *Welt-schmerz* of a young, disconsolate people. It seemed to charge the air, like electricity, with passionate undertones; it gave intimate facilities, and a tense personal note to our interview.

"A legacy! so he is gone!" She swayed to me with a wail in her voice, in a sort of childish abandonment: "And *you* tell me! Ah!" She drew back, chilling suddenly with a touch of visible suspicion. "You hurt me, monsieur! Is it a stroke at random? You spoke of a gift; you say you knew, esteemed him. You were with him? Perhaps a message——?"

"He died alone, madame! I have no message. If there were none, it might be, perhaps, that he believed you had not cared for it. If that were wrong, I could tell you that you were not forgotten. Oh! he loved you! I had his word for it, and the story. The violin is yours. Do not mistake me; it is not for your sake but his. He died alone; value it, as I should, madame!"

They were insolent words, perhaps cruel, provoked from me by the mixed

nature of my attraction to her; the need of turning a reasonable and cool front to that pathetic beauty, that artful music, which whipped jaded nerves to mutiny. The arrow in them struck so true, that I was shocked at my work. It transfixed the child in her, latent in most women, which moaned at my feet; so that for sheer shame, as though it were actually a child I had hurt, I could have fallen and kissed her hands.

"Oh, you judge me hard; you believe the worst of me; and why not? I am against the world! At least he might have taught you to be generous, that kind old man! Have I forgotten, do you think? Am I so happy then? Oh, it is a just question! The world busies itself with me, and you are in the lap of its tongues. Has it ever accused me of that, of happiness? Cruel, cruel! I have paid my penalties, and a woman is not free to do as she will. But would not I have gone to him, for a word, a sign? Yes, for the sake of my childhood. And to-night when you showed me that," her white hand swept over the violin with something of a caress, "I thought it had come; yes, from the grave! and you make it more bitter by readings of your own. You strike me hard."

I bent forward in real humility; her voice had tears in it, though her splendid eyes were hard.

"Forgive me, madame! a vulgar stroke at random. I had no right to make it; he told me only good of you. Forgive me; and for proof of your pardon,—I am serious now—take his violin."

Her smile, as she refused me, was full of sad dignity.

"You have made it impossible, monsieur! It would remind me only now of how ill you think of me. I beg you to keep it."

The music had died away suddenly, and its ceasing had been followed by a loud murmur of applause. The *prima donna* rose, and stood for a moment, observing me irresolutely.

"I leave you and your violin, monsieur! I have to sing presently, with such voice as our talk has left me. I bid you both adieu."

"Ah, madame!" I deprecated, "you will think again of this. I will send it you in the morning. I have no right——"

She shook her head; then with a sudden flash of amusement, or fantasy,—"I agree, monsieur, on a condition. To prove your penitence you shall bring it me yourself."

I professed that her favour overpowered me. She named an hour when she would be at home; an address in the Avenue Des Champs Elysées, which I noted on my tablets.

"Not adieu, then, monsieur; but *au revoir!*"

I bowed perplexedly, holding the curtain aside to let her sweep through; and once more she turned back, gathering up her voluminous train, to repeat with a glance and accent, which I found mystifying: "Remember, monsieur, it is only *au revoir!*"

That last glimpse of her, with the strange mockery and an almost elfish malice in her fine eyes, went home with me later, to cause vague disquiet and fresh suspicion of her truth. The spell of her extraordinary personal charm removed, doubt would assert itself. Was she quite sincere? Was her fascination not a questionable one? Might not that almost childish outburst of a grief so touching and at the time convincing, be, after all, fictitious; the movement of a born actress and enchantress of men, quick to seize as by a nice professional instinct the opportunity of an effect? Had her whole attitude been a deliberate pose, a sort of trick? The sudden changes in her subtle voice, the undercurrent of mockery in an

invitation which seemed inconsequent, put me on my guard, reinforced all my deep-seated prejudices against the candour of the feminine soul. It left me with a vision of her, fantastically vivid, recounting to an intimate circle, to an accompaniment of some discreet laughter and the popping of champagne corks, the success of her imposition, the sentimental concessions she had extorted from a notorious student of cynical moods.

"A dangerous woman!" cried Mrs. Destrier with the world, which might conceivably be right; at least, I was fain to add, a woman whose laughter would be merciless. Certainly I had no temper for adventures; and a visit to Madame Romanoff on so sentimental an errand seemed to me, the more I pondered it, to belong to this category, to be rich in distasteful possibilities. Must I write myself pusillanimous if I confess that I never made it; that I committed my old friend's violin into the hands of the woman who had been his pupil by the vulgar aid of a *commissionnaire*?

Pusillanimous or simply prudent; or perhaps cruelly unjust to a person who had paid penalties and greatly needed kindness? It is a point I have never been able to decide, though I have tried to raise theories on the ground of her acquiescence. It seemed to me on the cards that my fiddle, bestowed so cavalierly, should be refused. And yet even the fact of her retaining it is open to two interpretations; and Cristich testified for her. Maurice Cristich! Madame Romanoff! the renowned Romanoff, Maurice Cristich! Have I been pusillanimous, prudent, or merely cruel? For the life of me I cannot say!

ERNEST DOWSON.

THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE.

WHEN July is drawing to a close one expects to see long rows of empty benches in the House of Commons, for then is going on the work in which members are particularly desired not to take a personal interest—the work of obtaining the money for the year's expenditure. A large amount of it has, of course, been secured at an earlier period by Votes on Account, a system which has been growing in favour of late years to an extent that would have astonished leaders of parties a generation or two ago. The advantage it offers to a Government is that it facilitates the postponement of the regular Votes till the inevitable time arrives when all sections of the House are jaded, and are therefore anxious above all things to bring the work of the session to an end. But this year the empty benches made themselves conspicuous long before the end of July, and although the Government managed to keep a working majority together, even a mere spectator like myself could see that it was not done without a great deal of difficulty. I was taken out to the terrace one evening by my Member—who, as the reader may have gathered, is an extremely obliging person—and there we were joined by some other Members, and a good deal passed which doubtless was only intended, as it were, for family consumption. As to most of it, consequently, I preserve a discreet silence, but there can be no harm in my mentioning that these gentlemen freely admitted that nowadays it required two parties to "keep a House," the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists, and that without the aid of the latter the Government would often find itself in a minority. That is partly because the Conservatives do not like the bill

of fare which has been set before them this session, as one may judge from the single fact that one-half of their total number, or thereabouts, declined to vote for the Education Bill. The measure was, in fact, passed by a solid vote of both sections of the old Liberal party, with a Conservative contingent bringing up the rear. The significance of this, as an illustration of the topsyturveydom into which contemporary politics have been shaken, is worth considering by persons who think politics deserving of serious study—a number which appears to be rapidly diminishing.

I noticed, on the evening to which I refer, a good many ladies scattered about the terrace, some eating strawberries, some drinking tea, others in earnest conversation with rising statesmen—for everybody is a statesman now. Occasionally a policeman would shout out "Division!" and all the male members of the gay throng would take to their heels, remaining absent for a quarter of an hour or more. During this interval the ladies seemed to find the time hang heavily upon their hands, until one of them discovered a room which she said belonged to a certain Minister of the Crown, no other, indeed, than the head of the Gold Sealing-Wax Department. They tried to peep into the windows of this room, though they could not very well expect to see the great man there at that time, or any of the Gold Sealing-Wax, but they were very resolute, and some of them even mounted on chairs so as to obtain a better view. When my Member returned, I asked him if Ministers were so fortunate as to possess comfortable private rooms on the terrace, overlooking the Thames, and he at once remarked, "Come over here to Mr. Bouncer, one

of the Ministers in question, and he will tell you all about it."

I found Mr. Bouncer disposed to be communicative, especially now that Estimates were "on," and that his own illustrious department was likely to be called over the coals the very next day. My Member has rather a reputation for a capacity of making himself exceedingly disagreeable on such occasions, and it may have been a recollection of this peculiarity which, to use a classic phrase of Sir W. Harcourt's, "took the starch" out of Mr. Bouncer, and induced him to unfold himself to an unimportant stranger from the upper regions.

"My dear sir," observed the great man to me, as he lit another cigarette, "you must understand that nothing is as it used to be here. Times are changed; so are manners; so is the shape of people's hats. Look at that fellow, Milkpot, who is passing us now—observe that monstrosity he has on his head, a Mexican sombrero, fit for the pampas or the mountains,—who would have dreamt of entering the House of Commons wearing such a thing in Lord Palmerston's time? Look at the brim, sir. It spreads over the terrace like an awning—Milkpot might hold a tea-party under it. That shows what is going on. We don't even dress like gentlemen any more. A man may do anything nowadays, and no one will think the worse of him. It used to be an understood thing that divisions should not be sprung upon us in the dinner-hour, or at other unseemly times, and consequently we could go away comfortably, and dine without fear of coming back and finding the ship scuttled. But now we are obliged to be here all through a sitting—we dare not leave the place even for ten minutes. Well, we cannot always be stuck on the Treasury bench, like so many enchanted apes, and if we go into the library somebody is sure to be after us with a question, or a deputation, or a request which is utterly irregular, not to say disgusting. So you see it

has become necessary to provide each of us with a room. A lot of servants and clerks have been turned out of this part of the House, and here we are in their places. Come in, and I will show you mine."

Much impressed by this condescension, I followed Mr. Bouncer, who conducted me through a series of dark corridors and passages until we reached a door which he unlocked with a private key. It was not a gorgeous chamber into which he introduced me, but it contained a desk, a chair or two, and a sofa. "If you have to stop in this building nine or ten hours at a stretch," said the Minister, "a little arrangement of this sort becomes absolutely necessary, and even as it is, the incessant confinement is enough to make life a burden." But he said nothing about the £50 or £100 a week which a grateful nation pays for these sacrifices, and not a word about the social position conferred by office (which some men, and most women, estimate as being worth at least another £50 a week), and there was not even an allusion to the very desirable chances which crop up every now and then of making adequate and suitable provision for relations. "Bouncer," whispered my Member as we took our departure, "has got snug appointments for two of his sons-in-law, and the result is that all the rest of his girls are going off like hot cakes, as the Americans say. If the next candidate who comes along happens to be a solicitor or a barrister, Bouncer will easily be able to throw no end of business in his way. By the by, I never yet knew a solicitor or a barrister in the House of Commons to vote against the orders of the Ministry. Some crumbs are always dropping from the legal table, and these are the men who pick them up. The House is chock-full of lawyers, and every one of them is on the 'make.' Whenever boot-licking is to be done, down they go on their marrow-bones and do it. The Attorney-General could tell you some very pleasant anecdotes

about certain of his honourable friends who are on the look-out for the usual reward of patriotism. There he stands, talking to the Duchess of Plumbago. I wish we had his private list of solicitors and barristers who have put in their little 'claims' upon the Government."

This Member of mine is doubtless a little prejudiced on some subjects, but certainly there are many lawyers in the House, and they all hope to get something. It is not the Attorney-General's private book of applicants for loaves and fishes that I should like to have in my possession for half an hour. but Mr. W. H. Smith's. He, poor man, will evidently have to hand over that book to his successor at the close of the present session. For, before he gave up recently, I noticed that his cheeks had got thinner and more sallow, and his step less firm, and his voice weaker, and that even his smile had faded from sunshine into a pale moonlight. These long hours—for they are still long—seem to break everybody down. Mr. Disraeli, in his *Life of Lord George Bentinck*—which I maintain to be by far the best political biography ever written—tells us that his hero possessed "courage and a lofty spirit; a mastery of details which experience alone usually confers; a quick apprehension and a clear intelligence; indomitable firmness; promptness, punctuality, and perseverance which never failed; an energy seldom surpassed, and a capacity for labour which was never, perhaps, equalled." And all these qualities, merciful Heavens, are required to make a man a great political leader, to say nothing of a constitution of steel and nerves of iron! Where in these degenerate days are we to find people equipped with this tremendous outfit? Do I not look down from my seat in the front row (which I generally secure by going early) on gap after gap created by illness, or by some sudden breakdown? If an inexhaustible capacity for labour was essential in Mr.

Disraeli's time, how much more so is it now? And yet man's strength has not been increased, nor has a single span been added to the length of his days. Almost all the leaders of parties in the House have been put *hors de combat* during the present session. And I notice that some of the younger men, who are supposed to be in the line of promotion, have been far more regular in their absence than in their attendance. It must be admitted, however, that other causes besides physical exhaustion may account for the latter phenomenon.

Fortunately for Ministers, they are not often all obliged to be in the House at one time. During Questions they are expected to show themselves, but after that they need only be on guard against sudden surprises in divisions. When Mr. Balfour had parted with the Irish Land Purchase Bill, he could safely take his ease till the Irish Estimates came on, and as soon as Sir William Hart-Dyke had disposed of Free Education he gracefully withdrew to make room for Baron de Worms, who was required to explain South African affairs to Mr. Picton, Sir George Campbell, and Dr. Clarke. I do not happen to know much about Baron de Worms, or for what reason he was appointed Under-Secretary for the Colonies. But I am told that he has written a book on *The Earth and its Mechanism*, and surely anybody who understands all about that is quite competent to grasp the problems of our colonial empire. One night, towards the middle of July, it appeared to me that he was in some difficulties concerning a potentate named Umsutshwana, who had been attacked by Usibepu, soon after an outbreak at Lower Umpolosi. Baron de Worms had to explain why family parties in Africa had thus got themselves mixed up, and although I listened to him with eager attention, I confess I went home with no clear impression about anything, except that Baron de Worms, like most other people, finds African politics more than he can conveniently

manage, and I am afraid that the Baron himself does not often show to great advantage in consequence. He was put forward early this year because Mr. Jackson, the Secretary of the Treasury, was not quite ready. Mr. Jackson is the gentleman who is supposed to arrange the way in which the Estimates shall be taken, and he it is who is so dexterous in huddling them all up together at the end of the session. Then they cannot possibly be criticised at any inconvenient length. Mr. Jackson has a blunt manner and an air of the deepest sincerity, so that many people are impressed with the idea that he cannot possibly be anything but perfectly straightforward in all his doings. What may be Mr. Jackson's private opinion of this estimate of his character he has not told me, but should I ever find him in the amiable temper in which I happened to catch Mr. Bouncer, I intend to ask him, and if the answer can be reported with any propriety whatever, I will take care to lay it before the world. This session he kept himself in reserve until the last moment. Sir James Fergusson, who has to defend the Foreign Office Vote, came first upon the scene, and naturally he had not been there long before Mr. Labouchere fell foul of him. There is a little movement in the gallery when Mr. Labouchere's name is called, though it is nothing like so pronounced as was that which used to be occasioned by the rising of Mr. Bradlaugh. My brother strangers were always very curious to see Mr. Bradlaugh, who had been "chucked out" of the House, and fought his way inch by inch all through the lobbies, and down Westminster Hall, and who lived long enough to be denounced by his Radical associates as a venomous Tory. His tall figure and massive head are seen no more, and I for one am decidedly of opinion that English public life sustained a certain appreciable loss when he passed away.

But it was of Mr. Labouchere that I was speaking, and he, too, has his

recognised place in the House of Commons, and upon the whole I think it is a better place than people outside suppose. To begin with, the House will always listen to him, and that is something. In truth, it is more than some who are in the Ministry could honestly say for or of themselves. Mr. Labouchere must once have been in the diplomatic service; at least I have heard him say so a score of times. It was years and years ago, and he held a subordinate post, and did not hold it long. But it qualifies him to discuss the relations of this country with every Foreign Power, and the salary and duties of every Minister, and how much ought to be spent on the furniture of an Embassy, and whether the charge for repairing the drains of a Consulate is, or is not, too high. All these matters are down in the Estimates, item by item, and Mr. Labouchere seizes upon them with great adroitness, and out of them contrives to make sport for the Philistines. Sometimes he is very serious, and then the House is apt to laugh harder than ever, for if a man once establishes a *rôle* for himself there, he is bound to keep to it. He is not suffered to drop it and take up another. Mr. Labouchere has taught the House to look to him for amusement, and it will go on doing so to the end of the chapter. In this very month of July last past he delivered a long speech on France and Germany, intended to be taken with the utmost gravity; but nobody would look at it in that light except some French Deputies, who publicly announced their intention of making him a present of "a work of art in token of their gratitude." Mr. Labouchere is not by any means destitute of a sense of humour, and this message must have delighted him. For the general drift of the remarks that produced it was that Lord Salisbury required "careful watching," that he was "pledged in certain circumstances to drag us into a war with France," and that there was a "royal

and aristocratic boycott against the French Republic." For announcing to the world these startling discoveries, a certain number of French Deputies intend to present Mr. Labouchere with a work of art. But a rival appeared upon the scene. Mr. Morton, of Peterborough, a gentleman whose place in the House is very decidedly fixed once for all, took up the wondrous tale the following day, and expatiated with so much force on the wrongs sustained by France at the hands of perfidious Albion that a Deputy sent him this telegram, "*Nous sommes touchés de vos paroles.*" Mr. Morton thought of moving to have this remarkable communication entered upon the journals of the House, but there seems to have been some little difficulty in the way on a question of order. It is amusing to notice the expression on the face of the Chairman of Committees, Mr. Courtney, when the Member for Peterborough gets up to speak. It accurately embodies the opinion of the entire House of Commons. But Mr. Morton is sublimely indifferent to all that. Having, after a diligent quest, found a constituency willing to send him to Parliament, he enters heartily into the spirit of the thing, and extracts a large measure of enjoyment out of it. If he stretches Mr. Courtney on the rack in compelling him to listen to his "wild and whirling words," that only adds to his satisfaction. He is not the only man who is a terror to the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees.

But the Speaker, being a gentleman of infinite tact and resources, does manage now and then to protect himself and the House. I recall an instance which occurred not long ago. Mr. Seymour Keay was making a speech—not an occurrence in itself so exceptional as to be worth recording, but on this particular evening the murmurs became so general that the Speaker rose, and, as in duty bound, Mr. Keay sat down. The Speaker, with immense presence of mind,

promptly put the question, and a division was called, thus extinguishing Mr. Keay. But Mr. Keay, who was not yet half way through his oration, remonstrated, sitting with his hat on, according to the usage on such occasions. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I had not finished; I thought you were rising to a point of order." The Speaker, with that courteous and firm manner which has ere now calmed down the raging passions of an excited Irish party, thus replied: "The reason why I rose was that I thought the noise in the House was becoming so great as not to be creditable to the House at large, and I felt sure that the honourable gentleman would acquiesce in putting a stop to it." Even Mr. Keay could not resist joining in the hearty laugh which went round the House at this suggestion for a short and speedy method for the self-immolation of bores. It was to Mr. Keay also that the Speaker once addressed the remark, "The portion of the honourable gentleman's speech which is intelligible to me is not relevant to the Bill." It is a pity that some one has not collected the many excellent things of this kind which have been uttered by Mr. Peel. There could not be a much harder position in these days, at least while the Session lasts, than that of the Speaker. Hour after hour he must sit fast, listening to men whose remarks, so far as they are "intelligible," are never "relevant," and who have him entirely at their mercy. The reporters drop their pencils, the strangers yawn and go home, the Members stream out as fast as they can go. But the Speaker is fastened to the stake. Perhaps it is Mr. Smug, on the Conservative side of the House, who invariably takes up a position close under his eye so that he cannot possibly be overlooked. In vain the Speaker looks past him, round him, all about him, in the hope of saving the House from Mr. Smug's unctuous palaver. The time comes when Smug must be called, and he knows it, and he has his essay spread

out on his knees ready for delivery. It matters not to him that the audience consists of less than half-a-dozen, or that a groan of anguish proceeds even from those few when they see that it is really and truly Smug who is again on his legs. On he goes, with unconquerable self-complacency, feeling confident that he cannot be interrupted, for the House is a desert, and the Speaker is there and must listen. Or it may be Mr. Roarer on the other side of the House, equally trying in some respects, though not quite so demoralising to the nerves as Mr. Smug. For days or weeks together the Speaker must endure this ordeal, and whatever may be his own condition of mind or body, he has to submit with patience. During the first two or three sessions of the present Parliament there were riotous times and dreadful scenes, for the Irish Coercion Bill had to be passed, and there was no midnight-closing then provided for by the Standing Orders. I have sat in the House many hours after I ought to have been in bed, in pursuance of my eccentric desire to study closely the manners and cus-

toms of the mother of Parliaments. From three in the afternoon till four or five the next morning, and sometimes till far into the second day, the House continued in session, and although the Speaker did not remain throughout, I have known him keep to his post for twelve hours, with only one short interval for dinner. He had to be incessantly on the alert to check breaches of order, or to suppress scenes which sometimes threatened to break up the entire proceedings. The slightest wavering or indecision would have been fatal to his authority. And yet if that authority had been asserted in an overbearing manner, the danger would have been just as great in the other direction. Never once did Mr. Peel fail to deal successfully with every emergency, and not once did he give just ground for suspicion of his impartiality. It may be that in the altered times which are coming upon us, the presiding officer of the House of Commons will be a man of a very different mould from that in which Mr. Peel is cast. So much the worse for the country as well as for the House.

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A FIRST FAMILY OF TASAJARA.

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER IV.

It was part of the functions of John Milton Harkutt to take down the early morning shutters and sweep out the store for his father each day before going to school. It was a peculiarity of this performance that he was apt to linger over it, partly from the fact that it put off the evil hour of lessons, partly that he imparted into the process a purely imaginative and romantic element gathered from his latest novel-reading. In this he was usually assisted by one or two school-fellows on their way to school, who always envied him his superior menial occupation. To go to school, it was felt, was a common calamity of boyhood that called into play only the simplest forms of evasion, whereas to take down actual shutters in a *bona fide* store, and wield a real broom that raised a palpable cloud of dust, was something that really taxed the noblest exertions. And it was the morning after the arrival of the strangers that John Milton stood on the verandah of the store ostentatiously examining the horizon, with his hand shading his eyes, as one of his companions appeared.

"Hollo, Milt! wot yer doin'?"

John Milton started dramatically, and then violently dashed at one of the shutters and began to detach it. "Ha!" he said hoarsely. "Clear the ship for action! Open the ports! On deck there! Steady, you lubbers!" In an instant his enthusiastic school-

fellow was at his side attacking another shutter. "A long, low schooner bearing down upon us! Lively, lads, lively!" continued John Milton, desisting a moment to take another dramatic look at the distant plain. "How does she head now?" he demanded fiercely.

"Sou' by sou'-east, sir," responded the other boy, frantically dancing before the window. "But she'll weather it."

They then each wrested another shutter away, violently depositing them, as they ran to and fro, in a rack at the corner of the verandah. Added to an extraordinary and unnecessary clattering with their feet, they accompanied their movements with a singular hissing sound, supposed to indicate in one breath the fury of the elements, the bustle of the eager crew, and the wild excitement of the coming conflict. When the last shutter was cleared away, John Milton, with the cry "Man the starboard guns!" dashed into the store, whose floor was marked by the muddy footprints of yesterday's buyers, seized a broom and began to sweep violently. A cloud of dust arose, into which his companion at once precipitated himself with another broom and a loud *bang!* to indicate the somewhat belated sound of cannon. For a few seconds the two boys plied their brooms desperately in that stifling atmosphere, accompanying each long sweep and puff of dust out of the open door with the report of

explosions and loud *ha's* of defiance, until not only the store, but the verandah were obscured with a cloud which the morning sun struggled vainly to pierce. In the midst of this tumult and dusty confusion—happily unheard and unsuspected in the secluded domestic interior of the building—a shrill little voice arose from the road.

"Think you're mighty smart, don't ye?"

The two naval heroes stopped in their imaginary fury, and, as the dust of conflict cleared away, recognised little Johnny Peters gazing at them with mingled inquisitiveness and envy.

"Guess ye don't know what happened down the run last night," he continued impatiently. "Lige Curtis got killed, or killed himself! Blood all over the rock down thar. Seed it myseff. Dad picked up his six-shooter—one barrel gone off. My dad was the first to find it out, and he's bin to Squire Kerby tellin' him."

The two companions, albeit burning with curiosity, affected indifference and pre-knowledge.

"Dad sez your father druv Lige outer the store lass night! Dad sez your father's 'sponsible. Dad sez your father ez good ez killed him. Dad sez the squire 'll set the constable on your father. Yah!" But here the small insulter incontinently fled, pursued by both the boys. Nevertheless, when he had made good his escape, John Milton showed neither a disposition to take up his former nautical rôle, nor to follow his companion to visit the sanguinary scene of Elijah's disappearance. He walked slowly back to the store and continued his work of sweeping and putting in order with an abstracted regularity, and no trace of his former exuberant spirits.

The first one of those instinctive fears which are common to imaginative children, and often assume the functions of premonition, had taken possession of him. The oddity of his father's manner the evening before, which had only half consciously made its indelible impression on his sensitive

fancy, had recurred to him with Johnny Peters' speech. He had no idea of literally accepting the boy's charges: he scarcely understood their gravity; but he had a miserable feeling that his father's anger and excitement last night was because he had been discovered hunting in the dark for that paper of Lige Curtis's. It *was* Lige Curtis's paper, for he had seen it lying there. A sudden dreadful conviction came over him that he must never, never let any one know that he had seen his father take up that paper; that he must never admit it, even to *him*. It was not the boy's first knowledge of that attitude of hypocrisy which the grown up world assumes towards childhood, and in which the innocent victims eventually acquiesce with a Machiavellian subtlety that at last avenges them,—but it was his first knowledge that that hypocrisy might not be so innocent. His father had concealed something from him, because it was not right.

But if childhood does not forget, it seldom broods and is not above being diverted. And the two surveyors—of whose heroic advent in a raft John Milton had only heard that morning—with their travelled ways, their strange instruments and stranger talk, captured his fancy. Kept in the background by his sisters when visitors came, as an unpresentable feature in the household, he however managed to linger near the strangers when, in company with Euphemia and Clementina, after breakfast they strolled beneath the sparkling sunlight in the rude garden enclosure along the sloping banks of the creek. It was with the average brother's supreme contempt that he listened to his sisters' "practisin'" upon the goodness of these superior beings; it was with an exceptional pity that he regarded the evident admiration of the strangers in return. He felt that in the case of Euphemia, who sometimes evinced a laudable curiosity in his pleasures, and a flattering ignorance of his reading, this might be pardonable; but what

any one could find in the useless statuesque Clementina passed his comprehension. Could they not see at once that she was "just that kind of person" who would lie abed in the morning, pretending she was sick, in order to make Phemie do the housework, and make him, John Milton, clean her boots and fetch things for her? Was it not perfectly plain to them that her present sickening politeness was solely with a view to extract from them caramels, rock candy and gum drops, which she would meanly keep herself, and perhaps some "buggy-riding" later? Alas! John Milton, it was not! For standing there with her tall, perfectly proportioned figure outlined against a willow, an elastic branch of which she had drawn down by one curved arm above her head, and on which she leaned—as everybody leaned against something in Sidon—the two young men saw only a straying goddess in a glorified rosebud print. Whether the clearly cut profile presented to Rice, or the full face that captivated Grant, each suggested possibilities of position, pride, poetry and passion that astonished while it fascinated them. By one of those instincts known only to the free-masonry of the sex, Euphemia lent herself to this advertisement of her sister's charms by subtle comparison with her own prettinesses, and thus combined against their common enemy, man.

"Clementina, certainly, is perfect to keep her supremacy over that pretty little sister," thought Rice.

"What a fascinating little creature to hold her own against that tall, handsome girl," thought Grant.

"They're takin' stock o' them two fellers so as to gabble about 'em when their backs is turned," said John Milton gloomily to himself with a dismal premonition of the prolonged tea-table gossip he would be obliged to listen to later.

"We were very fortunate to make a landing at all last night," said Rice, looking down upon the still swollen

current, and then raising his eyes to Clementina. "Still more fortunate to make it where we did. I suppose it must have been the singing that lured us on to the bank—as, you know, the sirens used to lure people—only with less disastrous consequences."

John Milton here detected three glaring errors; first it was *not* Clementina who had sung; secondly, he knew that neither of his sisters had ever read anything about sirens, but he had; thirdly, that the young surveyor was glaringly ignorant of local phenomena and should be corrected.

"It's nothin' but the current," he said with that feverish youthful haste that betrays a fatal experience of impending interruption. "It's always leavin' drift and rubbish from everywhere here. There ain't anythin' that's chucked into the creek above that ain't bound to fetch up on this bank. Why, there was two sheep and a dead hoss here long afore *you* thought of coming!" He did not understand why this should provoke the laughter that it did, and to prove that he had no ulterior meaning, added with pointed politeness: "*So it isn't your fault, you know—you couldn't help it;*" supplementing this with the distinct courtesy, "Otherwise you wouldn't have come."

"But it would seem that your visitors are not all as accidental as your brother would imply, and one, at least, seems to have been expected this evening. You remember you thought we were a Mr. Parmlee," said Mr. Rice looking at Clementina.

It would be strange indeed, he thought, if the beautiful girl were not surrounded by admirers. But without a trace of self-consciousness, or any change in her reposeful face, she indicated her sister with a slight gesture, and said: "One of Phemie's friends. He gave her the accordion. She's very popular."

"And I suppose *you* are very hard to please?" he said with a tentative smile.

She looked at him with her large,

clear eyes, and that absence of coquetry or changed expression in her beautiful face which might have stood for indifference or dignity as she said: "I don't know. I am waiting to see."

But here Miss Phemie broke in saucily with the assertion that Mr. Parmlee might not have a railroad in his pocket, but that at least he didn't have to wait for the Flood to call on young ladies, nor did he usually come in pairs, for all the world as if he had been let out of Noah's Ark, but on horseback, and like a Christian by the front door. All this provokingly and bewitchingly delivered, however, and with a simulated exaggeration that was incited apparently more by Mr. Lawrence Grant's evident enjoyment of it, than by any desire to defend the absent Parmlee.

"But where is the front door?" asked Grant laughingly.

The young girl pointed to a narrow, zig-zag path that ran up the bank beside the house until it stopped at a small picketed gate on the level of the road and store.

"But I should think it would be easier to have a door and private passage through the store," said Grant.

"We don't," said the young lady pertly. "We have nothing to do with the store. I go in to see paw sometimes when he's shutting up and there's nobody there, but Clem has never set foot in it since we came. It's bad enough to have it, and the lazy loafers that hang around it as near to us as they are; but paw built the house in such a fashion that we ain't troubled by their noise, and we might be t'other side of the creek as far as our having to come across them. And because paw has to sell pork and flour, we haven't any call to go there and watch him do it."

The two men glanced at each other. This reserve and fastidiousness were something rare in a pioneer community. Harkutt's manners certainly did not indicate that he was troubled by this sensitiveness; it must have been some

individual temperament of his daughters. Stephen felt his respect increase for the goddess-like Clementina; Mr. Lawrence Grant looked at Miss Phemie with a critical smile.

"But you must be very limited in your company," he said; "or is Mr. Parmlee not a customer of your father's?"

"As Mr. Parmlee does not come to us through the store, and don't talk trade to me, we don't know," responded Phemie saucily.

"But have you no lady acquaintances—neighbours—who also avoid the store and enter only at the straight and narrow gate up there?" continued Grant mischievously, regardless of the uneasy, half-reproachful glances of Rice.

But Phemie, triumphantly oblivious of any satire, answered promptly: "If you mean the Pike County Billingses who live on the turnpike road as much as they do off it, or the six daughters of that Georgia Cracker who wear men's boots and hats, we haven't."

"And Mr. Parmlee, your admirer?" suggested Rice. "Hasn't he a mother or sisters here?"

"Yes, but they don't want to know us, and have never called here."

The embarrassment of the questioner at this unexpected reply, which came from the faultless lips of Clementina, was somewhat mitigated by the fact that the young woman's voice and manner betrayed neither annoyance nor anger.

Here, however, Harkutt appeared from the house with the information that he had secured two horses for the surveyors and their instruments, and that he would himself accompany them a part of the way on their return to Tasajara Creek, to show them the road. His usual listless deliberation had given way to a certain nervous but uneasy energy. If they started at once it would be better, before the loungers gathered at the store and confused them with lazy counsel and languid curiosity. He took it for

granted that Mr. Grant wished the railroad survey to be a secret, and he had said nothing, as they would be pestered with questions. "Sidon was inquisitive—and old-fashioned." The benefit its inhabitants would get from the railroad would not prevent them from throwing obstacles in its way at first; he remembered the way they had acted with a proposed wagon road—in fact, an idea of his own, something like the railroad; he knew them thoroughly, and if he might advise them, it would be to say nothing here until the thing was settled.

"He evidently does not intend to give us a chance," said Grant good-humouredly to his companion, as they turned to prepare for their journey; "we are to be conducted in silence to the outskirts of the town like horse-thieves."

"But you gave him the tip for himself," said Rice reproachfully; "you cannot blame him for wanting to keep it."

"I gave it to him in trust for his two incredible daughters," said Grant with a grimace. "But hang it! if I don't believe the fellow has more concern in it than I imagined."

"But isn't she perfect?" said Rice, with charming abstraction.

"Who?"

"Clementina, and so unlike her father."

"Discomposingly so," said Grant quietly. "One feels in calling her 'Miss Harkutt' as if one were touching upon a manifest indiscretion. But here comes John Milton. Well, my lad, what can I do for you?"

The boy, who had been regarding them from a distance with wistful and curious eyes as they replaced their instruments for the journey, had gradually approached them. After a moment's timid hesitation he said, looking at Grant: "You don't know anybody in this kind o' business," pointing to the instruments, "who'd like a boy, about my size?"

"I'm afraid not, J. M.," said Grant cheerfully, without suspending his oper-

ation. "The fact is, you see, it's not exactly the kind of work for a boy of your size."

John Milton was silent for a moment, shifting himself slowly from one leg to another as he watched the surveyor. After a pause he said, "There don't seem to be much show in this world for boys o' my size. There don't seem to be much use for 'em any way." This not bitterly, but philosophically, and even politely, as if to relieve Grant's rejection of any incivility.

"Really you quite pain me, John Milton," said Grant, looking up as he tightened a buckle. "I never thought of it before, but you're right."

"Now," continued the boy slowly, "with girls it's just different. Girls of my size everybody does things for. There's Clemmy—she's only two years older nor me, and don't know half that I do, and yet she kin lie about all day, and hasn't to get up to breakfast. And Phemie—who's jest the same age, size, and weight as me—maw and paw lets her do everything she wants to. And so does everybody. And so would you."

"But you surely don't want to be like a girl?" said Grant, smiling.

It here occurred to John Milton's youthful but not illogical mind that this was not argument, and he turned disappointedly away. As his father was to accompany the strangers a short distance he, John Milton, was to-day left in charge of the store. That duty, however, did not involve any pecuniary transactions—the taking of money or making of change—but a simple record on a slate behind the counter of articles selected by those customers whose urgent needs could not wait Mr. Harkutt's return. Perhaps on account of this degrading limitation, perhaps for other reasons, the boy did not fancy the task imposed upon him. The presence of the idle loungers who usually occupied the arm-chairs near the stove, and occasionally the counter, dissipated any romance with which he might have

invested his charge; he wearied of the monotony of their dull gossip, but mostly he loathed the attitude of hypercritical counsel and instruction which they saw fit to assume towards him at such moments. "Instead o' lazin' thar behind the counter when your father ain't here to see ye, John," remarked Billings from the depths of his arm-chair a few moments after Harkutt had ridden away, "ye orter be bustlin' round, dustin' the shelves. Ye'll never come to anythin' when you're a man ef you go on like that. Ye never heard o' Harry Clay—that was called 'the Mill-boy of the Slashes'—sittin' down doin' nothin' when he was a boy."

"I never heard of him loafin' round in a grocery store when he was growned up either," responded John Milton darkly.

"P'raps you reckon he got to be a great man by standin' up sassin' his father's customers," said Peters angrily. "I kin tell ye, young man, if you was my boy——"

"If I was *your* boy, I'd be playin' hookey instead of goin' to school, jest as your boy is doin' now," interrupted John Milton, with a literal recollection of his quarrel and pursuit of the youth in question that morning.

An undignified silence on the part of the adults followed, the usual sequel to those passages; Sidon generally declining to expose itself to the youthful Harkutt's terrible accuracy of statement.

The men resumed their previous lazy gossip about Elijah Curtis's disappearance, with occasional mysterious allusions in a lower tone, which the boy instinctively knew referred to his father, but which either from indolence or caution—the two great conservators of Sidon—were never formulated distinctly enough for his relentless interference. The morning sunshine was slowly thickening again in an indolent mist that seemed to rise from the saturated plain. A stray loungeur shuffled over from the blacksmith's shop to the store to take the place of

another idler who had joined an equally lethargic circle around the slumbering forge. A dull intermittent sound of hammering came occasionally from the wheelwright's shed—at sufficiently protracted intervals to indicate the enfeebled progress of Sidon's vehicular repair. A yellow dog left his patch of sunlight on the opposite side of the way and walked deliberately over to what appeared to be more luxurious quarters on the verandah; was manifestly disappointed but not equal to the exertion of returning, and sank down with blinking eyes and a regretful sigh without going further. A procession of six ducks got well into a line for a laborious "march past" the store, but fell out at the first mud puddle and gave it up. A highly nervous but respectable hen, who had ventured upon the verandah evidently against her better instincts, walked painfully on tip-toe to the door, apparently was met by language which no mother of a family could listen to, and retired in strong hysterics. A little later the sun became again obscured, the wind arose, rain fell, and the opportunity for going indoors and doing nothing was once more availed of by all Sidon.

It was afternoon when Mr. Harkutt returned. He did not go into the store, but entered the dwelling from the little picket-gate and steep path. There he called a family council in the sitting-room as being the most reserved and secure. Mrs. Harkutt, sympathising and cheerfully ready for any affliction, still holding a dust-cloth in her hand, took her seat by the window, with Phemie breathless and sparkling at one side of her, while Clementina, all faultless profile and repose, sat on the other. To Mrs. Harkutt's motherly concern at John Milton's absence, it was pointed out that he was wanted at the store—was a mere boy, anyhow, and could not be trusted. Mr. Harkutt, a little ruddier from weather, excitement, and the unusual fortification of a glass of liquor, a little more rugged in the lines of his face, and with an

odd ring of defiant self-assertion in his voice, stood before them in the centre of the room.

He wanted them to listen to him carefully, to remember what he said, for it was important; it might be a matter of "lawing" hereafter—and he couldn't be always repeating it to them—he would have enough to do. There was a heap of it that, as women-folks, they couldn't understand, and weren't expected to. But he'd got it all clear now, and what he was saying was Gospel. He'd always known to himself that the only good that could ever come to Sidon would come by railroad. When those fools talked wagon road he had said nothing, but he had his own ideas; he had worked for that idea without saying anything to anybody; that idea was to get possession of all the land along the *embarcadero*, which nobody cared for, and Lige Curtis was ready to sell for a song. Well, now, considering what had happened, he didn't mind telling them that he had been gradually getting possession of it, little by little, paying Lige Curtis in advances and instalments, until it was his own! They had heard what those surveyors said; how that it was the only fit terminus for the railroad. Well, that land, and that waterfront, and the terminus were *his*! And all from his own foresight and prudence.

It is needless to say that this was not the truth. But it is necessary to point out that this fabrication was the result of his last night's cogitations and his morning's experience. He had resolved upon a bold course. He had reflected that his neighbours would be more ready to believe in and to respect a hard, mercenary, and speculative foresight in his taking advantage of Lige's necessities than if he had—as was the case—merely benefited by them through an accident of circumstance and good humour. In the latter case he would be envied and hated; in the former he would be envied and feared. By logic of circumstance the greater wrong seemed to be less obvi-

ously offensive than the minor fault. It was true that it involved the doing of something he had not contemplated, and the certainty of exposure if Lige ever returned, but he was nevertheless resolved. The step from passive to active wrong-doing is not only easy, it is often a relief; it is that return to sincerity which we all require. Howbeit, it gave that ring of assertion to Daniel Harkutt's voice already noted, which most women like, and only men are prone to suspect or challenge. The incompleteness of his statement was, for the same reason, overlooked by his feminine auditors.

"And what is it worth, dad?" asked Phemie eagerly.

"Grant says I oughter get at least ten thousand dollars for the site of the terminus from the company, but of course I shall hold on to the rest of the land. The moment they get the terminus there, and the depot and wharf built, I can get my own price and buyers for the rest. Before the year is out, Grant thinks it ought to go up ten per cent. on the value of the terminus, and that a hundred thousand."

"Oh, dad!" gasped Phemie, frantically clasping her knees with both hands as if to perfectly assure herself of this good fortune.

Mrs. Harkutt audibly murmured, "Poor dear Dan'l," and stood, as it were, sympathetically by, ready to commiserate the pains and anxieties of wealth as she had those of poverty. Clementina alone remained silent, clear-eyed, and unchanged.

"And to think it all came through *them*!" continued Phemie. "I always had an idea that Mr. Grant was smart, dad. And it was real kind of him to tell you."

"I reckon father could have found it out without them. I don't know why we should be beholden to them particularly. I hope he isn't expected to let them think that he is bound to consider them our intimate friends just because they happened to drop in here at a time when his plans have succeeded."

The voice was Clementina's, unexpected but quiet, unemotional and convincing. "It seemed," as Mrs. Harkutt afterwards said, "as if the child had already touched that hundred thousand." Phemie reddened with a sense of convicted youthful extravagance.

"You needn't fear for me," said Harkutt, responding to Clementina's voice as if it were an echo of his own, and instinctively recognising an unexpected ally. "I've got my own ideas of this thing, and what's to come of it. I've got my own ideas of openin' up that property and showin' its resources. I'm goin' to run it my own way. I'm goin' to have a town along the *embarcadero* that'll lay over any town in Contra-Costa. I'm goin' to have the court-house and county seat there, and a couple of hotels as good as any in the Bay. I'm goin' to build that wagon road through here that those lazy louts slipped up on, and carry it clear over to Five Mile Corner, and open up the whole Tasajara Plain!"

They had never seen him look so strong, so resolute, so intelligent and handsome. A dimly prophetic vision of him in a black broadcloth suit and gold watch chain addressing a vague multitude, as she remembered to have seen the Hon. Stanley Riggs of Alasco at the "Great Barbecue," rose before Phemie's blue enraptured eyes. With the exception of Mrs. Harkutt,—equal to any possibilities on the part of her husband,—they had honestly never expected it of him. They were pleased with their father's attitude in prosperity, and felt that perhaps he was not unworthy of being proud of them hereafter.

"But we're goin' to leave Sidon," said Phemie, "ain't we, paw?"

"As soon as I can run up a new house at the *embarcadero*," said Harkutt peevishly, "and that's got to be done mighty quick if I want to make a show to the company and be in possession."

"And that's easier for you to do, dear, now that Lige's disappeared," said Mrs. Harkutt consolingly.

"What do ye mean by that? What the devil are ye talkin' about?" demanded Harkutt suddenly with unexpected exasperation.

"I mean that that drunken Lige would be mighty poor company for the girls if he was our only neighbour," returned Mrs. Harkutt submissively.

Harkutt, after a fixed survey of his wife, appeared mollified. The two girls, who were both mindful of his previous outburst the evening before, exchanged glances which implied that his manners needed correction for Prosperity.

"You'll want a heap o' money to build there, Dan'l," said Mrs. Harkutt in plaintive diffidence.

"Yes! Yes!" said Harkutt impatiently. "I've kalkilated all that, and I'm goin' to 'Frisco to-morrow to raise it and put this bill of sale on record." He half drew Elijah Curtis's paper from his pocket but paused and put it back again.

"Then *that was* the paper, dad," said Phemie triumphantly.

"Yes," said her father regarding her fixedly, "and you know now why I didn't want anything said about it last night—nor even now."

"And Lige had just given it to you! Wasn't it lucky?"

"He *hadn't* just given it to me!" said her father with another unexpected outburst. "God Almighty! ain't I tellin' you all the time it was an old matter! But you jabber, jabber all the time and don't listen? Where's John Milton?" It had occurred to him that the boy might have read the paper—as his sister had—while it lay unheeded on the counter.

"In the store—you know. You said he wasn't to hear anything of this, but I'll call him," said Mrs. Harkutt rising eagerly.

"Never mind," returned her husband stopping her reflectively, "best leave it as it is; if it's necessary I'll tell him. But don't any of you say anything, do you hear?"

Nevertheless a few hours later, when the store was momentarily free of loun-

gers. and Harkutt had relieved his son of his monotonous charge, he made a pretence, while abstractedly listening to an account of the boy's stewardship, to look through a drawer as if in search of some missing article.

"You didn't see anything of a paper I left somewhere about here yesterday?" he asked carelessly.

"The one you picked up when you came in last night?" said the boy with discomposing directness.

Harkutt flushed slightly and drew his breath between his set teeth. Not only could he place no reliance upon ordinary youthful inattention, but he must be on his guard against his own son as from a spy! But he restrained himself.

"I don't remember," he said with affected deliberation, "what it was I picked up. Do you? Did you read it?"

The meaning of his father's attitude instinctively flashed upon the boy. He *had* read the paper, but he answered, as he had already determined, "No."

An inspiration seized Mr. Harkutt. He drew Lige Curtis's bill of sale from his pocket, and opening it before John Milton said: "Was it that?"

"I don't know," said the boy. "I couldn't tell." He walked away with affected carelessness, already with a sense of playing some part like his father, and pretended to whistle for the dog across the street. Harkutt coughed ostentatiously, put the paper back in his pocket, set one or two boxes straight on the counter, locked the drawer and disappeared into the back passage. John Milton remained standing in the doorway looking vacantly out. But he did not see the dull familiar prospect beyond. He only saw the paper his father had opened and unfolded before him. It was the same paper he had read last night. But there were three words written there *that were not there before!* After the words "Value received" there had been a blank. He remembered that distinctly. This was filled in by the words: "Five

hundred dollars." The handwriting did not seem like his father's, nor yet entirely like Lige Curtis'. What it meant he did not know—he would not try to think. He should forget it, as he had tried to forget what had happened before, and he should never tell it to any one!

There was a feverish gaiety in his sisters' manner that afternoon that he did not understand; short colloquies that were suspended with ill concealed impatience when he came near them, and resumed when he was sent, on equally palpable excuses, out of the room. He had been accustomed to this exclusion when there were strangers present, but it seemed odd to him now, when the conversation did not even turn upon the two superior visitors who had been there, and of whom he confidently expected they would talk. Such fragments as he overheard were always in the future tense, and referred to what they intended to do. His mother, whose affection for him had always been shown in excessive and depressing commiseration of him in even his lightest moments, that afternoon seemed to add a prophetic and Cassandra-like sympathy for some vague future of his that would require all her ministration. "You won't need them new boots, Miltie dear, in the changes that may be comin' to ye; so don't be bothering your poor father in his worriments over his new plans."

"What new plans, mommer?" asked the boy abruptly. "Are we goin' away from here?"

"Hush, dear, and don't ask questions that's enough for grown folks to worry over, let alone a boy like you. Now be good"—a quality in Mrs. Harkutt's mind synonymous with ceasing from troubling—"and after supper, while I'm in the parlour with your father and sisters, you kin sit up here by the fire with your book."

"But," persisted the boy in a flash of inspiration, "is popper goin' to join in business with those surveyors—a surveyin'?"

"No, child, what an idea! Run away there—and mind!—don't bother your father."

Nevertheless John Milton's inspiration had taken a new and characteristic shape. All this, he reflected, had happened since the surveyors came—since they had weakly displayed such a shameless and unmanly interest in his sisters! It could have but one meaning. He hung around the sitting-room and passages until he eventually encountered Clementina, taller than ever, evidently wearing a guilty satisfaction in her face, engrafted upon that habitual bearing of hers which he had always recognised as belonging to a vague but objectionable race whose members were individually known to him as "a proudy."

"Which of those two surveyor fellows is it, Clemmy?" he said with an engaging smile, yet halting at a strategic distance.

"Is what?"

"Wot you're goin' to marry."

"Idiot!"

"That ain't tellin' which," responded the boy darkly.

Clementina swept by him into the sitting-room, where he heard her declare that "really that boy was getting too low and vulgar for anything." Yet it struck him that being pressed for further explanation she did *not* specify why. This was "girls' meanness!"

Howbeit he lingered late in the road that evening, hearing his father discuss with the search-party that had followed the banks of the creek, vainly looking for further traces of the missing Lige, the possibility of his being living or dead, of the body having been carried away by the current to the bay, or turning up later in some distant marsh when the spring came with low water. One—who had been to his cabin beside the *embarcadero*,—reported that it was, as had been long suspected, barely habitable, and contained neither books, papers, nor records which would indicate his family or friends. It was a God-forsaken, dreary, worthless place; he

wondered how a white man could ever expect to make a living there. If Elijah never turned up again it certainly would be a long time before any squatter would think of taking possession of it. John Milton knew instinctively, without looking up, that his father's eyes were fixed upon him, and he felt himself constrained to appear to be abstracted in gazing down the darkening road. Then he heard his father say, with what he felt was an equal assumption of carelessness: "Yes, I reckon I've got somewhere a bill of sale of that land that I had to take from Lige for an old bill, but I kalkilate that's all I'll ever see of it."

Rain fell again as the darkness gathered, but he still loitered on the road and the sloping path of the garden, filled with a half resentful sense of wrong, and hugging with gloomy pride an increasing sense of loneliness and of getting dangerously wet. The swollen creek still whispered, murmured and swirled beside the bank. At another time he might have had wild ideas of emulating the surveyors on some extempore raft and so escaping his present dreary home existence; but since the disappearance of Lige, who had always excited an odd boyish antipathy in his heart, although he had never seen him, he shunned the stream contaminated with the missing man's unheroic fate. Presently the light from the open window of the sitting-room glittered on the wet leaves and sprays where he stood, and the voices of the family conclave came fitfully to his ear. They didn't want him there. They had never thought of asking him to come in. Well!—who cared? And he wasn't going to be bought off with a candle and a seat by the kitchen fire. No!

Nevertheless he was getting wet to no purpose. There was the tool-house and carpenter's shed near the bank; its floor was thickly covered with sawdust and pine-wood shavings, and there was a mouldy buffalo skin which he had once transported thither from the old wagon bed. There, too, was

his secret *cache* of a candle in a bottle, buried with other piratical treasures in the presence of the youthful Peters, who consented to be sacrificed on the spot in bucaneeering fashion to complete the unhallowed rites. He unearthed the candle, lit it, and clearing away a part of the shavings stood it up on the floor. He then brought a prized, battered, and coverless volume from a hidden recess in the rafters, and lying down with the buffalo robe over him, and his cap in his hand ready to extinguish the light at the first footstep of a trespasser, gave himself up—as he had given himself up, I fear, many other times—to the enchantment of the page before him.

The current whispered, murmured, and sang unheeded at his side. The voices of his mother and sisters, raised at times in eagerness or expectation of the future, fell upon his unlistening ears. For with the spell that had come upon him, the mean walls of his hiding place melted away; the vulgar stream beside him might have been that dim, subterraneous river down which Sinbad and his bale of riches were swept out of the Cave of Death to the sunlight of life and fortune, so surely and so simply had it transported him beyond the cramped and darkened limits of his present life. He was in the better world of boyish romance—of gallant deeds and high emprises; of miraculous atonement and devoted sacrifice; of brave men, and those rarer, impossible women—the immaculate conception of a boy's virgin heart. What mattered it that behind that glittering window his mother and sisters grew feverish and excited over the vulgar details of their real but baser fortune? From the dark toolshed by the muddy current John Milton, with a battered dogs'-eared chronicle, soared on the wings of fancy far beyond their wildest ken!

CHAPTER V.

PROSPERITY had settled upon the plains of Tasajara. Not only had the

embarcadero emerged from the *tules* of Tasajara Creek as a thriving town of steamboat wharves, warehouses, and outlying mills and factories, but in five years the transforming railroad had penetrated the great plain itself and revealed its undeveloped fertility. The low-lying lands that had been yearly overflowed by the creek, now, drained and cultivated, yielded treasures of wheat and barley that were apparently inexhaustible. Even the helpless indolence of Sidon had been surprised into activity and change. There was nothing left of the straggling settlement to recall its former aspect. The site of Harkutt's old store and dwelling was lost and forgotten in the new mill and granary that rose along the banks of the creek. Decay leaves ruin and traces for the memory to linger over; prosperity is unrelenting in its complete and smiling obliteration of the past.

But Tasajara City, as the *embarcadero* was now called, had no previous record, and even the former existence of an actual settler like the forgotten Elijah Curtis was unknown to the present inhabitants. It was Daniel Harkutt's idea carried out in Daniel Harkutt's land, with Daniel Harkutt's capital and energy. But Daniel Harkutt had become Daniel Harcourt, and Harcourt Avenue, Harcourt Square, and Harcourt House, ostentatiously proclaimed the new spelling of his patronymic. When the change was made, and for what reason; who suggested it, and under what authority, were not easy to determine, as the sign on his former store had borne nothing but the legend, *Goods and Provisions*, and his name did not appear on written record until after the occupation of Tasajara; but it is presumed that it was at the instigation of his daughters, and there was no one to oppose it. Harcourt was a pretty name for a street, a square, or a hotel; even the few in Sidon who had called it Harkutt admitted that it was an improvement quite consistent with the change from the fever-haunted

tules and sedges of the creek to the broad, level, and handsome squares of Tasajara City.

This might have been the opinion of a visitor at the Harcourt House, who arrived one summer afternoon from the Stockton boat, but whose shrewd, half-critical, half-professional eyes and quiet questionings betrayed some previous knowledge of the locality. Seated on the broad verandah of the Harcourt House, and gazing out on the well-kept green and young eucalyptus trees of the Harcourt Square or Plaza, he had elicited a counter question from a prosperous-looking citizen who had been lounging at his side.

"I reckon you look ez if you might have been here before, stranger."

"Yes," said the stranger quietly, "I have been. But it was when the *tules* grew in the square opposite, and the tide of the creek washed them."

"Well," said the Tasajaran, looking curiously at the stranger, "I call myself a pioneer of Tasajara. My name's Peters—of Peters and Co.—and those warehouses along the wharf, where you landed just now, are mine, but I was the first settler on Harcourt's land, and built the next cabin after him. I helped to clear out them *tules* and dredged the channels yonder. I took the contract with Harcourt to build the last fifteen miles o' railroad, and put up that depot for the company. Perhaps you were here before that?"

"I was," returned the stranger quietly.

"I say," said Peters, hitching his chair a little nearer to his companion, "you never knew a kind of broken down feller, called Curtis—Lige Curtis—who once squatted here and sold his right to Harkutt? He disappeared—it was allowed he killed hisself, but they never found his body, and, between you and me, I never took stock in that story. You know Harcourt holds under him, and all Tasajara rests on that title."

"I've heard so," assented the stranger carelessly, "but I never knew the

original settler. Then Harcourt has been lucky?"

"You bet. He's got three millions right about *here*, or within this quarter section, to say nothing of his outside speculations."

"And lives here?"

"Not for two years. That's his old house across the plaza, but his women folks live mostly in 'Frisco and New York, where he's got houses too. They say they sorter got sick of Tasajara after his youngest daughter ran off with a feller."

"Hallo!" said the stranger with undisguised interest. "I never heard of that! You don't mean that she eloped——" he hesitated.

"Oh, it was a square enough marriage. I reckon too square to suit some folks; but the fellow hadn't nothin', and wasn't worth shucks—a sort of land surveyor, doin' odd jobs, you know; and the old man and old woman were agin it, and the tother daughter worse of all. It was allowed here—you know how women folks talk!—that the surveyor had been sweet on Clementina, but had got tired of being played by her, and took up with Phemie out o' spite. Anyhow, they got married, and Harcourt gave them to understand they couldn't expect anything from him. P'raps that's why it didn't last long, for only about two months ago she got a divorce from Rice and came back to her family again."

"Rice?" queried the stranger, "was that her husband's name, Stephen Rice?"

"I reckon! You knew him?"

"Yes—when the tide came up to the *tules*, yonder," answered the stranger musingly. "And the other daughter—I suppose she has made a good match, being a beauty and the sole heiress?"

The Tasajaran made a grimace. "Not much! I reckon she's waitin' for the Angel Gabriel—there ain't another good enough to suit her here. They say she's had most of the big men in California waitin' in a line

with their offers, like that cue the fellows used to make at the 'Frisco Post Office, steamer days—and she with nary a letter or answer for any of them."

"Then Harcourt doesn't seem to have been as fortunate in his family affairs as in his speculations?"

Peters uttered a grim laugh. "Well, I reckon you know all about his son's stampeding with that girl last spring?"

"His son?" interrupted the stranger. "Do you mean the boy they called John Milton? Why, he was a mere child!"

"He was old enough to run away with a young woman that helped in his mother's house, and marry her afore a Justice of the Peace. The old man just snorted with rage, and swore he'd have the marriage put aside, for the boy was under age. He said it was a put-up job of the girl's; that she was older by two years, and only wanted to get what money might be coming some day, but that they'd never see a red cent of it. Then, they say, John Milton up and sassed the old man to his face, and allowed that he wouldn't take his dirty money if he starved first, and that if the old man broke the marriage he'd marry her again next year; that true love and honourable poverty were better nor riches, and a lot more o' that stuff he picked out o' them ten cent novels he was allus reading. My woman folks say that he actually liked the girl, because she was the only one in the house that was ever kind to him; they say the girls were just raging mad at the idea o' havin' a hired gal who had waited on 'em as a sister-in-law, and they even got old Mammy Harcourt's back up by sayin' that John's wife would want to rule the house, and run her out of her own kitchen. Some say he shook *them*, talked back to 'em mighty sharp, and held his head a heap higher nor them. Anyhow, he's livin' with his wife somewhere in 'Frisco, in a shanty on a sand lot, and workin' odd jobs for the newspapers. No! takin' it by and large—it don't look as if Harcourt

had run his family to the same advantage that he has his land."

"Perhaps he doesn't understand them as well," said the stranger smiling.

"Mor'n likely the material ain't thar, or ain't as vallyble for a new country," said Peters grimly. "I reckon the trouble is that he lets them two daughters run him, and the man who let's any woman or women do that, lets himself in for all their meannesses, and all he gets in return is a woman's result—show!"

Here the stranger, who was slowly rising from his chair with the polite suggestion of reluctantly tearing himself from the speaker's spell, said: "And Harcourt spends most of his time in San Francisco, I suppose?"

"Yes! but to-day he's here to attend a directors' meeting and the opening of the Free Library and Tasajara Hall. I saw the windows open, and the blinds up in his house across the plaza as I passed just now."

The stranger had by this time quite effected his courteous withdrawal. "Good afternoon, Mr. Peters," he said, smilingly lifting his hat, and turned away.

Peters, who was obliged to take his legs off the chair, and half rise to the stranger's politeness, here reflected that he did not know his interlocutor's name and business, and that he had really got nothing in return for his information. This must be remedied. As the stranger passed through the hall into the street, followed by the unwonted civilities of the spruce hotel clerk and the obsequious attentions of the negro porter, Peters stepped to the window of the office. "Who was that man who just passed out?" he asked.

The clerk stared in undisguised astonishment. "You don't mean to say you didn't know *who* he was—all the while you were talking to him?"

"No," returned Peters, impatiently.

"Why, that was Professor Lawrence Grant!—*the* Lawrence Grant—don't you know?—the biggest scientific man and recognised expert on the Pacific

slope. Why, that's the man whose single word is enough to make or break the biggest mine or claim going! That man!—why, that's the man whose opinion's worth thousands, for it carries millions with it—and can't be bought. That's him who knocked the bottom out-er El Dorado last year, and next day sent Eureka up booming! Ye remember that, sure?"

"Of course—but—" stammered Peters.

"And to think you didn't know him!" repeated the hotel clerk wonderingly. "And here I was reckoning you were getting points from him all the time! Why, some men would have given a thousand dollars for your chance of talking to him—yes!—of even being *seen* talking to him. Why, old Wingate once got a tip on his Prairie Flower lead worth five thousand dollars while just changing seats with him in the cars and passing the time of day, sociable like. Why, what *did* you talk about?"

Peters, with a miserable conviction that he had thrown away a valuable opportunity in mere idle gossip, nevertheless endeavoured to look mysterious as he replied, "Oh, business gin'rally." Then in the faint hope of yet retrieving his blunder he inquired, "How long will he be here?"

"Don't know. I reckon he and Harcourt's got something on hand. He just asked if he was likely to be at home or at his office. I told him I reckoned at the house, for some of the family—I didn't get to see who they were—drove up in a carriage from the 3.40 train while you were sitting there."

Meanwhile the subject of this discussion, quite unconscious of the sensation he had created, or perhaps like most heroes philosophically careless of it, was sauntering indifferently towards Harcourt's house. But he had no business with his former host—his only object was to pass an idle hour before his train left. He was, of course, not unaware that he himself was largely responsible for Harcourt's success; that it was *his* hint which had induced the petty trader of Sidon

to venture his all in Tasajara; *his* knowledge of the topography and geology of the plain that had stimulated Harcourt's agricultural speculations—*his* hydrographic survey of the creek that had made Harcourt's plan of widening the channel to commerce practicable and profitable. This he could not help but know. But that it was chiefly owing to his own clear, cool, farseeing, but never visionary, scientific observation—his own accurate analysis, unprejudiced by even a *savant's* enthusiasm, and uninfluenced by any personal desire of greed or gain—that Tasajara City had risen from the stagnant *tules*, was a speculation that had never occurred to him. There was a much more uneasy consciousness of what he had done in Mr. Harcourt's face a few moments later, when his visitor's name was announced, and it is to be feared that if that name had been less widely honoured and respected than it was, no merely grateful recollection of it would have procured Grant an audience. As it was, it was with a frown and a touch of his old impatient asperity that he stepped to the threshold of an adjoining room and called, "Clemmy!"

Clementina appeared at the door.

"There's that man Grant in the parlour. What brings *him* here I wonder? Who does he come to see?"

"Who did he ask for?"

"Me—but that don't mean anything."

"Perhaps he wants to see you on some business."

"No. That isn't his high-toned style. He makes other people go to him for that," he said bitterly. "Anyhow—don't you think it's mighty queer his coming here after his friend—for it was he who introduced Rice to us—had behaved so to your sister, and caused all this divorce and scandal?"

"Perhaps he may know nothing about it; he and Rice separated long ago, even before Grant became so famous. We never saw much of him, you know, after we came here. Suppose you leave him to *me*. I'll see him."

Mr. Harcourt reflected. "Didn't he used to be rather attentive to Phemie?"

Clementina shrugged her shoulders carelessly. "I dare say—but I don't think that *now*—"

"Who said anything about *now*?" retorted her father, with a return of his old abruptness. After a pause he said: "I'll go down and see him first—and then send for you. You can keep him for the opening and dinner, if you like."

Meantime Lawrence Grant, serenely unsuspecting of these domestic confidences, had been shown into the parlour—a large room furnished in the same style as the drawing-room of the hotel he had just quitted. He had ample time to note that it was that wonderful Second Empire furniture which he remembered that the early San Francisco pioneers in the first flush of their wealth had imported directly from France, and which for years after gave an unexpected foreign flavour to the western domesticity and a tawdry gilt equality to saloons and drawing-rooms, public and private. But he was observant of a corresponding change in Harcourt, when a moment later he entered the room. That individuality—which had kept the former shopkeeper of Sidon distinct from, although perhaps not superior to, his customers, was strongly marked. He was perhaps now more nervously alert than then; he was certainly more impatient than before—but that was pardonable in a man of large affairs and action. Grant could not deny that he seemed improved—rather perhaps that the setting of fine clothes, cleanliness, and the absence of petty worries, made his characteristics respectable. That which is ill breeding in homespun, is apt to become mere eccentricity in purple and fine linen; Grant felt that Harcourt jarred on him less than he did before, and was grateful without superciliousness. Harcourt, relieved to find that Grant was neither critical nor aggressively reminiscent, and above all not inclined to claim the

credit of creating him and Tasajara, became more confident, more at his ease, and, I fear, in proportion more unpleasant. It is the repose and not the struggle of the *parvenu* that confounds us.

"And *you*, Grant—you have made yourself famous, and, I hear, have got pretty much your own prices for your opinions ever since it was known that you—you—er—were connected with the growth of Tasajara."

Grant smiled; he was not quite prepared for this; but it was amusing and would pass the time. He murmured a sentence of half ironical deprecation, and Mr. Harcourt continued:—

"I haven't got my San Francisco house here to receive you in, but I hope some day, sir, to see you there. We are only here for the day and night, but if you care to attend the opening ceremonies at the new hall we can manage to give you dinner afterwards. You can escort my daughter Clementina—she's here with me."

The smile of apologetic declination which had begun to form on Grant's lips was suddenly arrested. "Then your daughter is here?" he asked, with unaffected interest.

"Yes—she is in fact a patroness of the library and sewing circle, and takes the greatest interest in it. The Rev. Doctor Pilsbury relies upon her for everything. She runs the society, even to the training of the young ladies, sir. You shall see their exercises."

This was certainly a new phase of Clementina's character. Yet why should she not assume the rôle of Lady Bountiful with the other functions of her new condition. "I should have thought Miss Harcourt would have found this rather difficult with her other social duties," he said, "and would have left it to her married sister." He thought it better not to appear as if avoiding reference to Euphemia, although quietly ignoring her late experiences. Mr. Harcourt was less easy in his response.

"Now that Euphemia is again with her own family," he said ponderously,

with an affectation of social discrimination that was in weak contrast to his usual direct business astuteness, "I suppose she may take her part in these things, but just now she requires rest. You may have heard some rumour that she is going abroad for a time? The fact is she hasn't the least intention of doing so, nor do we consider there is the slightest reason for her going." He paused as if to give great emphasis to a statement that seemed otherwise unimportant. "But here's Clementina coming and I must get you to excuse me. I've to meet the trustees of the church in ten minutes, but I hope she'll persuade you to stay, and I'll see you later at the hall."

As Clementina entered the room her father vanished and, I fear, as completely dropped out of Mr. Grant's mind. For the daughter's improvement was greater than her father's, yet so much more refined as to be at first only delicately perceptible. Grant had been prepared for the vulgar enhancement of fine clothes and personal adornment, for the specious setting of luxurious circumstances and surroundings, for the *aplomb* that came from flattery and conscious power. But he found none of these; her calm individuality was intensified rather than subdued; she was dressed simply, with an economy of ornament, rich material, and jewellery, but an accuracy of taste that was always dominant. Her plain grey merino dress, beautifully fitting her figure, suggested with its pale blue facings some uniform as of the charitable society she patronised. She came towards him with a graceful movement of greeting, yet her face showed no consciousness of the interval that had elapsed since they met; he almost fancied himself transported back to the sitting-room at Sidon with the monotonous patter of the leaves outside, and the cool moist breath of the bay and alder coming in at the window.

"Father says that you are only passing through Tasajara to-day, as you did through Sidon five years ago,"

she said with a smiling earnestness that he fancied however was the one new phase of her character. "But I won't believe it! At least we will not accept another visit quite as accidental as that, even though you brought us twice the good fortune you did then. You see, we have not forgotten it if you have, Mr. Grant. And unless you want us to believe that your fairy gifts will turn some day to leaves and ashes, you will promise to stay with us to-night, and let me show you some of the good we have done with them. Perhaps you don't know, or don't want to know, that it was I who got up this 'Library and Home Circle of the Sisters of Tasajara' which we are to open to-day. And can you imagine why? You remember, or have you forgotten? that you once affected to be concerned at the social condition of the young ladies on the plains of Sidon. Well, Mr. Grant, this is gotten up in order that the future Mr. Grants who wander may find future Miss Billingses who are worthy to converse with them and entertain them, and who no longer wear men's hats and live on the public road."

It was such a long speech for one so taciturn as he remembered Clementina to have been; so unexpected in tone considering her father's attitude towards him, and so unlooked for in its reference to a slight incident of the past, that Grant's critical contemplation of her gave way to a quiet and grateful glance of admiration. How could he have been so mistaken in her character? He had always preferred the outspoken Euphemia, and yet why should he not have been equally mistaken in her? Without having any personal knowledge of Rice's matrimonial troubles—for their intimate companionship had not continued after the survey—he had been inclined to blame him; now he seemed to find excuses for him. He wondered if she really had liked him as Peters had hinted; he wondered if she knew that he, Grant, was no longer intimate with him, and knew nothing of her affairs. All this while he was accepting her

proffered hospitality and sending to the hotel for his luggage. Then he drifted into a conversation, which he had expected would be brief, pointless and confined to a stupid *résumé* of their mutual and social progress since they had left Sidon. But here he was again mistaken; she was talking familiarly of present social topics, of things that she knew clearly and well, without effort or attitude. She had been to New York and Boston for two winters; she had spent the previous summer at Newport; it might have been her whole youth, for the fluency, accuracy, and familiarity of her detail, and the absence of provincial enthusiasm. She was going abroad, probably in the spring. She had thought of going to winter in Italy, but she would wait now until her sister was ready to go with her. Mr. Grant of course knew that Euphemia was separated from Mr. Rice—no!—not until her father told him? Well—the marriage had been a wild and foolish thing for both. But Euphemia was back again with them in the San Francisco house; she had talked of coming to Tasajara to-day, perhaps she might be there to-night. And, good heavens! it was actually three o'clock already, and they must start at once for the Hall. She would go and get her hat and return instantly.

It was true; he had been talking with her an hour—pleasantly, intelligently, and yet with a consciousness of an indefinite satisfaction beyond all this. It must have been surprise at her transformation, or his previous misconception of her character. He had been watching her features and wondering why he had ever thought them expressionless. There was also the pleasant suggestion—common to humanity in such instances—that he himself was in some way responsible for the change; that it was some awakened sympathy to his own nature that had breathed into this cold and faultless statue the warmth of life. In an odd flash of recollection he remembered how, five years ago, when Rice had suggested to her that she was

“hard to please,” she had replied that she “didn’t know, but that she was waiting to see.” It did not occur to him to wonder why she had not awakened then, or if this awakening had anything to do with her own volition. It was not probable that they would meet again after to-day, or if they did, that she would not relapse into her former self and fail to impress him as she had now. But—here she was—a paragon of feminine promptitude—already standing in the doorway, accurately gloved and booted, and wearing a demure grey hat that modestly crowned her decorously elegant figure.

They crossed the plaza, side by side, in the still garish sunlight that seemed to mock the scant shade of the youthful eucalyptus trees, and presently fell in with the stream of people going in their direction. The former daughters of Sidon, the Billingses, the Peterses, and Wingates, were there bourgeoning and expanding in the glare of their new prosperity, with silk and gold; there were newer faces still, and pretty ones—for Tasajara as a “Cow County” had attracted settlers with large families—and there were already the contrasting types of East and West. Many turned to look after the tall figure of the daughter of the Founder of Tasajara—a spectacle lately rare to the town; a few glanced at her companion, equally noticeable as a stranger. Thanks, however, to some judicious preliminary advertising from the hotel clerk, Peters, and Daniel Harcourt himself, by the time Grant and Miss Harcourt had reached the Hall his name and fame were already known, and speculation had already begun whether this new stroke of Harcourt’s shrewdness might not unite Clementina to a renowned and profitable partner.

The Hall was in one of the further and newly opened suburbs, and its side and rear windows gave immediately upon the outlying and illimitable plain of Tasajara. It was a tasteful and fair seeming structure of wood, surprisingly and surpassingly new. In

fact that was its one dominant feature ; nowhere else had youth and freshness ever shown itself as unconquerable and all-conquering. The spice of virgin woods and trackless forests still rose from its pine floors, and breathed from its outer shell of cedar that still oozed its sap, and redwood that still dropped its life-blood. Nowhere else were the plastered walls and ceilings as white and dazzling in their unstained purity, or as redolent of the outlying quarry in their clear cool breath of lime and stone. Even the turpentine of fresh and spotless paint added to this sense of wholesome germination, and as the clear and brilliant Californian sunshine swept through the open windows west and east, suffusing the whole palpitating structure with its searching and resistless radiance, the very air seemed filled with the aroma of creation.

The fresh colours of the young Republic, the bright blazonry of the newest State, the coat of arms of the infant County of Tasajara—(a vignette of sunset-tules cloven by the steam of an advancing train)—hanging from the walls, were all a part of this invincible juvenescence. Even the newest silks, ribbons and prints of the latest holiday fashions made their first virgin appearance in the new building as if to consecrate it, until it was stirred by the rustle of youth, as with the sound and movement of budding spring.

A strain from the new organ—whose heart, however, had prematurely learned its own bitterness,—and a thin, clear, but somewhat shrill chanting from a choir of young ladies were followed by a prayer from the Rev. Mr. Pilsbury. Then there was a pause of expectancy, and Grant's fair companion, who up to that moment had been quietly acting as guide and cicerone to her father's guest, excused herself with a little grimace of mock concern and was led away by one of the committee. Grant's usually keen eyes were wandering somewhat abstractedly over the agitated and rustling field of ribbons, flowers and feathers before him, past the blazonry of banner on the walls, and through the open windows to the

long sunlit levels beyond, when he noticed a stir upon the raised dais or platform at the end of the room, where the notables of Tasajara were formally assembled. The mass of black coats suddenly parted and drew back against the wall to allow the coming forward of a single graceful figure. A thrill of nervousness as unexpected as unaccountable passed over him as he recognised Clementina. In the midst of a sudden silence she read the report of the committee from a paper in her hand, in a clear, untroubled voice—the old voice of Sidon—and formally declared the building opened ! The sunlight nearly level, streamed through the western window across the front of the platform where she stood and transfigured her slight but noble figure. The hush that had fallen upon the Hall was as much the effect of that tranquil, ideal presence as of the message with which it was charged. And yet that apparition was as inconsistent with the clear, searching light which helped to set it off, as it was with the broad new blazonry of decoration, the yet unsullied record of the white walls, or even the frank, animated and pretty faces that looked upon it. Perhaps it was some such instinct that caused the applause which hesitatingly and tardily followed her from the platform to appear polite and half restrained rather than spontaneous.

Nevertheless Grant was honestly and sincerely profuse in his congratulations. "You were far cooler and far more self-contained than I should have been in your place," he said, "than in fact I actually *was*, only as your auditor. But I suppose you have done it before?"

She turned her beautiful eyes on his wonderingly. "No—this is the first time I ever appeared in public—not even at school, for even there I was always a private pupil."

"You astonish me," said Grant ; "you seemed like an old hand at it."

"Perhaps I did, or rather as if I didn't think anything of it myself—and that no doubt is why the audience didn't think anything of it either."

So she *had* noticed her cold reception, and yet there was not the slightest trace of disappointment, regret, or wounded vanity in her tone or manner. "You must take me to the refreshment-room now," she said pleasantly, "and help me to look after the young ladies who are my guests. I'm afraid there are still more speeches to come, and father and Mr. Pillsbury are looking as if they confidently expected something more would be 'expected' of them."

Grant at once threw himself into the task assigned to him with his natural gallantry, and a certain captivating playfulness which he still retained. Perhaps he was the more anxious to please in order that his companion might share some of his popularity, for it was undeniable that Miss Harcourt still seemed to excite only a constrained politeness among those with whom she courteously mingled. And this was still more distinctly marked by the contrast of a later incident.

For some moments the sound of laughter and greeting had risen near the door of the refreshment-room that opened upon the central hall, and there was a perceptible movement of the crowd—particularly of youthful male Tasajara—in that direction. It was evident that it announced the unexpected arrival of some popular resident. Attracted like the others, Grant turned and saw the company making way for the smiling, easy, half-saucy, half-complacent entry of a handsomely dressed young girl. As she turned from time to time to recognise with rallying familiarity or charming impertinence some of her admirers, there was that in her tone and gesture which instantly recalled to him the past. It was unmistakably Euphemia! His eyes instinctively sought Clementina's. She was gazing at him with such a grave, penetrating look—half doubting, half wistful—a look so unlike her usual unruffled calm—that he felt strangely stirred. But the next moment, when she rejoined him, the look had entirely gone. "You have not

seen my sister since you were at Sidon, I believe?" she said quietly. "She would be sorry to miss you." But Euphemia and her train were already passing them on the opposite side of the long table. She had evidently recognised Grant, yet the two sisters were looking intently into each other's eyes when he raised his own. Then Euphemia met his bow with a momentary accession of colour, a coquettish wave of her hand across the table, a slight exaggeration of her usual fascinating recklessness, and smilingly moved away. He turned to Clementina, but here an ominous tapping at the further end of the long table revealed the fact that Mr. Harcourt was standing on a chair with oratorical possibilities in his face and attitude. There was another forward movement in the crowd and—silence. In that solid, black broadclothed, respectable figure, that massive watch-chain, that white waistcoat, that diamond pin glistening in the satin cravat, Euphemia might have seen the realisation of her prophetic vision at Sidon five years before.

He spoke for ten minutes with a fluency and comprehensive businesslike directness that surprised Grant. He was not there, he said, to glorify what had been done by himself, his family, or his friends in Tasajara. Others who were to follow him might do that, or at least might be better able to explain and expatiate upon the advantages of the institution they had just opened, and its social, moral, and religious effect upon the community. He was there as a business man to demonstrate to them—as he had always done and always hoped to do—the money value of improvement; the profit—if they might choose to call it—of well-regulated and properly calculated speculation. The plot of land upon which they stood, of which the building occupied only one-eighth, was bought two years before for ten thousand dollars. When the plans of the building were completed a month afterwards, the value of the remaining seven-eighths had risen enough to defray the cost of

the entire construction. He was in a position to tell them that only that morning the adjacent property, subdivided and laid out in streets and building-plots, had been admitted into the corporate limits of the city; and that on the next anniversary of the building they would approach it through an avenue of finished dwellings! An outburst of applause followed the speaker's practical climax; the fresh young faces of his auditors glowed with invincible enthusiasm; the afternoon trade-winds, freshening over the limitless plain beyond, tossed the bright banners at the windows as with sympathetic rejoicing, and a few odorous pine shavings, overlooked in a corner in the hurry of preparation, touched by an eddy zephyr crept out and rolled in yellow ringlets across the floor.

The Reverend Doctor Pilsbury arose in a more decorous silence. He had listened approvingly, admiringly, he might say even reverently, to the preceding speaker. But although his distinguished friend had, with his usual modesty, made light of his own services and those of his charming family, he, the speaker, had not risen to sing his praises. No; it was not in this Hall, projected by his foresight and raised by his liberality, in this town, called into existence by his energy and stamped by his attributes; in this county, developed by his genius and sustained by his capital—ay, in this very State whose grandeur was made possible by such giants as he—it was not in any of these places that it was necessary to praise Daniel Harcourt, or that a panegyric of him would be more than idle repetition. Nor would he, as that distinguished man had suggested, enlarge upon the social, moral, and religious benefits of the improvement they were now celebrating. It was written on the happy, innocent faces, in the festive garb, in the decorous demeanour, in the intelligent eyes that sparkled around him—in the

presence of those of his parishioners whom he could meet as freely here to-day as in his own church on Sunday. What then could he say? What then was there to say? Perhaps he should say nothing if it were not for the presence of the young before him.—He stopped and fixed his eyes paternally on the youthful Johnny Billings, who with a half dozen other Sunday school scholars, had been marshalled before the reverend speaker.—And what was to be the lesson *they* were to learn from it? They had heard what had been achieved by labour, enterprise, and diligence. Perhaps they would believe, and naturally too, that what labour, enterprise, and diligence had done could be done again. But was that all? Was there nothing behind these qualities—which, after all, were within the reach of every one here? Had they ever thought that back of every pioneer, every explorer, every path-finder, every founder and creator, there was still another? There was no *terra incognita* so rare as to be unknown to one; no wilderness so remote as to be beyond a greater ken than theirs; no waste so trackless but that one had already passed that way! Did they ever reflect that when the dull sea ebbed and flowed in the *tules* over the very spot where they were now standing, who it was that also foresaw, conceived, and ordained the mighty change that would take place; who even guided and directed the feeble means employed to work it; whose spirit moved, as in still older days of which they had read, over the face of the stagnant waters? Perhaps they had. Who then was the real pioneer of Tasajara—back of the Harcourts, the Peters, the Billingses, and Wingates? The reverend gentleman gently paused for a reply. It was given in the clear but startled accents of the half-frightened, half-fascinated Johnny Billings, in three words:

"Lige Curtis, sir!"

(To be continued.)

HENRI PESTALOZZI.

YVERDON,—does any one know it? Out of the beaten track of Swiss tourists, it cannot boast of any snow-clad mountains, nor has it, like Fribourg, a world-renowned organ. No steamers stop here to land their load of passengers, and visitors, as they rush by in the train to Lausanne, hardly bestow a look at the little town scattered along the marshy ground at the southern extremity of the Lake of Neuchâtel. And yet it has a quiet beauty of its own. The waving line of the blue Jura looks down upon it; walnut and chestnut trees border the roads, and avenues of tall poplars lead down to the lake which lies asleep in the sunshine. On Tuesdays the town is full of blue-bloused peasants, who rattle in from the neighbouring villages in their charrs to buy and sell at the weekly market. Here are old women with hats tied under their chins, busily chattering away to each other; here in the market-place are booths spread out with strong-smelling cheeses (oh, how strong!), and a brisk traffic goes on in ready-made boots and clothes, wooden tubs, cherries, and in autumn grapes, for Yverdon is in a grape-growing canton—the Canton de Vaud—and the slopes above the town are covered with vineyards. In May, before the cattle go up to the mountains, the air is musical with the tinkling of cow-bells, long charrs drawn by oxen move slowly down the streets, past the tall clock in the centre of the town, and past the many-storied houses with their red-tiled roofs and green outside shutters. During the summer evenings the housewives sit at their doors, knitting and chatting together in voluble Swiss-French. But the great feature of the town is the castle, looking down on the market-place. It stands four-square with thick sturdy round towers, one at each

corner. There was always a castle at Yverdon, the very name—originally Ybrodunum—means a fortress on the alluvial ground. The old Roman edifice, which endured many sieges from Peter of Saxony, was rebuilt by Conrad of Zähringen in 1135, and afterwards became one of the principal strongholds of the Dukes of Savoy. Then came the revolt of the Swiss. The castle of Yverdon was held by the forces of the Confederation in 1475–6, as well as the neighbouring castle of Grandson about a mile and a half away. The Swiss garrison of Yverdon, however, was not hung up on the trees outside the castle, as their brethren of Grandson were; but they endured great privations, and it was not till after the battle of Grandson, that the troops of Charles the Bold were dispersed, and the tumult of war died away from the valley. The castle was used sometimes as a prison, but in 1804, when Pestalozzi arrived with his pupils and assistants, it was turned into a school, and a school it has remained ever since. Those loop-holed towers, where captives used to weep, have undergone a strange metamorphosis. Modern glass windows with faded green shutters peep out along the grim gray walls, and down the stone staircases, once trodden by knights and warriors, trip the feet of blue-bloused children on their way to their class-rooms. Even from the flag-tower, where an *oubliette* is still shown, the sound of children's voices can be heard, merrily singing their pretty French part-songs. For twenty years Pestalozzi carried out his schemes of educational reform in the castle of Yverdon. Here he had a primary school, a superior school, and a normal school for teachers, and here he received his numerous visitors from all parts of the world. He did not care

in what garments they found him ; his stockings were generally about his heels, and his hair and beard in disorder, but there was such a keen yet tender look in his face that every one, and especially children, were drawn to him.

"Imagine," says Professor Vulliemin, one of his pupils, "a very ugly little man with rough bristling hair, his face scarred with small-pox and covered with freckles, a pointed untidy beard, no neck-tie, ill-fitting trousers, stockings down and enormous shoes ; add to this a shuffling gait, eyes either large and flashing or half-closed as though turned within, features expressing either a profound sadness or the most peaceful happiness, speech now slow and musical, now thundering and hurried, and you will have some idea of the man we called 'Father Pestalozzi.' We loved him, yes, we all loved him, for he loved us all ; we loved him so much that when we lost sight of him for a time we felt sad and lonely, and when he came back to us again we could not turn away our eyes from him."

Pestalozzi boasted that he had not read a book for forty years. His teaching was addressed to the understanding rather than the memory, to draw out rather than to put in. "Make it your aim to develope the child," he was never tired of repeating, "and do not merely train him as you would train a dog, and as so many children in our schools are trained." "Our studies," says Professor Vulliemin, "were almost entirely based on number, form, and language. Language was taught us by sense-impression ; we were taught to see correctly, and in that way to form for ourselves a just idea of the relations of things. What we had thoroughly understood, we had no trouble in expressing correctly. The first elements of geography were taught us from the land itself. The pupils were taken to a narrow valley not far from Yverdon, and were made to-examine the details till they had got a good idea of it. They took back

some of the clay in baskets, and, after returning to the castle, they reproduced in relief the valley they had just studied, each taking the part given to him. Only when it was finished were they shown the map." These out-of-door excursions were a leading feature in Pestalozzi's system ; he was as great a believer in the teaching of Nature as Wordsworth himself. In a New Year's address to little children he says,—
 "Live in innocence and love ! Maintain your gaiety ! Live happily in Nature's arms, and keep your senses open to her impressions. Let your eye discover her beauties, and your ear her harmony. Follow her merrily over mountain and dale, whether fluttering in the shape of a butterfly over your head, or whether lying as a brilliant stone at your feet, or growing as a lovely flower before your eyes." During the excursions to the Jura, which Pestalozzi himself enjoyed as much as any child, there were frequent halts, when the little ones rested, and all sang the simple wild Alpine melodies that their masters loved to teach them. When they got to the high mountain pastures under the pines, they began to play games or collect herbs and minerals. On returning from these excursions, they had to describe them either by word of mouth or in writing.

Pestalozzi was so much interested in the games of the children, that at Burgdorf he would often let them go on undisturbed till ten o'clock, and on summer evenings, the pupils stayed out till eight or nine, looking for plants and minerals. His own passion for collecting minerals was so great, that once, when he was at Burgdorf, he wandered on and on, filling his handkerchief and pockets, till at last, having completely lost his way, he fell down dead-tired beside a ditch. Another evening, as he dragged wearily along near the gate of Soleure, with his handkerchief full of stones, he was arrested as a beggar and taken before the judge. The judge was out, and Pestalozzi had to wait a long time in

the ante-chamber with his conductor, who was much astonished when the judge, on his return, recognised Pestalozzi, and greeting him warmly invited him to supper.

Pestalozzi's intense love for the country and for country pursuits began early. Born at Zurich in 1746, the queer ugly little boy, left fatherless at six years of age, found small favour with either schoolfellows or schoolmasters. His schoolfellows ridiculed him and called him nick-names, and he made such wretched attempts at spelling and writing that his schoolmaster declared he would never be able to do anything well. But he was brought up at home by his mother and their old servant Babili, in an atmosphere of peace, love and devotion ; and peace, according to Mr. Ruskin, is the best blessing of childhood. They had to practise the most rigid economy ; it was only rarely that little Henri had any pocket-money, and at one of these times he was tempted into a shop by some sweets which he saw in the window. The little girl behind the counter, just seven years older than he was, refused to sell him anything, and advised him to keep his money till he could make a better use of it. This little girl, Anna Schultess, afterwards became his wife. It was during his holiday visits to his grandfather, the old pastor at Höngg, three miles from Zurich, that little Henri began to know the real joy of living. Höngg is beautifully situated among hills which slope down to the river Limmat and are covered with vineyards, fields and orchards, and here the boy Pestalozzi, who at Zurich used to listen to tales by the hour and imagine himself the hero of them, began to open his eyes and to love Nature with a great and exceeding love which never left him. It might have been said of him as Longfellow said of Agassiz :

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him, night and day,
The rhymes of the Universe.

It was at Höngg, too, as he went about with his grandfather visiting the sick and poor, that the desire to lessen the evil in the world began to grow strong. "When I am a man," he said, "I will be a pastor, like my grandfather." At another time, he said, "When I am big, I shall support the peasants ; they ought to have the same rights as the townspeople." After passing through the University of Zurich, he was ordained as a pastor, but he could not preach. He made one unsuccessful attempt at a sermon and then gave up the ministry. Law, too, was a failure. Then he turned his thoughts to practical farming. He put himself under Tschiffeli, the great agriculturist, for a year, and resolved to take a farm, and to grow vegetables and madder. For twenty-three pounds he bought fifteen acres of land near Birr in Argovia ; this quantity he increased from time to time by buying up small fields, and a Zurich merchant having advanced him £1,500, he was in a position to carry out his plans. He was engaged to Anna Schultess, who seconded him in everything he did. Their letters show how completely they were at one with each other. She says to him, "You might perhaps say that Nature had done little for you, if she had not given you those large dark eyes, which tell of all the goodness of your heart and the breadth of your mind." They were married on September 30th, 1769 ; Pestalozzi being twenty-three, and Anna thirty. In the spring of 1771 they settled in their new house, called Neu Hof or New Farm. They had one son, Jacobli, and it was while watching this child, and pointing out to him such things as that water runs down-hill, wood swims, and stones sink, that Pestalozzi began to feel his singular power of teaching, and turned all his attention to it. His agricultural schemes having proved a

Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story book
Thy father has written for thee."

disastrous failure, he determined to take in a number of vagrant children, and to clothe and feed them at his own expense. He kept them with him continually, working in the fields and in the garden, and in bad weather spinning cotton in a large out-house. He was in no hurry to teach them to read or write, the first thing was to teach them to think, to observe, and to speak. He also made them repeat passages from the Bible till they had learned them by heart. The experiment was made with twenty children, and in a few months they were so changed for the better that it was difficult to recognise them. The expression of their faces was altered; they were cheerful, happy, willing to learn and to work. Subscriptions came in from Berne, Basle, and other towns: masters to teach spinning and weaving were engaged; and soon there were as many as eighty children to provide for. Some arrived covered with rags and vermin; they had to be cleaned and fed, and Pestalozzi always gave them the best potatoes in the dish, and kept the worst for himself. "I lived like a beggar," he says, "to teach beggars to live like men."

After two years Pestalozzi was as poor as the poorest of his children. The farm had to be let for the benefit of his creditors; the children had to be sent away, and he and his family were without food, fuel, or money, and often suffered from cold and want. They still lived at Neu-hof, forsaken and scoffed at by everybody. For thirty years Pestalozzi's life, as he says himself, was a well nigh hopeless struggle with the most frightful poverty. His wife was in bad health, and only for the devotion of a servant, Elizabeth Naef, they could hardly have survived this period of depression and distress. "Many and many a time," says Pestalozzi, "I have gone without a dinner, and eaten in bitterness a crust by the roadside at a time when even the poorest were seated round a table." Urged by his friend, Iselin, he had written a paper, *The Evening Hour of*

a Hermit, which Iselin had published in the *Ephemerides*, but it attracted little attention. He happened to send a little satirical notice about the Zurich Council and the regulations which they had drawn up concerning the dress of the officials, to his friend Fuseli, the bookseller, who showed it to his brother the painter. His exclamation was, "To a man who can write like this, his pen is a fortune in itself." This was repeated to Pestalozzi, who was in such dire distress, that he said, "I would have made periwigs to get bread for my wife and child." He set to work to read Marmontel's *Tales*, and made some attempts to imitate their style. Then the idea occurred to him of writing about the peasants that were round him, and whom he knew so well. The result was *Leonard and Gertrude*. It relates the troubles of some Swiss villagers, simple annals of the poor. Gertrude, a brave, clever, active and devoted woman is in great distress because her husband drinks and has run himself into debt. She goes to the Count, his landlord, with her child in her arms, and tells her tale. The Count listens and arranges to rebuild a church, and to appoint Leonard contractor. Leonard sends word to the labourers to assemble on a certain day, and we are taken into the houses of the different labourers, and see how the message is received. The whole village is tyrannised over by a grasping dishonest bailiff, who keeps a wine-shop, and tries to entrap his victims beyond recovery by lending them money at usurious interest. The bailiff's villainies are exposed in the end, and some touches of humour come in when he is terrified by the supposed apparition of the devil with horns and hoofs, in reality the Count's gamekeeper, who had dressed himself in a goat-skin, and who finds the bailiff's pickaxe and shovel in the wood at night, and drags them after him. Pestalozzi was too poor to buy paper to write his story on; it was written on the margins and between the lines of old account-books. It was

shown to a friend, who found it wanting in literary style, and tried to make the peasants talk like philosophers. Another more discerning friend prepared it for the press, and got a Berlin bookseller to publish it. It was completely successful, and the first volume was followed by three others. But Pestalozzi felt that he had not yet attained the aim of his life. In fact, his development was so extremely slow, that at the age of fifty-one his system was only in embryo. With the burning of Stanz by the French, in 1798, a new period began. It was then that he took charge of a number of orphan children in a dilapidated convent, and worked day and night watching over them. All of them were ragged, most of them were ignorant, many of them were vicious. He says: "I was alone with them from morning till night. It was my hand that supplied all their wants, both of body and soul. We wept and smiled together. We shared our food and drink. I had neither family, friends nor servants, nothing but them. I was with them waking and sleeping, in sickness and in health, I was the last to go to bed, and the first to get up. In the bedroom I prayed with them, and at their own request taught them till they fell asleep. Their clothes and bodies were intolerably filthy, but I looked after both myself, and was thus constantly exposed to the risk of contagion."

Pestalozzi had now full opportunity for carrying out his system. As before, he combined study with manual labour, the school with the workshop. He did not at first try so much to teach them to read, as to give them exercises to call out their reasoning faculties. He himself learned with them, and those who learned best were made helpers to teach others. He had an extraordinary power of awakening a desire for knowledge. Lessons became such a pleasure and delight that often when, after supper, he said, "Children, will you go to bed or learn something?" their answer was, "Learn something." Their moral development kept pace

with their intellectual progress. When the neighbouring town of Altdorf was burnt down, he gathered the children together, and said, "Altdorf has been burnt down; perhaps at this very moment there are a hundred children there without home, food or clothes. Will you not ask our good Government to let twenty of them come and live with us?" They eagerly cried, "Yes! yes!" "But, my children," he said, "think of what you are asking. Even now we have scarcely money enough, and it is not at all certain that, if these poor children came to us, the Government would give us any more than they do at present; so that you might have to work harder, and share your clothes with these children, and sometimes perhaps to go without food." Yet still the answer was "Yes! yes! we are quite ready to work harder, to eat less, to share our clothes, for we want them to come." After a year, however, the convent had to be given up for a barrack, and the school was dispersed. Again Pestalozzi's work seemed a failure, and people said nothing could be done with him, he was queer in the head. But he was now more than ever possessed by enthusiasm for his method. He would educate or die. "I cannot live without my aim," he says. "I am like a man who rests for a few moments on a rock in the sea, impatient all the time to go on swimming."

We next find him at Burgdorf, or as it is in French, Berthoud, where he undertook to teach without salary a preparatory class of children from five to eight years old. Being under rules, and not free as at Stanz, he was in perpetual fear of dismissal, yet he tried his favourite plan of placing large drawings before the eyes of the children, which he taught them to observe and describe. One day, as he was making them study the drawing of a window, one of the children cried, "Could we not learn as well from the window itself as from this drawing?" Pestalozzi saw at once that the child was right; he put his drawings away,

and this was the beginning of his famous plan of object-lessons. Anything would do for an object-lesson, even a hole in the paper of the school-room. For arithmetic, he had little boards divided into squares with dots on them, which the pupils had to count, add, subtract, multiply and divide. They neither read nor wrote, they had neither books nor copy-books, they learnt nothing by heart. For drawing they were given slates and red chalk, and told to draw anything they liked.

Some looked on the method as childish folly, but the pupils learned how to learn by it. They liked to learn, too, because Pestalozzi had found out how to teach. It was just at this time that he needed helpers to organise and systematise his plans, and helpers came. The principal one was Krusi, a school-master from Appenzell, who brought up a band of children from Gais to Burgdorf. The schools of Krusi, Fischer, and Pestalozzi were united at the castle of Burgdorf. Another assistant was Buss, a bookbinder's apprentice with a genius for music and singing. Some of Buss's friends tried to prevail on him to have nothing to do with Pestalozzi: "He is all but a madman," they said; "he never quite knows what he wants, and has even been seen in the streets of Basle with his shoes tied on with straw." This was the case, for Pestalozzi, being anxious to help a poor man outside the town-gates, had given him his shoe-buckles because he had no money at hand. Buss, however, had read *Leonard and Gertrude*, and guessed what the man was with whom he had to deal.

Strengthened by these efficient helpers, Pestalozzi's institute at Burgdorf grew and prospered. The children's progress in drawing and geometry astonished all who saw it. They treated the most complicated calculations of fractions as the simplest thing in the world. Problems which usually required careful work on paper, they did easily in their heads, giving the correct answers in a few minutes.

Children of from six to eight were able to draw difficult geometrical figures without rule or compass, and a child of ten, who had only been a pupil of Pestalozzi for ten months, reduced a map of Scandinavia to a smaller scale in an hour with ease and exactness. The Report of the Commissioners on Public Education was eminently favourable, and a normal school was instituted in the castle to which every month a dozen schoolmasters were to come for lessons. Changes, however, were at hand. In 1803 the newly-constituted Government of Berne took possession of the castle of Burgdorf; it was made once more the residence of the Prefect of the district, and Pestalozzi and his institute had to leave. For a year they found refuge at Munchenbuchsee, and then being invited to Yverdon, Pestalozzi, with Krusi, Niederer and Buss departed there, and took up their quarters in the castle. His system was now fully developed, and his matured views had been published in a book called *How Gertrude Educated her Children*. This was the most important of all Pestalozzi's educational works, and was widely read. It was followed by the *Manual for Mothers*. How conscious Pestalozzi was of his own failings and defects, and how grateful he was for any measure of appreciation, may be seen by the following outburst from one of his books written at this time.

I have lost everything and lost myself, and yet, O God, Thou hast kept my life's desire alive within me. Thou hast not blotted out before me the aim which has caused my sorrows, but Thou hast preserved my work in spite of my errors. I was drawing near to my tomb in hopelessness, but Thou hast filled my evening with brightness, and softened the sorrows of my life. I am not worthy, Lord, of Thy compassion and trust. Thou alone hast had pity on the crushed worm. Thou hast not broken the bruised reed nor quenched the smoking flax, nor hast Thou ever averted Thy face from the offering which from my childhood I have striven, but striven in vain, to bring to the outcasts of the world.

The family life—for Pestalozzi made his school into a family—which had been commenced at Burgdorf, was continued at Yverdon on a more extended scale. He soon had a hundred and fifty pupils and forty student-teachers. The masters were not paid, but their wants were supplied, and if one of them wanted a coat or a pair of shoes, he took the money for it. We have seen something of the pleasant excursions to the Jura, and at mid-day there was often an hour's recreation for swimming in the lake. Lessons commenced before seven A.M. and, after breakfast, at eight, they began again, but only lasted till ten. At one o'clock, dinner of soup, meat, and vegetables; and lessons again from half-past one to four. The pupils were allowed to take their afternoon meal consisting of cheese, fruit, or bread and butter wherever they liked, in the fields by the lake, or in the garden of the castle where every child had his little plot. From six to eight more lessons, and then supper. Pestalozzi often used to take the pupils singly into a corner of his room, and ask them in a low voice if they had not something to tell him, some question to put to him? He tried to gain their confidence, to find out if they were happy, what pleased or what vexed them. There were often festivals, the greatest of which was on Pestalozzi's birthday, January 12th. Songs were composed and sung in his honour, and branches of fir, ivy, and moss were brought in from the woods. Some of the mottoes ran thus: "In summer you bring us to see Nature, to-day we bring Nature to you." On the fortieth anniversary of "Father Pestalozzi's" marriage, September 30th, 1809, there were great rejoicings, beautiful songs, a discourse by Niederer, and a grand supper for five hundred people, followed by a dance opened by Pestalozzi and his wife. She lived till 1815, and her tombstone may be seen in the cemetery of Yverdon. The fame of Pestalozzi's Institute

spread rapidly. Savants from Germany, France, Austria, Russia and even from the United States came to visit it, and the King of Prussia sent seventeen pupils at the expense of the Government to be educated there. Queen Louisa wrote in her Diary, "If I were my own mistress I should at once go to Switzerland and see Pestalozzi." "The King of Wurtemberg," wrote one of his Ministers, "is become Pestalozzean from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot." But clouds had begun to gather. Dissensions arose amongst the masters. Schmidt, Pestalozzi's favourite master, whom he had trained from a boy, could not get on with Niederer. He was sent away, and then, when the financial difficulties grew serious, as they always did when Pestalozzi held the purse-strings, he was recalled. By the sale of a complete subscription edition of Pestalozzi's works, the debts were cleared, but the dissensions went on. The Institute gradually declined; Niederer went to law with Schmidt, and Pestalozzi vainly implored his friends to free him from the tortures of their miserable squabbles. At last he left Yverdon with Schmidt in March 1825, and found a home with his grandson, Gottlieb, at Neuhof, the home of his early dreams. It is with Yverdon, however, that his name will always be associated; his success is bound up with it, as well as his failures. Shortly before he left, he founded an infant school at Clendy, a village close to Yverdon, which was the first of its kind. At Neuhof, he wrote *The Song of the Swan*, and *The Experiences of My Life*. In the winter of 1827, he caught cold in the snow, and died at Brugg after a short illness at the age of eighty-one. "He seemed to be smiling at the angel that came to fetch him," said those who stood by his death-bed.

"I wish," he said, "to be buried under the eaves of the school [a school which he had wished to build], and that my name alone should be engraved on the stone which covers me;

when the drops of water have made a hole in the stone, then perhaps people may be more just to my memory, than they have been to myself during my life." These words have been verified. Sixty-four years have passed since Pestalozzi's death, and his system is now a living power in every school throughout the world, and he himself is awakening fresh interest every day. His life, written by his pupil Roger de Guimps, has been lately translated into English by Mr. Russell.¹ One of the new streets at Berlin is called Pestalozzi Street, and there is already one so named at Vienna. The summer of 1890 witnessed a remarkable spectacle, the inauguration of a statue of Pestalozzi, which was unveiled in the market-place at Yverdon on July 5th, amidst choruses of rejoicing and garlands of flowers. Children sang *Gloire à Pestalozzi, Gloire à l'ami de la jeunesse!* Bells rang,

¹ I am indebted to Mr. Russell's translation of Roger de Guimps' *Life of Pestalozzi* for most of the extracts given in this article.

speeches were made, bands played. The statue is by the Swiss artist, Alfred Lanz, and was on view at the Paris Exhibition. Pestalozzi is standing: with one arm he encircles a little girl; on the other side, a bare-legged boy, holding a book, looks up into his benefactor's face with confidence and affection. The wonderful expression of fatherly love and benevolence, which gave Pestalozzi's rugged face a beauty all its own, is there: and we seem to hear him saying, as he so often said to his adopted children, "And you, too, mean to be wise and good, do you not?" On the base of the statue are inscribed the words from his epitaph at Birr: "Benefactor of the poor at Neuhof, father of the orphans at Stanz, founder of the National School at Burgdorf, educator of the people at Yverdon. Everything for others—for himself, nothing!" On the other side, are his own immortal words,—“I lived like a beggar to teach beggars to live like men.”

C. J. HAMILTON.

FRUIT-GROWING IN FLORIDA.

MORE than a year ago an article of mine appeared in this Magazine, dealing with the life which our young men may expect to lead when they first go out to Florida. If I may judge from the numerous letters which I have since received from correspondents,—as far west as California and as far east as India—many people are deeply interested in the conditions of life and work in the Peninsula State. Recognising their interest, and conscious of the importance of intelligent and rightly directed emigration, I have been led to write this unvarnished account of the possibilities for those who migrate to Florida with a more or less moderate amount of capital. Emigration is an ever-growing necessity, and it is becoming increasingly important to make a right choice of a field for one's enterprise. Personally—and I am speaking from observation in various countries—I am of opinion that fruit-growing is a more suitable occupation for those who are of gentle birth and breeding, than farming or ranching. Particularly is this the case in Florida, where every one is in contact with such civilisation as is implied in a daily paper, a railway station, and agreeable society—as often English as not. Ice-cream parties and private theatricals (if that can be called private to which the whole country-side be bidden) may be scouted by the pioneer, but they represent and incorporate that desire of community which springs eternal in the individual breast.

One usually enters Florida by the gateway city of the State,—Jacksonville. This is a prosperous town, and the largest in the country; it is the great market town of the Florida settler, and its position on the river St. John makes it easy of access by steamer

both from the interior of the State and such external ports as New York, Nassau, and Havana. Westward of Jacksonville lies the northern division of Florida,—a district well sprinkled with orange-groves gleaming in the breaks of the pine-woods. But the orange is not supreme here; for Northern Florida, by its comparative remoteness from the Gulf Stream and its vicinity to the main bulk of that continent which stretches in almost unbroken continuity to the North Pole, is liable to frosts which easily destroy a year's harvest in a night. Here it is, however, where one finds the great *truckers*,—those who grow vegetables and the hardier fruits, the cultivation of which is called *trucking* in America. This, in fact, is the Trucking-Belt. There are many Englishmen settled within this belt,—men whose capital was too small to make profitable orange-growing a certainty, or men who have preferred to put their eggs into more than one basket. This is emphatically the region of the pear, just as Central Florida is that of the orange, and Southern Florida that of the pine-apple. And I should like to point out that the large orchards of Le Conte pears which abound in this district are as productive, and may be made as profitable, as orange-groves. It may seem more idyllic to grow oranges, but, believe me, pear-growing is quite as good a business. The Le Conte pear,—and this variety has been found by experience to be the most remunerative—begins to fruit at four or five years; when ten years old it may stand fifteen or twenty feet high, and bear anything from ten to fifteen bushels of pears. For these pears one can get from two to five dollars a bushel—that is, at low computation, about £4 *per tree*. I would impress

upon the small capitalist the advantage of settling in Northern Florida and growing potatoes (sweet and Irish), tomatoes, cabbages, onions, and the like, while his pear-grove is maturing. He is not dependent on one crop nor on one season: nearly the whole year round he has something for sale; and if he has the sagacity to settle on a line of communication, whether by rail or river, he can market his crop without loss of time or personal inconvenience.

With regard to the Orange-Belt, it is evidently rather difficult to draw a hard-and-fast line as to its limits when one can find orange-groves in the northern and southern extremities of the Peninsula. The Orange-Belt, however, may be defined as the region where the orange is cultivated most exclusively and with the best results; where, in fact, the conditions of the environment are most uniformly favourable. Such a region is bounded on the north by the parallel of 30° and on the south by that of 28°: between these limits the orange is supreme; and it is here that we find nine-tenths of our countrymen settled.

For one cannot ride far in this district without coming in sight of an English home, — English unmistakably, though with a Florida complexion. Sometimes it may be the rough hut of the young settler who balances his small capital by a surplus of pluck and vitality—if indeed one can have a surplus of such good stock: sometimes, again, it is the bungalow, set in a flourishing grove, of the man who has served his apprenticeship and is about to enter into the reward of his labours; and sometimes it is the comfortable home of the middle-aged and married Englishman, who has invested capital to some extent, or is living in affluence on an income which in conventional England meant shabby gentility.

A journey through this Orange-Belt is indeed pleasant, whether one rides through the open glades of long-leaved pine-trees or steams up the

river St. John and across the lakes into which it ever and again expands. In the latter case, as reach after reach of that river slips by, as the lake-shores draw away on either hand, we see the pine-woods pushed back to the horizon and in their stead a landscape filled with orange-groves. Mile after mile there reach away from the banks the long dark avenues of trees, glistening with glossy foliage, spangled with golden fruit. Here and there in the midst of the groves rise the homes of the fruit-growers. Such architecture as they may possess, though varied in detail, is uniform in principle. They all have deep shingle roofs, pointed gables, wide verandahs. They are all built of wood,—wood which is brightly, even audaciously painted. In one case a red roof crowns walls of buff and pale green; in another, a white roof surmounts and shadows an edifice daringly decorated in pink and blue. Yet with all the variety of colour,—and it is certainly great—there is nothing to jar on the æsthetic sense. Overhead the sky is so gorgeously blue; at our feet the lake is so refulgent; around us the orange-groves gleam and glitter so continuously,—recalling a shimmering midsummer sea—what wonder if these Florida bungalows, perched among the green, are more like great tropical butterflies than that cold formal thing which home becomes under our grayer skies! How fair this Florida scene! And yet the prospect becomes the more alluring when we know how many Englishmen have made their homes here, how many are leading a happy life in this great orange region.

As one travels south and approaches the limit of the Belt signs of the decreasing supremacy of the citrus family are found in the plantations of sugar which crop up on either hand. Sugar may be, and indeed is, grown farther north, but the low-lying moist area which we have reached is pre-eminently the right district for both sugar and rice. At present the growth of either is not great, though it has a

natural tendency to increase; and before long we find ourselves crossing the swampy country which lies between Lake Okeechobee, the largest lake in Florida, and Charlotte Harbour, a deep bay on the Gulf coast. This is the Ranch Region of Florida.

Ranching, though the least known, is the oldest industry of Florida. For a great number of years cattle-raising for the Cuban and West Indian markets has been an occupation of the active Floridan. From Punta Gorda and Punta Rassa, ports on Charlotte Harbour, about 10,000 head of cattle are annually exported to Cuba. They are not fattened and, indeed, are only rounded up just before exportation; consequently the beef is wretched stuff and the fourteen or fifteen dollars paid for each of the beesves may be considered quite as much as they are worth. The pasture is poor and the breed still poorer; and although there is a movement afoot to improve both, there can be little doubt that as the southern countries are settled, herds will diminish in size and the range of pasturage be greatly restricted. Ranching as ranching will gradually die, and dairy-farming will reign in its stead.

It is just here where I should place the northern limit of the pine-apple. This luscious fruit may be grown as far north as Apopka, but it is killed by the slightest frost. I have known men who grew pine-apples as far north as Palatka, but they were compelled to cover them up at night and on chilly days, and the product was always poor. This is not the way to take advantage of your climate. But south of Charlotte Harbour (27°) and on all the Keys pine-apples may be grown in very remunerative quality and quantity, and it is here that we find the money being made. When you harvest 5,000 pines to an acre and realise an average of twenty-five cents or one shilling apiece for them, it does not take long to earn a comfortable living on this one crop. The level lands, the light sandy soil, and the sub-tropical climate tempered

by the gulf and ocean breezes of this portion of the State, make the life of the pine-grower neither laborious nor unhealthy. For a man with small capital, there is plenty of money to be made in the south of Florida by growing pines for the northern markets.

I will now touch briefly on the chief fruits of Florida and point out—also briefly—their relative merits as a means of livelihood. The great citrus family naturally claims the first place, and I will take in order its three chief members—the orange, the lemon, and the lime.

To grow the orange requires a good deal of capital (or a small income), and capital and income may be equally unavailing if the necessary persistence be wanting. Speaking generally, I would advise no one to expect orange-growing to prove an ample means for livelihood if he is not prepared to invest a capital of, say, £1,500. Of course if he produces other fruits or vegetables till the newly-planted orange trees come to bearing, then it is another matter, and a grove may be gradually created at comparatively small expense. This is a good plan if one is situated well within the Orange-Belt. An average grove, which should be planted with sixty trees to the acre, is remunerative enough. Suppose, for instance, in a well-ordered grove we find the average age of the trees to be ten years (six years old from date of setting out), we may reasonably conclude that each tree will bear two hundred oranges, which should net the owner one cent apiece or eight shillings the tree. Multiply this by sixty and we have close upon £25 an acre net receipts. But this is the beginning; the increase comes with a rush. Suppose we wait another four years—ten years in all since the setting out of the grove. What is the tree bearing now? Why, a thousand oranges! And that is £2 a tree, or £120 per acre!

Now this is perfect fact, only I want the intending settler to remember one thing. It is only with constant care

and judicious treatment that the orange tree will give the most it can. Granted these important conditions, and orange-growing will pay well enough. There is not much fear of orange-growing being overdone. In spite of the enormous crop which Florida produces annually the United States still imports seven hundred millions of oranges from Europe! And we must remember two things: first, that the United States is sternly Protectionist, so that the home-producer has every advantage; and, secondly, that the Americans probably eat more fruit in the course of the twenty-four hours than all the inhabitants of Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland together! But I would insist on the necessity of capital for growing oranges or lemons. It is most essential that a man has *enough*, whether he is the happy individual who makes ten shillings go as far as the ordinary pound, or whether he invert this sensible plan and err on the side of extravagance.

Lemon-growing has much the same conditions attached to it as orange-growing, only there is this difference; the lemon is slightly more sensitive to climatic change and low temperature. Therefore the northern limit of the Lemon-Belt must be placed a good degree farther south—that is, at the 29th parallel of north latitude. Similarly, I should extend its southern limit a good degree farther south; but in this latitude there is not a large area suitable for its culture. The profitable character of lemon-growing has been amply proved, although it is in a more tentative stage than orange-culture. Many inferior kinds have been planted, and therefore there are a number of groves which do not form good examples. At one time, the pioneers in lemon-growing could not produce fruit of a marketable size; their lemon was an unsavoury, rough-coated monstrosity—quite as large as grapefruit. But experience has taught those who had nothing else to guide them, and any one now

entering on the culture of the lemon has that precious investment of others for a guide. I recommend any one who is located in the Lemon-Belt to plant as many trees as he can afford to cultivate.

The lime also has a future in Florida, though it is the most sensitive of the whole citrus family. Here again the northern limit must be curtailed,—say, for safety's sake, by another degree. I might mention here that owing to the beneficent influence of the Gulf Stream, the isotherms of Florida may be drawn at an angle of about 30° to the lines of latitude from west to east. Thus Punta Rassa and the Indian River Inlet would have the same isotherm. The lime is very prolific, and, as it is much smaller than either the orange or lemon tree, it can be planted more closely. Eighty or ninety lime trees to the acre would not be overcrowding, as it certainly would be in the case of the orange or lemon.

I have referred to the pine-apple, and should like to say that this fruit can be made extremely profitable provided the grower makes up his mind to cultivate it only in its proper region. Grown under legitimate conditions, it will pay as well as anything that Florida can produce. I have already stated that its northern limit must be set down as 27°. Southward, within the tropics, it has of course no limit. The pine which is commonly grown in what I may term sub-tropical Florida ranges from two to four pounds in average weight; but finer varieties are now being introduced, and this average weight will soon go up with a bound. The pine usually requires two years to fruit, if planted from the slip; some eight thousand may be planted to the acre, and sixty per cent. of that number may be harvested. Of course it must be remembered that the pine is a tropical fruit and seldom reaches its full perfection anywhere in Florida. But nevertheless there is an excellent winter-market for it in the northern States, and a good livelihood may be made. The banana, again, which may

be found growing all over Florida, can only be profitably cultivated below the parallel of 27° —say (bearing in mind the isotherm), south of a line drawn from the Caloosahatchee River to the Indian River Inlet. It is absurd to attempt the culture of the banana on a large scale north of this isotherm. The dwarf banana (*Musa Cavendishii*) is the variety most suitable to Florida soil. It yields most prolifically and the flavour is delicious. The banana fruits the second year,—never the first. It is particular as to its soil, preferring one that is low, rich, and moist; but when the fruit-grower has found this, he may plant a thousand bulbs or suckers to the acre. Supposing he net the low price of ten cents a bunch, and have, say, one thousand bunches to the acre, there arises the net profit of one hundred dollars or £20 per acre. This is not very great, and as the banana is sometimes fickle to fortune, I would not advise any one to enter on that industry to any large extent.

The cocoa-nut has attracted a deal of capital lately, and if we may believe one-half the statements of the growers, it should be a capital investment for those who like the sort of life that dwelling in the extreme south of the Peninsula or on the Keys must mean. Certainly the coast of South Florida is well adapted to their growth, for cocoanuts demand salt water, salt atmosphere, and limestone or coralline soil. They are planted a hundred to the acre, and begin to bear at from eight to ten years. The average yield of a tree is a hundred nuts, and it goes on bearing to a great age. The cocoa-nut, however, though it may be attractive to the speculator, holds out no charm to the man who wants to make a livelihood quickly and cheaply in Florida.

I have already referred to the pear, which is the most profitable fruit that can be grown in Northern Florida. I can recommend it, and in particular that variety known as the Le Conte pear, without reservation. It begins to bear at five years, and at ten it will

produce from ten to fifteen bushels of fruit. The tree is very handsome, and Florida has proved a most congenial soil for it. The success of the Le Conte has been most conspicuous, and it is a perfectly safe investment. It is unaffected by such frost as Florida knows, and there is always a steady demand for it.

The strawberry must not be omitted from this list. Florida does not produce a better strawberry than many of the other States, but it produces it much earlier. For instance, the strawberry crop can be marketed in January and February, and I have seen strawberries sold in New York at a dollar a quart in the latter month. From a thousand to fifteen hundred quarts per acre may be reasonably expected; two thousand quarts per acre are frequently realised. The farther south one goes, the earlier one can produce; but it should be remembered that the farther south the less certainty. I have known the greater part of a strawberry crop literally burnt up by the sun. At the same time, the much larger profits obtainable by being a month earlier in the market have induced growers to drain and irrigate their subsoil, in order to prevent this burning-up; and this has given excellent results. But without going to this expense and trouble, and supposing one is settled in the northern section of the State, it is certain that the crop can be marketed before that of any other State, that one shilling a quart can be netted, and that at least one thousand quarts per acre can be produced. Is not this a sufficiently remunerative crop?

Before concluding this list of occupations in which the majority of our countrymen in Florida are engaged, I should like to refer to the oyster-farming and sponge-fishing which have attractions for many. Florida is girdled on both sides with an almost continuous oyster-bed. On the Gulf coast a number of oyster farms are in full working, and at Cedar Keys they have actually started canning the de-

lectable morsel. Dredging for oysters is unknown in Florida; they are captured by tongs, and the process is called *tonging*. These tongs are some fourteen feet in length and are made of slender pliable ash. To the extremity is attached what I might call a steel jaw, with a formidable row of teeth each about four inches in length. There are generally two men in each boat, one engaged in tonging, the other in sorting and sizing the oysters. At Tampa about one hundred barrels are taken per diem, and at Cedar Keys about the same amount. About half are sent away in the shell and half canned. The price per barrel is three shillings; wholesale dealers, however, receive five shillings, and if the oysters are opened rather over three shillings a gallon. There is a decided outlook for this business, cheap though the oyster be. I have seldom paid more than fivepence a dozen for them in Florida!

There is yet another marine crop worth the harvesting, and that is the sponge. From Appalachicola to Key West sponges may be taken in vast numbers. There are at Key West at least one hundred and fifty sponging boats; and the Key West natives claim that they export five hundred thousand pounds of sponge per annum. That may be so, but I doubt it. The sponges, which are found in water from five to twenty feet deep, are hooked up from their beds, and then laid out in the sun till life is extinct. They are then beaten, cleaned, and dried. My reader is no doubt aware that the Mediterranean sponge is considered particularly fine, and is consequently most expensive; but I should like to tell him that an enormous number of Florida sponges are shipped to Paris, whence, after being finished off, they issue to the world as of Mediterranean origin!

And now one word as to the social condition of the English in Florida. They are, in the first place, either settled singly or in colonies. The latter is perhaps the better method

for the married man whose wife and family need that social life which the colonies possess in a marked degree. Moreover there is the advantage of co-operation in business as well as in pleasure. On the other hand, there are innumerable instances of success being achieved by the man who settles down in a district as yet unoccupied by his countrymen. This is probably due to the fact that he is alone among strangers who are at least undeniably acute. In order to insure that in the survival of the fittest himself shall survive, he makes those exertions which are necessary for success. But there are many advantages which the isolated settler must lose,—which indeed can only be found in the colonies, in that they emanate directly from the common life. There is that co-operation in labour which, rightly utilised, saves expense and time; there is the exemplification of all gradations of success and failure, and he will be singularly blind to his own interests who does not learn from those examples what, at least, to avoid. Opportunities for that unity which is strength lie scattered round him, and he has himself only to thank if he chooses to combine for folly rather than for mutual profit. There is the club-house, also, where papers and magazines from the Old Country are to be read—and where this very article will be read; where concerts and debates allure, and where amateur theatricals may serve to remind him of the eternal truth that the amateur actor would be a capital fellow, were it not for his acting!

The society, too, is good. It is no social ostracism to migrate to Florida. Changed though the sky may be, the manners are the same. Though four thousand miles from home, one is still among home-folk. And in the evening one adds to the labour of the day the pleasant indulgence of social festivity. The wide verandahs are lighted up; numerous arm-chairs and little tables are brought out from the surrounding rooms; visitors, unbidden but welcome, ride or drive up to your house and tether

their horses to the nearest fence ; music and song, jest and laughter, and, I suppose, I should add, gossip and scandal, follow one another through the calm cool evening, and with the greater ease by reason of the absence of Mrs. Grundy. The lights fall upon the shirt-sleeved groups of colonists and then strike against the buggies and buckboards which form a cab-rank beside the fence. So still is the air that the candles burn without a flicker ; so clear is the sky, that the very stars cast the shadows of the pine-trees across your garden ground.

Such a corollary to the work of the day is good for us all ; it is especially

good when we are living in a new country, carving our fortunes out of the virgin soil. The essential amenities of society are preserved among men who, it is quite conceivable, might otherwise roughen into the vigorous but rude simplicity of the pioneer. With the entrance of a lady into the arena of colonial life, the more wholesome of drawing-room graces revive in a moment ; and the bronzed and bearded settlers who loafed in to patronise the new arrival willingly remain to be cast into slavery.

ARTHUR MONTEFIORE.

SALOME.

SHE was a nurse-child. One of the small waifs and strays who find their way into life, trailing no clouds of glory with them. From the earliest weeks of infancy she had resided at a baby-farm at Tottenham, a locality which continues to maintain a commercial distinction in that particular line of business. Here, in a four-roomed cottage, the smallest amount of nutriment compatible with life was administered to the little Salome by an experienced matron of motherly appearance.

Mrs. Rasper was known to have reared some scores of babies, and nothing was distinctly said about the hundreds she had sacrificed. It must be allowed that the hundreds were for the better part undesired "love" children, whose payments were not punctual and whose very existences were a drag or an outrage to their parents. For the majority of babies under Mrs. Rasper's care appeared to have but one responsible parent. If by any singular chance a father more conscientious than the rest put in a claim to some atom of humanity, the worthy lady in charge took good care to extract double fees, and to mulct him satisfactorily of clothes and a perambulator. It was really quite astonishing to note the number of perambulators that found their way in at Mrs. Rasper's front door and out at the back. It would almost have appeared that this far-seeing matron had entered into an agreement with a neighbouring manufacturer to take back these vehicles at a slight reduction.

The little Salome, being endowed with singular vitality, struggled through an infancy of neglect, varied by soothing poisons recommended by a quack practitioner as subversive of infantile frets and disorders. Under

these adverse circumstances she vainly essayed to grow pretty. Her contour was sharp, with none of the dimpling curves of prosperous infancy, her skin drawn and bloodless, her scanty hair without colour or strength. Still she had beautifully pencilled eyebrows, and her eyes were strange and lustrous, exercising a haunting attraction by their wistfulness.

It cannot be said that the foster-mother was actually cruel to this little boarder, beyond the matter of neglect. Salome was not beaten and she was fed irregularly on scraps of the good lady's favourite viands, which consisted mainly of strong and succulent meats.

It was not desirable that this particular child should die, whether she had been lawfully begotten or not, inasmuch as her board was paid for with punctuality, each month in advance, and she was from time to time provided with clothes of good quality, clothes too evidently superior for the Tottenham fields. Such very superfluous garments promptly found their way to a second-hand dealer's shop and were transformed into the more satisfactory shape of gin. Salome, unconscious of any wrong done to her, would suck her thumb and gaze out of her wistful eyes with a speculative stare at the results of such appropriation.

To watch her foster-mother grow hilarious and finally to see her sink incapable into a drunken slumber was no uncommon experience. The other sickly babies might moan and fret in their several cradles through the weary night, but the more philosophic and enduring Salome would accept the evil conditions of her lot, and lie in silence watching the flickering of the lamp till a merciful sleep closed her eyelids.

As the child grew older her unusual precocity made her a useful ally. When she was but three years of age she was set to rock cradles and trusted to administer bottles, if Mrs. Rasper was called abroad on pleasure or duty. It must be confessed that she had no natural maternal instincts, and from her earliest infancy she regarded a doll with extreme contempt. Was not the world itself a succession of troublesome dolls, and life made up of endless frets and moans? What need for any counterfeit presentments? Small wonder that her little soul hardened to the mystery of pain, which was so universal a matter and seemed a necessary part of all existence. Her strange, unchildlike face presented the same uncomplaining aspect to all the miseries of her lot—to cold and heat, hunger, thirst, and suffering. Who could tell that she suffered acutely, and that only the force of adverse circumstances had taught her how vain it was to cry out?

Salome was nearly five before a rescue came in the shape of a very elegant young person who was evidently French. From the sole of her neat boot to the tip of her well-fitting gloves, she was dainty in her apparel. Her voice was strung to a high nasal pitch which her contempt of Mrs. Rasper's surroundings accentuated. Her errand had not put her in the best of tempers. With a scornful gesture and a volley of rapid speech she declined the proffered hospitality of refreshment. Happily the motherly hostess was thick-skinned and knew nothing of foreign tongues. Otherwise she had been equal to matching Mademoiselle Fanchette's linguistic attainments in her own tongue. In the matter of oaths and rhetorical expression Mrs. Rasper could accomplish great things, and it was some years before Salome effaced violent epithets from her vocabulary and realised that such were not comprised in the language of an everyday world.

Though Mademoiselle Fanchette's uncomprehended objurgations had but

little effect on the child's foster-mother, this personage was fully alive to the satisfaction of forfeit-money in lieu of notice of removal. The sight of two gold coins of the realm removed a mountain of prejudice in favour of keeping Salome. Also it was highly satisfactory to find that the French lady refused to burden herself with the bundle of dirty garments produced as Salome's wardrobe. The child fingered a certain greasy plush-trimmed pelisse with evident affection. The old Eve still survived in the wretched little waif, whose every other natural instinct had been crushed. She even dropped slow scalding tears when her best possession, a hat "wiz a fezzar," was hurled by Mademoiselle Fanchette into the grate with contemptuous disdain of its tawdry vulgarity.

"That child ain't yours, I know!" said Mrs. Rasper, arms akimbo, surveying the lady who dealt so vigorously and extravagantly with things generally. Salome's relatives were apparently well-to-do folks, and a regret passed her mind that she had not derived more advantage from her charge's belongings.

"*Tenez! pas si bête!*" Mademoiselle threw back her head and laughed vigorously. "She haf no modder, no fadder. You not understand. She do go to her aunt."

There was very little novelty about this relationship at Tottenham. Mrs. Rasper nodded sagely and winked with a grim significance at the other babies playing about the floor.

"There's a deal of aunts and cousins brings of babies to me."

To this remark Mademoiselle only lifted her shoulders in an expressive shrug, and having now concluded matters with Mrs. Rasper, she took the child by the hand and led her bare-headed down the street. Not one backward look of regret did Salome cast to the sickly crew of babies. At the nearest draper's Mademoiselle Fanchette supplied the child with a white sun-bonnet and simple serge jacket, neither of which to Salome's

mind adequately replaced the plush pelisse and the hat "wiz ze fezzier." The pre-eminent gentility of feathers had been early impressed on Salome's mind by the appearance of the young people who surrounded her at Tottenham.

But this grief of vanity was soon effaced by wonderful new experiences, which led her mind hither and thither with most bewildering rapidity. The sudden influx of new ideas hardly suffered any old prejudices and convictions to survive. It was an upheaval of life generally, and Mrs. Rasper and her ways and tastes were soon submerged.

When for the first time within her recollection the child was placed in the train, she sat tongue-tied with amazement. Even the novel delicacies of an orange and a bun, placed at her disposal by the volatile Fanchette, failed to absorb her attention. The swiftly moving carriages, the noise, the bewildering succession of houses, glimpses of orderly gardens and bright parterres of flowers were attractive novelties on one side, and on the other Fanchette wearing a fascinating bonnet and chattering volubly to her fellow-passengers engaged her childish attention. Without any comprehension of language or sound, Salome followed her rapid articulation and dramatic gesture. So much vivacious movement was more than fascinating to her unaccustomed eyes. Her mind, like a kaleidoscope, was every instant taking new patterns and colours of life. Here all was gay and pleasant. There were no babies crying fretfully to be fed, no curses, no unpleasant smells and dull tints. The grayness of life seemed passing away, the window was open and she was free. No timidity assailed this strange child, only a tremulous anticipation reigned in her young mind. Neglect without actual brutality hardly brings into play any active sentiment of fear or resentment, indeed rarely breeds any active feelings at all, but rather numbs the spiritual vitality into a quiet acquiescence with the things

that are ordained. Salome accepted every event as one against which there could be no appeal. Hitherto there had been no jurisdiction beyond Mrs. Rasper's law, which was like the law of the Medes and Persians.

Finally, having reached the terminus at St. Pancras, Salome was placed in a hansom side by side with the vivacious Frenchwoman, and rattled through endless streets, past a jostling throng of human beings the like of which she had never seen before. Somewhere in the remoter regions of South Kensington the cab drew up, and the child being lifted out was admitted with her companion to a bright little house full of gay flowers and singing birds, the house itself with its glitter and brilliancy not unlike a cheerful cage.

Within the hall at the foot of the staircase a vision of loveliness rose from a divan and came to meet them. It was a young lady who laughed delightfully at Fanchette, a lady who seemed to laugh always and know no moments of repose. Her delicate lace-trimmed gown exhaled a delicious perfume altogether foreign to Salome's nostrils, while her golden hair seemed to shed actual light as if it had gathered stray sunbeams in its texture. The child drew back and clung to Fanchette's skirts. The commoner clay was less bewildering. The lady's eyes were of that exquisite childlike blue which pre-supposes a heavenly quality of soul—celestial purity. With one of her swift bird-like movements she stooped and looked within the sun-bonnet. Then she laughed again.

"What an ugly little thing, Fanchette! Not worth the trouble after all." There was more of vexation than anything else in the words. The maid shrugged her shoulders in her customary expressive way. "*Elle n'a pas de chance*," said Fanchette entering into explanations of the child's surroundings and neglected state. Possibly somewhere under her fashionable gown Fanchette had a heart. "That will be changed," said the lady indifferently.

"Take her away." And calling to her pug the lovely creature picked up a banjo from the divan and floated out of Salome's sight.

Then she was taken down stairs to some underground apartment where a plentiful meal was spread for Fanchette. Here the little one was surfeited on rich chocolate and sweet compounds of an indigestible nature. Unequal to keeping pace with Fanchette's gastronomic ability, and wearied out with the afternoon's adventures, the child presently fell asleep in her chair. Here she dreamed of white devils with blue eyes that called to her to follow them, laughing, laughing, always with the same exquisite music of enjoyment. She awoke to semi-consciousness once more as she felt herself being carried up stairs. On the landing where she had seen the beautiful lady, there was a blaze of much artificial light. Salome opened sleepy eyes in bewilderment of such excess.

A high-shouldered man, with black hair too thick and long for any country outside Bohemia, came brusquely from the room whence proceeded the light. He closed the door quickly after him, but not before the sound of a banjo and the refrain of laughter struck the air.

"Fanchette!" The voice was imperative as that of a master.

"Monsieur!" Fanchette's thick eyebrows drew together impatiently, but she delayed her rapid passage up the stairs.

"What have you got there? It is not possible—a child here!" There was a distinctly foreign accent in the man's voice though he addressed her in English.

"*Mais oui, monsieur*, it is the child of my aunt." There was no hesitation about Fanchette's lying. He smiled with a delicate scorn.

"Let me see the child of your aunt." Then Salome raised her tired head and looked steadily at him with her wistful eyes.

"Ah! she does not resemble—no! Don't let her stay here. Do you hear

me, Fanchette? I'll have no children in this house!" It was the tone of one who expects to be obeyed.

"She do go to-morrow," said Fanchette, and so swiftly passed out of his sight with her burden.

Many morrows have come and gone and the incidents in Salome's life have slowly multiplied between, gathering force and meaning in their course. The impressions of early childhood have deepened subtly to the extinction of all childishness. She is apart from all other children by reason of her understanding of isolation.

She has changed her home only twice since she was brought to London. The first shelter she found was at a farmhouse in Surrey, a comfortable dwelling-place, with no immediate neighbours to make inquiries about her sudden appearance. It was a step or two beyond Mrs. Rasper's home so far as refinement and comfort went, but the child's forlorn condition was not lessened thereby. The farmer's wife was practical and discreet and pocketed her fees without making close inquiries, only giving due attention to the child's health and decent appearance. But she took small heed of any of the complex machinery which is so apt to get out of gear even in small pieces of humanity. A nice observation of delicately balanced mental springs hardly belong to housewives of the class that count their chickens and feed their calves. Thus the little Salome was left to puzzle out her theories of life without assistance. A morbid notion of retributive justice pursuing her grew up as the dominant belief of her mind. She was the scapegoat of some wrongdoing somewhere. It was a singular intuition for a child, and seemed to lead her to a fatalistic indifference to all the changes and chances of her life. At the farm her education was not carried far in regard to book-learning. She was taught to read and write in the course of seven years, but accomplished nothing further.

Physically she developed in a satisfactory way, and before she was twelve years old a rare and delicate beauty had become one of her possessions. There was nothing coarse or provincial about her type. Her skin was of a creamy whiteness without a vestige of colour, making a dazzling contrast to the profuse masses of her dark hair, and the velvety brown of her always yearning eyes. She was tall and slight—too thin as yet, but with a step as light as a fawn's, and a carriage as easy and graceful as any child of Eastern clime. She excelled in athletic exercises, self-taught. She could run and jump and swing herself from branch to branch of trees with wondrous agility. The time at the farm came to an end suddenly as did all her experiences. Without any warning Salome was once more taken away to pay a passing visit to London. The house to which she was conducted was larger and more richly furnished than the one she had previously visited. The walls of the saloon into which she was ushered were panelled with rose-pink damask, which seemed to reflect a blush on the face of its occupant. The lady who laughed lay on a couch with a yellow paper book in her hand. She was rather less girlish than she had been, but still moved in the same restless fluttering way as before. She seemed all glitter and fragility. Salome had seen butterflies since that first memorable visit, and she said to herself that the lady somehow resembled one.

"Ah! so you have come again." The lady tossed her book aside. "Stand there—let me look at you." Salome stood immovable. There followed a peal of pretty laughter, and springing to her feet the lady came near and laid a much jewelled hand on Salome's shoulder.

"Wake up, you strange girl. Are you in a dream? Can't you smile—laugh? Don't you know I hate people to be dull? You must laugh—you *shall!*"

Somehow the imperative command

failed to bring the ripple of a smile to Salome's features. She turned her wistful eyes slowly away. The lady passed quickly to the bell and rang it sharply.

"You must go away now. You are to be taken to school. Good-bye." Then she lifted the heavy velvet *portière* and passed out of the girl's sight.

And so Salome moved on to the third stage of her life and found no more satisfaction therein.

The school at Clapham presented a narrow horizon of frivolity and commonplace aims to a hungry soul. The solitudes of Surrey were wholesome in comparison with the atmosphere of middle-class ambitions. Miss Parsons, the lady to whom were entrusted the daughters of wealthy shopkeepers and provincial manufacturers, made no effort to eradicate Mammon-worship and vulgarity of soul, but she was well qualified to lay on a veneer of gentility such as passes muster in a not over fastidious world. Her terms were high, but the advantages were deemed by most parents to be of corresponding value. That much virtue went out of her in the way of etiquette and social conduct must be allowed. She was a living compendium of advice to young ladies. Towards Salome her manner was majestically kind and considerate. Never by word or look did she convey to her pupils or governesses any idea of mystery in connection with the girl's antecedents. It might have been the most natural thing in the world to have no relatives and to receive no letters, as well as to take every holiday in the companionship of the schoolmistress. Very naturally Miss Parsons refrained from confiding to her pupils the fact that Salome's school-fees were considerably in excess of the ordinary terms. From time to time it is true that the schoolmistress referred in cautious terms to "your guardian," but the personality of this individual remained a mystery, and

Salome held back from all close inquiry. Twice a year, as if in token of some interested onlooker beyond her view, there arrived a box of clothes—clothes such as none of the other young ladies possessed, bearing evidence of exquisite taste and lavish expenditure. The little French governess would go into raptures over such marvellous *toilettes*, estimating with precision the value of real lace and costly furs. The most abiding impression in Salome's mind, outside her school-life, was of a pair of blue eyes and laughter clear as a bell. They had a tragic significance to her fancy and seemed to bear upon the vital issues of her career. Once the girl had a fever and the same delirium of fear attacked her each night. "Don't let her laugh—oh! don't let her laugh," was her perpetual cry, conveying no semblance of coherence to her nurse's ear, though its pathos was indubitable.

Salome had now been four years at Clapham, and Miss Parsons said she was sixteen. She had been bidden to keep St. Valentine's Day as her birthday from her entrance to school-life, and without earlier proof of reckoning she accepted the anniversary allotted to her. To-night there had been a little birthday festival, such as was customary in the school on such occasions, extra delicacies of creams and cakes to supper, and recreation of charades afterwards. These were tame enough, there being no disturbing histrionic element in the establishment, yet the spirits of twenty young girls were wound to an unusual pitch of excitement, sufficient to desire a little more license.

When the charades were over, one damsel more daring than the rest suggested that Salome should dance. Privately in her own room she had on several occasions made an exhibition of this accomplishment, which went considerably beyond the dancing-master's art. How or where she had practised this twinkling of feet and rhythmic motion it is difficult to say, but she had somehow achieved a rare

degree of perfection and unconventional grace. The whole school was aware of her talent, and it had come to be talked about among the girls as something worthy of notice though scarcely within the lines of a genteel accomplishment. A touch of impropriety in the matter naturally lent it a novel interest. Those who had not seen were doubly anxious to see and pronounce a judgment.

Salome, being solicited, yielded to persuasion to make a more public display than heretofore. Perhaps the urgent love of distinction persuaded her. Some of the girls had acted, some had sung and recited, and the plaudits of the audience were still in her ears. She could make them look; she too could compel their wonder and admiration; she too could express herself in her fashion. A sombre light came into her dark eyes, and a slow smile curved her fine lips as she gathered herself together for a performance. She wore a light evening dress of some soft material, much trimmed with lace. The folds of the light substance clung closely to her figure, and did little to conceal her shapely form. A space was quickly cleared and one of the girls sat down to the piano and played as she was bidden.

When the dance began there were no governesses in the room, but one by one they came back and stood in a cluster at the doorway, apparently spell-bound by the novel spectacle. To see their most reserved and well-conducted pupil abandon herself after this unorthodox fashion was an event almost beyond credence.

The music went on, and the whirl of petticoats, the quick steps, the graceful bending, the airy springs and tip-toeing did not subside. All the pent-up life in Salome had burst its restraint, and she stood revealed—passionate, impetuous, intensely human. A murmur passed through the room, but neither Salome nor the girl playing heeded the signs. A stir took place in the doorway, but no cessation of

steps followed it. Finally some one touched the musician and a beautiful *adagio* passage came to an abrupt end.

"Young ladies—what is this I see?"

The overwhelming majesty of Miss Parson's tone struck terror to more timid hearts. But radiant, breathless, beautiful with a new animation as of one who had found her life, Salome turned and flashed defiance on the circle. Heredity was not a theory yet unfolded to do away with man's responsibility for sin. Nevertheless the schoolmistress suffered a momentary pang of conviction. Salome might have been urged to this display by involuntary motors. Yet this episode might be recorded against her immaculate establishment in the homes of merchant princes. It was evident her pupil's display had gone beyond a young girl's sport. She was in earnest, madly in earnest, and she had found her life—if not her vocation. The schoolmistress felt a challenge pass from Salome's beautiful eyes as they looked at her with fearless steadfastness. It was like a shock from some electric battery, some hidden perilous force which had struck her an unexpected blow in a vulnerable spot. The glove was thrown down to her respectable establishment. Salome must find another home.

Five years have gone by again. Many more shadows have danced their way across life's stage and disappeared. The battle, as ever of old, has been equally to the weak and to the strong. Brave hearts have fought for name and fame right valiantly, and yet have gone down the dusty way unknown and unhonoured, while frail women and craven spirits have climbed or crept to the temple of success by paths of craft or subtlety. But Salome is not among those who have reached the crown without a hard endeavour. Girl as she yet is, she glances adown the hill she has stormed, and smiles wearily over her own victory.

There was a great picture by a

French artist on view in a private exhibition this year, and this canvas had heralded the dancer's fame in London. It was an open secret that *The Daughter of Herodias* represented the Signora who had danced in every continental capital. The painter had caught a soulful look in the young girl's eyes, a look so strangely at variance with her attitude and surroundings, that it arrested immediate attention. The picture was full of life and colour and vigorous drawing, but it was felt that the artist had concentrated all his labour and skill on the faces of Herodias and her daughter. The voluptuous idle grace of the older woman as she reclined on cushions, toying with a palm-leaf, and laughing in the face of her consort, was a contrast to the grave earnestness of the young girl's activity. The beautiful dancer's head was thrown back, and her eyes were fixed upon her mother's face with an eloquent look of questioning fear. The painter's hand had worked out a strange reading of the familiar story. Yet who would say there was cruelty in the curves of the mother's red lips, or would doubt the purity of those laughing blue eyes?

The night had come, Salome's first night on a London stage. She had now to win the suffrage of a critical body of spectators, for it was a gala occasion and the theatre was crowded to suffocation. Salome had danced before Royalty, and Royalty was satisfied with her performance. For the third time she came down the stage to receive the applause of a well-pleased throng. She was hailed with a final shower of flowers.

Brava! Brava! The plaudits fell distinctly from the nearest box as a bouquet, larger, more costly than the rest, fell at her feet. She bowed, looked up, and met the eyes of the man who had come to her in Paris a year ago to solicit her to sit for a picture—a picture she had never seen completed.

The high-shouldered man with the tangle of long black hair had carried

some weak recollection to her mind, something vague and intangible like a faint dream of childhood. But now as she met his gaze her eyes passed onwards to his companion. In a moment of time the broken link was supplied. And as Salome looked with questioning fear, the lady laughed. In the girl's ears her laugh rang out above the music, louder, clearer than any sound she had ever heard.

Salome stooped. There were so many eyes upon her. She must pick up the flowers, and that gorgeous bouquet which had fallen close to the footlights. Ah me! too near,—the flame seized the light fabric of the dancer's dress and seemed instantly to enfold her in a fiery embrace. For a second she stood with the flowers in her hand, as if unconscious of the disaster. Then, as a long shuddering shout broke from the spectators, she looked down at them all, and realised the accident. She turned swiftly and flew from their sight into the draughty passages where every cool breath of air fanned the flame, and drew her

nearer to her doom. It was verily a dance of death. Many sought to hold her, to check her wild career, but like a mad thing she flew round and round, backwards and forwards in a *tarentella* of despair. Finally, the gauzy fabrics all burnt out, the flames licked her young limbs and slowly expired. All that remained of the beautiful dancer sank down powerless. She could not speak, but her scorched hands held the fatal bouquet fast. Those muscles could never relax again. And so Salome went down silently to meet death, with laughter echoing in her ears and with flowers in her hands.

And the other woman laughed through the rest of her life, oblivious of all tragedy. But the painter never laughed any more, but painted beautiful faces with strange histories of sin or sadness. And, having reached highest fame, he sickened of the dust and ashes of his glory and passed by an unknown road to the hereafter. Then the name of Salome was forgotten.

H. M.

THE HUMOURS OF BACCARAT.

BACCARAT, as an agent of demoralisation, has been so much in the air lately, that perhaps no apology will be thought necessary for the present article, which is founded, we may observe, on a fifteen years' experience of the so-called Parisian clubs.

These clubs may be regarded as baccarat's natural and original home; as the peculiarly pestilential hot-beds from which first sprang this fascinating but deleterious blossom which Baudelaire would have done well to include among his *Fleurs du Mal*; for one can easily imagine the poet who possessed a faculty so unparalleled for detecting the latent element of horror in all things, welding into the compactness of a sonnet each particular thrill of greed and rage, suspense, despair and vile delight,—the whole concealing itself under an outward semblance of calm—that the game of baccarat can inspire in the breasts of its devotees. Gaming-houses are common the world over, and London especially was not slow to follow the example of Paris in dedicating to the worship of baccarat temples of a more or less openly hospitable character. But the Parisian baccarat clubs have been distinguished from all similar establishments in other great cities, in the double respect of extreme laxity, or even lowness of tone, combined with much splendour of general appointments and the most unblushing prominence of situation. Elsewhere than in latter-day Paris "hells" still have the decency to hide themselves. Clubs throwing wide their portals within the limits of the most fashionable part of other capitals are,—clubs, and not *claquedents*, to use the Parisian slang for these particularly Parisian places. Walk down the *boulevards*, starting

from the Madeleine, and you will notice a long row of windows on the first floor of a handsome house on the right-hand side of the street. Behind that row of windows are the rooms of a club. And a club it is, in the full English sense of the term; the *Cercle de l'Union*, one of the most exclusive in the world. Continue your promenade, and here is another club, situated not five hundred yards away from the first. We will not say on which side of the *boulevard*, and thus,—more especially as half-a-dozen at least of similar clubs might be discovered flourishing in the immediate vicinity—we shall be committing no indiscretions. To all outward appearances the *Cercle de la Grandeur et de la Prosperité Nationales* (it undoubtedly bears some such high-sounding title; one club, closed many years ago by order of the police, was known officially as the *Cercle de l'Industrie et de la Paix*) is no less decorously splendid than the *Union* itself. But if ever you should pay a visit to the rooms of the *Cercle de la Grandeur*, &c., you had better leave no article of higher value than a handkerchief in the pocket of your overcoat when you take it off to be hung up in the hall. A recent sketch by the modern Gavarni, M. Forain, in the columns of the *Figaro* supplement, drolly illustrates what might be called the under-life of these clubs,—everything most correct and brilliant on the surface, but beneath it little incidents, almost daily, such as this:—In the large entrance-hall of the club stand two stalwart policemen, headed by an *agent*, or detective, with low-crowned hat and coat-collar turned up to the ears, holding a warrant in his hand. A footman of most imposing air and proportions has just called out for *Monsieur le Prince del Greco* through

the speaking tube. The answer comes: "Monsieur le Prince wishes to know who is asking for him?" Upon which the detective rejoins: "Oh, tell him it's a couple of ladies!"

It could hardly have been expected that the gaming-houses of Paris, mis-called clubs, would be institutions of a highly honourable character, seeing by what manner of men they were established. Only the pen of a Balzac could deal adequately with the subject of the club speculations undertaken within the last twenty years in the French capital; could describe the intrigues, the combinations, the circumventions, engaged in by a knot of individuals, more ingenious than scrupulous, who saw that money was to be made by pandering in a manner more specious and attractive than had ever been feasible before to the general taste for play. The Parisian clubs enjoyed at one and the same time the advantages of privacy and the advantages of publicity. To the outside world they appeared not as mere hells like the old-time establishments in the Rue Vivienne and Palais-Royal, but as *cercles* to belong to which was a privilege, if not, indeed, a distinction. But meanwhile they were as readily accessible to all persons in Paris having money and desiring to gamble with it, as though touts had been posted at the doors to call up the passers-by. Touts indeed did (and do) work Paris industriously on behalf of the clubs; but they went about the business in a manner much more insidious and artistic. Mixing generally with the company at all places of public resort,—appearing, always well-dressed and polite, at the races, the theatres, the Bois, and taking their seats occasionally at the *table d'hôte* in fashionable hotels,—they readily made acquaintances, and what more natural than to invite these acquaintances to dine with them at their club! What more natural, too, after just letting it be seen what the club could boast of in the way of a *chef*, than to propose to

get the acquaintance, now rapidly ripening into a friend, put up—and put through—within an especially brief delay? From our own personal experience we can affirm that at least one member of the French Chamber of Deputies (we believe a Deputy no longer, but he was one at that time) has deliberately touted for several of the lowest among the Parisian clubs. Now where a Deputy does not fear to tread, others almost as influential will rush in; and thus has club-touting been raised to the dignity of a fine art in Paris.

Another special feature of the Parisian baccarat hells was (and is) the presence of that recognised official, that potentate, the money-lender. What a money-lender may be, and may do, in such a congenial atmosphere the reader must be left to imagine. Then, too, there were the elements of direct cheating by means of marked or prepared cards, and of simple stealing by means of engaging *croupiers* to pocket large quantities of high-priced counters from off the card-table at times when the game ran so high that a few hundred or thousand franc *plaques* more or less would not be noticed. This latter method of making baccarat pay the persons who assisted others to play at it, has been practised on a very extensive and elaborate scale at most of the so-called Parisian clubs. Experts had a special name for the operation of subtracting counters from the baccarat-table. They called it "crushing"; a term having a kind of brutal expressiveness, like many of the phrases used by criminals and rogues. Of course there were degrees in dexterity among the gentlemen who "crushed." The "champion crusher" of Paris—"champion crusher" sounds like a Yankee nickname for a pugilist, does it not?—had, it was said, arrived by careful computation, and through long and arduous personal experience, at the conclusion that about seventeen hundred francs' worth of counters in a night represented the maximum of

crushing possible in a game during which the table should be constantly covered with stakes. This champion, with a certain number of his rivals, was always open to a special engagement from one or other of the clubs, according as circumstances might declare themselves. If, through the introduction of a new element in the shape of a rich and persistent banker, the tide of counters rose higher at the baccarat table of the Cercle So-and-So than at that of the Cercle Such-Another-One, our champion would promptly desert the latter place for the former. He would be engaged for a few days or nights as assistant *croupier*, "just to make the game run a little quicker;" he would wield his lathe, and draw his handkerchief from his coat-pocket occasionally; he would, presumably, realise his famous maximum on as many occasions as possible; and finally, so soon as the play grew slack and banks were either less considerable, or less numerous, or both, would take his flight for some fresh field of activity and "crushing." Within our own knowledge, only once did this chief among the crushers remain faithful for any long period of time to the same club. It was a club where nightly a certain young Parisian was dealing banks at anywhere from ten thousand to fifty thousand francs apiece, and winning or losing within the space of a few hours sums five or six times greater. Heavy dealers at Parisian clubs, having, as a matter of course, the right of using some dozens of those establishments (and most of them within three minutes' walk of each other), will generally vary the scene, playing one night at one club, at another the next night, and so on; few will keep constantly to one particular board. But this young Parisian did so. For quite three months he dealt, as it seemed, with almost unvarying good fortune. Both loud and deep, and also frequent, were the complaints of the punters, when the banker would "pass" five or six times in succession against them on one or

other of the *tableaux*. From week to week people would say to one another: "Yesterday I dropped ten thousand," or, "Three days ago I lost twenty-five thousand, and I haven't made it up yet." And still the banker declared that he was losing, till at last,—after an incessant deal of three months' duration, with intervals only for meals and sleep—he found himself upwards of six hundred thousand francs out of pocket. This was the whole of his modest fortune; so, at one and the same time, he ceased to deal and ceased to live. It was only one Parisian tragedy the more; "suicide of a well-known *mondain* at the age of twenty-eight." The *mondain* now could hardly be suspected of having won; the players knew they had not won; so whither could the six hundred thousand francs have betaken themselves? A part had been absorbed by the *cagnotte*, or "Kitty"; the other and larger part had found its way into the ever-yawning pockets of the crusher.

Thus it appears that what with "crushing," and money-lending, and using prepared cards, and resorting to other operations and devices, a baccarat club in Paris presents various elements of prosperity and profit to the proprietors even above the *rouge-et-noir* tables of Monte Carlo. The clubs certainly have derived a greater average profit per head on the bulk of their patrons than ever did the *trente-et-quarante* rooms; and could any Parisian hell have received within its walls but a tithe of the number of visitors that used to flock during a summer into the Kursaal at Homburg, or that still flock in the course of a winter into the Casino at Monte Carlo, the sum netted would have been immensely greater in the former case than in the latter. Of course a club in Paris has heavy expenses. There is a large and costly establishment to maintain; there are persons more or less in authority to be propitiated with what people ignorant of French style *douceurs* (the French themselves

being entirely innocent of the word in that sense), besides other sources of outlay and depletion. But there remains to shareholders, directors, partners, proprietors (all Parisian clubs are, of course, proprietary) a large advance on the invested capital, so large that many men connected in various official capacities with the more flourishing *tripots*, or hells, are known to have become rich in the course of a very few years. They patronise extensively and lavishly all Parisian forms of amusement. They drive smart carriages in the Bois. They purchase neat little estates at the pretty rural resorts near the capital. Perhaps they will even set up a racing-stable; and if they do so, it may safely be assumed they will find means of making this generally ruinous business remunerative. Several of them are in secret partnership with the book-makers.

Not long ago a member of a club, who for some time past had been labouring under an unenviable reputation for impecuniosity, sought audience of the proprietor "on a matter of business." This, the proprietor felt, could only mean a request under one form or another for money; and he consequently heard the other's opening speech with suspicion. "I wish to tell you of a means by which you and I could make a good deal of money; you to invest the small sum necessary for initial expenses, I to contribute my idea and my personal efforts." "Well, well, but if you want money why not apply to the *prêteur* (the money-lender attached to the club)?" "My dear Sir, as I think you know, I am not on good terms with the money-lender: 'the street is up' in that direction; besides which, I would much sooner have your co-operation in my scheme than his." "I am afraid I cannot—" "Oh, yes, you will, when once you have heard what my idea is." And he did. The scheme was simply one for defrauding country customers by means of false speculations on the Bourse. Six months later, the

member, now impecunious no longer, and his present friend and partner, the proprietor of the club, were to be seen driving in the Allée des Acacias daily at the fashionable hour between five and six. It is natural that the Bourse, as well as the race-course and the gaming-table, should attract the attention and engage the energy of many proprietors and promoters of clubs as a medium for relieving the moneyed classes of their superfluous cash. We are civilised in these days. We do not ride the roads, brutally shouting "stand and deliver." But we press boldly into the heart of the great haunts of the world of business, and there induce people to "deliver" without any violence on one side or unwillingness on the other. This is progress.

Money, and much money, lies in the way of the club-proprietor; yet the pit-fall that he digs for others gapes also for him. If people who reap profit from gamblers ever take to gambling themselves, they are lost. On the same principle, the French *grec*, or professional card-sharper, has a rooted superstition to the effect that if ever he be constrained to play fairly, he is sure of his fate beforehand. A club-proprietor, during some sixteen hours on an average out of every twenty-four, is constantly in the presence of the temptation to "deal a bank" or "take a hand." Often, indeed, he finds himself under the obligation of keeping the ball rolling; and it is always a source of amusement on such occasions to note with what an easy air of disinterested amusement in the game he will drop into his seat, and with what an appearance of lively interest in the *coup* he will stake counters which in his case represent no value whatsoever. It is not surprising that club-managers should sometimes be seized by the gambling fever, inhaling, as they do, from morning till night and from night till morning, this intoxicating atmosphere of play. The very fact that they have always before their eyes, and as it

were between their hands, visible and palpable evidences of the effects of play in the shape of rich men ruined and their money coming comfortably to nestle in club-directors' pockets, only prompts them to think that, though "the many fail, the one succeeds," and that the part of Fairy Prince has been reserved for them. Let them make the attempt. They too will shortly "sink by the way-side,"—as we once heard a dealer at a faro bank in Kansas City remark of a gentleman who, having entered the place with a thick roll of hundred-dollar bills but a short hour before, had just devoted his last dollar to ineffectually "coppering the ace," and had stalked off, pale but determined, as though he were bent on forthwith casting himself down from the top of the neighbouring bluff. Club-proprietors should no more gamble, even in their own clubs, than a bookmaker should back other people's horses instead of laying against horses of his own. Gambling proprietors not only lose their own profits from the club, when once they get into the way of staking real money and not mere counters to "keep the game alive"; they lose their partner's money, they lose the money-lender's money, they lose their heads, they may even lose their lives,—as several more or less recent instances in Paris have unfortunately shown. There is but one thing they cannot lose, their honour—for an obvious reason.

A certain club-proprietor who had netted upwards of seven millions of francs by the exercise of his trade during five or six years, had deposited his gains at the Bank of France, thinking that they would be safer there than anywhere else. They were not safe; in the course of eighteen months he lost them all, dealing nightly banks in his own club and in others. His club was closed, his money gone, and his occupation too, like Othello's; had he the pluck to still further follow in Othello's footsteps, and to go himself, the occasion certainly would not be ill

chosen. No one, knowing his propensity to play, will now furnish him with the funds necessary for opening another club; and even the "philosophers," or sharpers, will not help him to "work"—i.e. cheat, they having a wholesome horror and contempt of any one so weak and so foolish as actually to play without *fabrication*. "These fellows," I once overheard an "artist" indignantly exclaim at a little *café* in the Rue de Richelieu where the sharpers of Paris most do congregate, "these fellows who play on the square regularly spoil our trade for us." It must indeed appear singular to an "artist" that any one capable "of working" should prefer the ordinary, uncertain, inartistic method called—by way of antithesis no doubt—"playing." "How can I lend you money to work with?" one can imagine a gentleman of this description observing severely to the broken-down gamester, who once had seven millions of francs lodged in the Bank of France and lost them all. "You would only go right off and *play* with it!" Which would be a sacrilegious sort of use to put good money to, no doubt.

Another proprietor, too, there was overthrown and deposed from his pride of place and power, by a member of his own committee, after an extraordinary intestine struggle of the kind the author of *Le Père Goriot* so loved to describe. This one may now be seen lounging disconsolately after night-fall, gray-haired, shabbily dressed, at billiard-matches in third-rate *cafés*, at skating-rinks, and at public balls where he watches from afar ladies whose diamonds and furs were perhaps a gift from himself not so many seasons since. Offer X—a book (have no fear lest he should hesitate to accept it) and he will relate to you a profusion of anecdote and incident relating to the world of the *boulevard*, the gaming-table, and the Bois de Boulogne, that might be turned into a large and amusing book. Concerning his own adventures, before and after his fall, X—is exceedingly communicative. During the two or three

years of his splendour his laundress was not paid, as X— then was altogether too superior a personage to condescend to such trifles as a washing-bill. Upon the news of his sudden ruin, the unfortunate woman naturally pressed for the settlement of her account. X— married her by way of amends, and now she keeps him. He is of course exceedingly bitter against the astute and treacherous committee-man who was the prime mover in the affair of X—'s ruin. "But of course, you know," he once confided to my sympathising ear in a moment, not of one bock, but of many, "he [meaning his perfidious rival] could never have got me out if it hadn't been for the play. I couldn't keep away from it; and even now I like to deal a little bank, when I can get money enough, at a quiet *café* I know of on the Boulevard des Batignolles. Come and join us there to-morrow night!"

Even the money-lenders, who have a double reason for knowing the disastrous effects of play, in some cases become victims of the fatal passion. The career of one of these worthies was so extraordinary that it may well come in for a word of mention. He is now dead, after having been crazy for some time; so no confidence will be betrayed or undue personality indulged in if one ventures to retrace certain features of his fate. He began life—at a club—in the useful though humble capacity of a scullion, was afterwards promoted to the dignity of page in buttons, and finally, being of an aspiring disposition, came to occupy the *croupier's* high backed chair. But this, with even the additional source of profit to be found in the "crushing" of counters, could not satisfy his capacious spirit; and he plunged into the almost limitless field of speculation offered by the lending of money. Millions flowed in to him, and he soon became a prominent and brilliant member of the Parisian world. His horses and carriages were much admired; he himself was admired for he was by no means

an ill-looking man, rather better-looking, in fact, than the majority of his clients, and it became a well-known fact that he was sharing with a certain Royal Duke the friendship of a highly fashionable actress. But, he gambled; first on the turf, then on the Bourse and at last in clubs other than his own. To be present for hours nightly in a room where hundreds of thousands of francs were changing hands, and not to be able to join in this whirl of banking and punting going on constantly before his eyes, was a strain so terrible upon his mind, that one evening the members of the *Cercle de la* — were stupefied to hear Charles, the *prêteur*, call out as the bidding began for a new deal, "I will bid a hundred thousand louis; the bank is mine!" And before any one could stop him, he had seated himself in the dealer's chair, had seized upon a handful of cards, and was starting upon a deal, as he imagined, for two millions of francs in cash. He had been suddenly overtaken by what is called in France *la folie des grandeurs*, and was removed, a raving lunatic.

Other Parisian *prêteurs* there have been whose eccentricities might furnish matter of less gloomy cast. One, who responded to the name of Iago, and who died full of years, honours, and riches on the very day of the opening of the last World's Fair in Paris,—France could hardly expect to enjoy two such glories as Iago and the *Exposition Universelle* at one and the same moment—was celebrated among the Parisian world of play for a benevolence of nature rare enough among money-lenders in any clime, and in the French capital perhaps more particularly. In his personal appearance Iago (not inappropriately) reminded one somewhat of a shark. Long and flat in figure, his head, sparsely covered with white hair close-cropped in the modern French fashion, ran off almost to a point at the top. His mouth was very wide, and garnished with large white teeth standing a little apart. Iago's looks, however, belied him. With men of

large means who might have recourse to his ministry, he was Shylock and Gobseck rolled into one, clipping their fleece as close as ever usurer did before him. But with all representatives of the *jeunesse dorée* who were needier at once and sharper than his customary clients, Iago loved to play the part of the benevolent uncle, who with free hand obliges, while, with equally free tongue, he advises, rates, and rebukes. *La Providence des Décavés* (the Providence of the Dead-Broke Ones) was the name he went by for many years among the young spendthrifts who were often in need of ten or twenty louis for their evening's amusement, and were always sure of obtaining the same from *le père Iago*, ensconced in his little private room at the Cercle des——, like the spider in his web. "You must give it back to me when your luck comes," Iago would say as he handed out the coveted bank-note or notes; "and above all,"—herean impressive gesture, as though, if some solemn compact were not then and there entered into to the effect desired, he would withhold his largesse at the very moment of bestowing it—"above all you must promise me not to go and play with this, or else I will never let you have any more." The promise was made, and generally kept; for Iago chose his clients from a class who were fonder of stalls (two) at the play, supper (two covers) at *La Paix* or the *Café de Paris*, an evening (*à deux*) at the Fête de Neuilly, and all such Parisian pleasures and diversions, than of even baccarat itself.

Another well-known *prêteur* of the Parisian clubs was old Father S——, whose existence was rendered a torture to him by the fact that with all his eagerness to reap profits, he was most terribly loath to part with any fraction of his capital upon even the soundest security. He would have interest, and yet he would not lend. In his younger days he had been bolder, and had consequently amassed a fortune; but having once been swindled in some unheard of manner out of several thousand louis by a

so-called Spanish count, the sources of speculation seemed to have been frozen for ever in Father S——'s breast. Friends would advise him to retire, and to rest in the evening of his days upon his honourable gains. "But how can I retire," he would plaintively reply, "when there are such good things going every day?" "Then why don't you profit by them?" was once the not unnatural retort of a would-be client whose overtures Father S—— had been persistently repelling. The old dog-in-the-manger simply glared, and fell to recounting for the thousandth time in most exorbitant detail the exact manner in which he had been defrauded by the Spanish grandee.

The inner history of baccarat in Paris during the past fifteen years has yet to be written. If ever it be written, and written at all adequately to the subject, it will contain a considerable amount of most curious and characteristic reading. Sketches, in particular, of bankers and punters, with all the sub-varieties of those two great species of players, might be given almost without end. The limits of this article not extending to the latter dimension, we despair of conveying more than the very slightest idea of the wealth of typical and amusing incident and detail clustering round the oval board of green cloth beneath the midnight glare of gas. And yet, in what numbers do they not rise before our mental vision! The bankers, first of all: the silent banker, who would go through an entire deal without uttering one word more than was strictly necessary to the purposes of the game, and from whom no *coup*, however startling, could extract the least expression of annoyance or surprise; the noisy banker, antithesis of the former, who at each turn of the cards, and between *coups* as well, would chatter and jest if he were winning, and, metaphorically, tear his hair and rend his garments whenever the luck was against him; the polite banker, who would never fail to em-

ploy such courteous formula as, "Monsieur, I offer you cards," or "Your point is better than mine, Monsieur," or "Monsieur, you have won," and would carefully announce "I strike," whenever he found himself holding an eight or a nine; the rude banker, who would shout out "Nine!" or "Eight!" with a truculent kind of joy, would simply say "Cartes!" as though giving an order to a footman; the tedious banker, who would slowly detach the cards from the pack (and never so slowly, by the way, as when he observed that the punters were in a state of great excitement and suspense); the rapid banker, who would flip, or toss the cards to either side of the table, and would have announced his *coup* and be calling on the *croupier* to pay or to gather in the stakes, in almost less time than is required to set down these words; the sympathetic banker, so gentlemanly in bearing and so amiable in manner, that one almost wished him to win, even if one were punting one's self; the anti-pathetic banker, whose whole demeanour was such that to win a *coup* from him would fill one with a sort of murderous joy, while to lose was to grind one's teeth in malice and hate; and others too many to mention.

Then the punters, equally numerous and equally various. The important punter, whose bet would exceed in amount that of all the others together; the unimportant, who would never stake more than the minimum, and

would have staked a smaller amount still had that been feasible; the jovial, who would make each *coup* the pretext for witticism; the gloomy, who would grumble if the *tableau* lost, and when it won would grumble again because he had not ventured a higher stake; the adroit, who would take cognisance of his point with the rapidity and assurance of a *prestidigitateur*; the clumsy, who would fumble for several seconds at his cards before he could raise them from the table, and would then as likely as not make a mistake in his play; the communicative, who, sitting alongside of you and having never perhaps seen you before, would tell you all the changes and chances of his play for at least a fortnight past; the taciturn and reserved, who if you chanced to ask him, for example, whose turn it was to take the hand, would look at you as though he suspected you of some intention to wheedle him out of a counter.

These are but half the humours of baccarat at the Parisian clubs. However extensive and peculiar may be one's knowledge of the subject, however keen may be one's sense of its droll and fantastic (as distinguished from its less agreeable and entertaining) sides, one cannot think to exhaust it within the limit of a few pages in a Magazine. One must be content if one has succeeded in holding up to notice just a few among the numerous views contained in that ever-shifting kaleidoscope, the typical Parisian club.

THE LADIES' WREATH.

LEIGH HUNT, in one of his pleasantest essays, inveighs against the "paucity of collections of our female poetry," which, he declares, is "hardly to the credit of the public, when it is considered what stuff it has put up with in collections of British Poets," and how far superior certain lady-versifiers he enumerates were to some of them.

This noble sentiment would have warmed the heart of Mrs. S. J. Hale, an American writer, both in verse and prose, of some repute in her country, which, however it may have since altered in that respect, was in former times only too willing to hold its own prophets in honour; for, somewhere about the date of its utterance, she was putting forth from the Boston press a volume of specimens from both British and American poetesses, under the alluring title of *The Ladies' Wreath*. A copy of this now forgotten work, full of such suggestion as might be awakened by the finding of a dead leaf or flower once fresh with bloom and fragrance, has fallen into our hands.

The volume is plainly got up, with a pictured wreath on the title-page, and a portrait of Mrs. Hemans for frontispiece; a short critical and biographical notice being attached to each name. The compiler ushers in her collection with a few remarks of Johnsonian grandeur on Poetry (with a capital P) in general, and that of ladies in particular. With a modesty which her sisters of the present day would scorn to emulate she acknowledges that woman's range of subjects is more limited than man's. "Her harp," she euphuistically puts it, "cannot move stones, nor tame beasts. She must wait till the flowers bloom and the birds appear." Yet, depre-

cating the illiberality of those critics who always speak of the *true feminine* style ("as though," forsooth, "there was only one manner in which ladies could properly write poetry"), she insists that woman's freedom in treating of what lies within her province is no less perfect than man's, throwing out the suggestive intimation that there are "more varieties of the rose than of the oak."

Let us tenderly dissect this wreath, whose flowers, its artificer fondly hoped, would "always bloom to give pleasure."

To Mrs. Hemans, whose tired fingers had but lately relaxed their hold of the lyre she had touched so sweetly, if with too fatal an ease, is accorded, as a matter of course upwards of half a century ago, the symbol of the rose, her name standing "pre-eminent among female poetic writers, as unquestionably as the Rose holds the rank of 'garden-queen' among the flowers." And she occupies by far the largest place in the volume, for, "so purely beautiful did her Poems appear" to Mrs. Hale, that "we scarcely knew," she says, "when to pause in our selection."

Having awarded the fair Felicia the rose, what shall she do for Mistress Baillie, whose genius she ranks no less highly, and who, in her green old age, had just presented the world with another volume of her Plays on the Passions? With admirable ingenuity she escapes the difficulty by likening the venerable Joanna to "the splendid Aloe flower, that opens but once in a century; so rare, indeed, that it is regarded rather as a wonder than a blessing," — somewhat of a back-handed compliment, it strikes us. The American Interviewer had even then started on his terrible course, for the

aged poetess had been visited by one of the tribe in 1827, and Mrs. Hale quotes his description of her as "a small woman, very erect, easy and natural, with a remarkable, fine face"; in manner "self-possessed and very gentle"; and that she should have appeared so on such an occasion speaks volumes.

The idea of Hannah More, deep as is our editor's admiration of that "illustrious woman" whose long career had but lately closed, seems to be somehow incompatible in her mind with that of any flower; and, with the artful apology that if her "honoured name" cannot be thus properly designated "it is because it deserves something less perishable," the "saintly Hannah" is introduced under the similitude of "the ever-green Pine . . . whose leaf" (the italics are not ours) "time will not have power to wither—or [with a happy afterthought] that divine 'Haemony,' whose root, transplanted to a more blessed clime,

Bears a bright golden flower."

The name of "dear, good Mrs. Barbauld," whose Works and Memoir, says Mrs. Hale, "ought to be in the library of every lady," is entwined with peculiar affection in the wreath, under the emblem of Lavender, that plant "whose rich fragrance makes us prize its simple flower." But she would have restricted her favourite's genius to a lowly flight, remarking that "she succeeded better in those compositions which were addressed to the heart than in her more studied efforts to engage the imagination and the reasoning powers,"—rather hard on the author of *A Summer Evening's Meditation*, whom Leigh Hunt likens to "the goddess in Milton's *Penferoso*," and certain lines from whose poem he pronounces "sublime."

Jane Taylor (whose no less gifted sister Anne deserved a place in the wreath) is gathered in as "the first Snowdrop of Spring," to which her fancy, in its purity, is compared; while her poetry, together with the character of her mind, is said to re-

semble Cowper's, and the somewhat cruel suggestion thrown out that, had the playful and sensitive poetess been but destined to meet, instead of with those "kind and soothing domestic influences" which surrounded her from the cradle to the grave, with "severe trials and misfortunes," the quality of her poetry "would have been more elevated, and her language more glowing,"—recalling Lamb's wild speculation anent his beloved pig, as to the advisability of enquiring "in a philosophical light merely" what effect the obsolete process of whipping to death might have towards intenerating and dulcifying its already delightful flesh.

Mrs. Hale would have been a relentless enforcer of Shelley's axiom with regard to poets. Not one pang of the suffering through which they are supposed to be goaded into song would have been deemed superfluous by her. If such discipline be so indispensable an adjunct to the Muse it would be a pity to risk failure for want of the proper amount. Of another young lady who appears to have been wholly inoffensive, except in the one important item that she was given to write verses and, moreover, to write them "with great rapidity," she calmly remarks that "it is only *actual suffering*" that could impress upon her sanguine disposition the deeper truths of poetry. We are touched, however, with something like compunction to find her saying of the unhappy L.E.L.—then flourishing, though with an aching heart, in the character of "a little Brompton Sappho"—that "she has lived in the sunshine of the world too much"; for her day, that had been sad from its beginning, was already closing in darkness, and her lonely grave was even then preparing in the far-off African land.

To us who know something of her life, second only to Charles Lamb's in its utter abnegation of self for the object of its devotion, how strangely the tribute to Miss Mitford reads. "She resides with her father, who is vicar of Reading, in —shire [a very

discreet blank, considering Mrs. Hale's foible in the matter of putting forth conjectures for facts], and manages the domestic duties of lady of the parsonage with the same ease and grace with which she pursues her distinguished literary career." The grace may stand—but ease! when her writing was for the necessities of life, when in her household expenses she had to think more before the spending of every shilling than the poorest labourer's wife in her neighbourhood!

With equally curious effect the notices of sundry others come upon one. Miss Jewsbury (Mrs. Fletcher), who figures in the wreath under the symbol of a Lily, is a name more familiar to a later generation as belonging to Mrs. Carlyle's bosom friend, the sprightly Geraldine, who survived her sister of the garland by nearly half a century, and whose growing vagaries that early-doomed sister had done her best to check. Caroline Bowles, that "certain Miss Bowles, given to scribbling, with its affectations, its sentimentalities" of Carlyle's saturnine notice, is represented from Mrs. Hale's point of view by the Myrtle, with the unstinted praise that "as the Myrtle is all beautiful, leaf, flower and tree, so is her poetry *all* worthy of our admiration and esteem." The information is likewise imparted that the gifted Caroline "is sister of the Rev. William Lisle Bowles," and the conclusion derived therefrom that "in genius, as well as in its direction to subjects of devout and benevolent character, their tastes and minds harmonize like the music from instruments tuned by the same hand"—the venerable poet and his fair namesake being, in fact, no otherwise related than "by love of kindred music." For all her mysterious sources of information, Mrs. Hale was evidently in the dark, at the time of her note, as to its subject's impending marriage with Southey, whom the well-meaning poetess thought to console and comfort in his old age, "but far the reverse," according to Carlyle.

The Yankee mind at that period was apparently possessed of the notion that, in the little mother-country, for two persons to be of the same name implied a kinship between them; for Mrs. Hale corrects a belief prevailing to the effect that Mary Anne Browne, because she happened to bear the maiden name of Mrs. Hemans, was her relative. "We have learned," she says, with a gentle show of superiority, "that it is only in soul and genius that the relationship can be traced,—there is no family affinity."

Though our American editress has devoted the better half of her volume to the English sisterhood, it is evidently with a peculiar rebound of pride and pleasure that she finds herself on native ground. We can almost hear her sigh of gratification: None can say that justice has not been done the old country, full measure and overflowing; but we too can utter ourselves in song,—and with a flourish of trumpets the name of Lydia Huntley Sigourney, the then most distinguished representative of female poetry in the New World, is woven, under the type of the "imperial Passion-Flower" into the wreath, her genius, like it, being—

Consecrate to Salem's peaceful King,—
Though fair as any gracing Beauty's bower,
Yet linked to sorrow like a holy thing.

And if Mrs. Sigourney is praised for the chastened sadness of her strain, Miss Gould, another whose name has survived to our day, is held up to no less commendation for her cheerfulness and lively wit. "Truly such a genius is a blessing to the world," exclaims her enthusiastic compatriot.

In her remarks on the, alas! forgotten Mrs. Embury, whose poems are compared to Camellias, beautiful but "trained from a foreign root," Mrs. Hale anticipates the criticism of a later day, in entreating her countrywomen not to look into the poems of others for inspiration, but to sing in accordance with the scenes around them, for "surely," she argues, "in a land where the wonders of Nature are

on a scale of vast and glorious magnificence which Europe cannot parallel; and the beautiful and the fertile are opening their treasures on every side; and enterprise and change, excitement and improvement, are the elements of social life,—there must be poetry!”—which suggests the curious circumstance that the now familiar name of Whitman constitutes, under the symbol of the Sensitive plant, one of the lesser ornaments in the work. This was the beautiful young widow who inspired the ill-fated Edgar Poe with so ardent a passion, and to whom, in his lecture on the poetesses of his country, he awarded the palm for genius; the Helen (not to be confounded with the Helen of an earlier adoration) to whom he addressed the poem beginning—

I saw thee once,—once only—years ago;

to whom, after his wife's death, he was for a while engaged, and who afterwards so loyally constituted herself the defender of his fame. In strange contrast to her namesake's quality was the frail tender genius of the Whitman of the wreath, besides differing from it in the momentous particular, as recorded by her biographer, that from an early age she “manifested the propensity, which the Muse *will* foster in those she elects her votaries, ‘to write in rhyme,’”—the word rhyme with others besides Pope's father being synonymous with poetry.

In her choice of English blossoms Mrs. Hale has been somewhat capricious, many a name worthy to have adorned it, such as those of Charlotte Smith, Lady Anne Barnard, then known as the author of *Auld Robin Gray*, and Mrs. Hunter, writer of that exquisite song set to music by her friend Haydn, “My Mother bids me bind my Hair,” being omitted from the wreath. With those of American growth she is not so chary, considerations of personal acquaintanceship being allowed to influence her choice. And of the names twined into the latter section of her work, few have place in any other memorial.

Toward the end of her task the good lady is sometimes hard put to it to find an appropriate floral emblem for her poetesses. The rose, the lily, the jasmine, the dahlia, the tulip, the orange-blossom, the wall-flower, the daisy, and other darlings of the spring, have all been used, and she has to fall back on such rare devices as the Flower-of-an-hour for the child-singer, Lucretia Davidson; the Forget-me-not (too sadly suggestive a token) for a certain Louisa Smith; the Amaranth, foretelling fadeless bloom to one for whom the perishing Harebell would have been a fitter image. Sweet flowers all of them, some with the wholesome old-fashioned perfume of those that grew in our grandmothers' gardens, others, we are bound to confess, of the faintest bloom and fragrance.

Mrs. Hale is very confident in her prognostications. Of more than one over whose poetic fame the waters of oblivion have long since passed, she predicts “much that will adorn our literature and elevate our sex.” The name of a Mrs. Dinnies, a Frances Osgood (another of Poe's friends), or an Elizabeth Ellet, as the case may be, just springing into notice and destined to as sudden forgetfulness, is ushered in with all the pomp and ceremony befitting the introduction of a Keats or a Wordsworth, the objects of these eulogies waking perhaps some fine morning to find themselves made famous in her pages, to fall asleep again in the pleasing conviction of having left their mark in the literature of their country. And when this generous prominence has been given to those whose names dwindle toward the end of the collection into ever completer insignificance, it comes upon one with the less surprise to find the wreath finished off, twined up gracefully and gathered together with a few selections from the poems of Sarah Josepha Hale herself, for “that I have written some things [the contrast of her own *things* to her predecessors' *poems* is rather touching] not unworthy a place in this collection,

I certainly believe," she with equal modesty and candour asserts; nor can she see that there would be more presumption in thus including them among the effusions of her "sister authoresses" than in publishing them in a separate volume. This delicate point settled, she proceeds to a brief sketch of herself,—by far the longest, however, in the volume, the inclination to grow garrulous over the details of her own life being no less apt to overtake a cultivated lady when she has once fairly broken the ice, than a Mrs. Cluppins on her finding herself in the witness-box.

After lingering fondly on her childhood's days, she affords us a glimpse into her married life, it having been under her husband's instruction that her prose style ("which the critics generally allow," she takes the opportunity of telling us, "to be pure idiomatic English") was formed. But death, with a sudden stroke, cut short this period of "unbroken happiness," and she was forced, for the sake of her children's education, to turn her literary talent to account. It was then that her "prose style" stood her in good stead; for "in our land," Mrs. Hale with a touch of delicate satire observes, "the Muse, though she may command praise, can rarely command 'the siller!'" It was, however, with an eye to "the siller" that the volume under consideration was prepared. But there was another almost as dear desire involved. The wish to promote the reputation of her own sex and her own country had been with her from infancy, "and had I then been told," she says, "that it would be any good fortune to gather even this humble wreath of poetical flowers from the productions of female writers, I should have thought it the height of felicity."

Poor withered wreath! Poor dead hand that twined it, with all the blossoms of which it is composed lying together in the dust! The last, probably, of the tuneful sisterhood to survive was Mary Howitt, inserted

under the similitude of a Violet, and in connection with whom Mrs. Hale hazards the somewhat peculiar theory that "the religion of the Quakers is very favourable to female genius."

It has been remarked of Mrs. Heman's verses that a genuine if slender strain of poetry runs through them all. The same may be said of these specimens, though occasionally, and where one might least expect it, we light on some line of tender charm, some image of equal truth and beauty, the like of which might be vainly sought for in the works of many whose fame rests on a far securer foundation; while nearly all are marked by a grace of refinement which our modern-day songstresses seem, in a measure, to have lost, whatever else they may have acquired. For the rest, the pieces are of almost too uniform sweetness, a sort of versifying pleasant enough, it is true, yet perilously apt, if perused in too great quantity, to dull the senses into forgetfulness of what is poetry indeed. The element of surprise, no less necessary to poetry than to wit, is almost altogether missing from the wreath. There are in it no stray wild blossoms, the dew still fresh upon them; none that waft the freshness of forest or moorland. All breathe of the regularly laid-out garden, or at most the fenced-in field. No sudden startling breath of fragrance is here, no vivid gleam of colour. All is fair and ordered, not a storm-blown petal nor a straggling wild-wood leaf among them. The wreath is for a drawing-room ornament; and its flowers have been chosen with an eye to the young ladies for whom, its constructor fondly hoped, it would afford perennial bloom.

A selection of hardier and more enduring blossoms might be made from those of a later growth. "Women's voices" have acquired a stronger and more distinctive strain since the *Ladies' Wreath* was fashioned. They have sounded higher and also deeper notes. "Your frequent allusions to Nature are not decorous," remon-

strates a maiden lady of the old school, in one of Douglas Jerrold's comedies. "With young women of my time Nature was the last thing thought of." Some such tone of restraint pervades these effusions, so that Mrs. Hale herself, who with all her gentle flatteries had a true critical insight that was not to be altogether hoodwinked, is reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the lack of fervency that shows in them, a want which she attributes to that "delicacy of taste" which makes a female poet "fear to pour forth the full gush of her feelings. . . . It is very rare [in her opinion] that a woman can or will do this. Hence much of the monotony and mediocrity of their poetry"—an admission almost ludicrously out of keeping with her wonted gracious enthusiasm.

It is not *gush*, whatever else it may be, that women poets of the present day can be pronounced deficient in. The barriers on their spirit, whether of "delicacy of taste" or of incompetence, have been swept away, and the full tide of their pent-up emotions let loose. The only fear now is lest the rush should prove too overwhelming. The conditions of "female poetry" were even then on the eve of an eventful change. The voice of the acknowledged greatest of modern poetesses was already beginning to be heard; while other budding singers here and there were waiting on their Muse. Jean Ingelow, a poetess in much favour across the Atlantic, was a little child in English Boston. Christina Rossetti was another toddler; and the more

modern lights of song were soon to emerge out of the darkness.

What strikes one most, perhaps, in these poems of more than half a century ago is the simplicity not only of their diction but of their thoughts. There is no striving after effect, no studied originality of phrase nor far-fetched turns of expression. The writers are content not merely with the old rhymes and metres (even of sonnets there are only four, and one of these imperfect, in the collection) but also with the artless sentiments of old. Even Mrs. Norton is not ashamed to sing of "woman's love" as of a silent, humble and adoring passion, content with unassuming worship of its idol, to endure change and coldness nor suffer its own warmth to be chilled, to "meet the upbraiding of his angry eye" with meekness,

To love all round him as a part of him,
Ev'n [wondrous climax!] her he wor-
ships,—

though it be to the devoted one's despair. Those were "the good old times" we hear so much about! Another striking feature in the poems is their tone of undoubting, reverent piety. No dark spirit of agnosticism or of pessimism has breathed on the tender blossoms of this old-time wreath. Some spread their petals to the sunshine in "sedate content," and some are wet with tears; but,

Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
they all bend to the same kind influences of purity and faith.

A SERMON IN ROUEN.

To arrive at Rouen on a Sunday, when that Sunday happened to be the 19th of October, was a happy chance for any one interested in the Church and her ceremonies and her efforts to recall the life of a saint gone from earth for twelve hundred years, but looked up to as ready to help men and women of to-day by his intercessions, and as being a living example to the faithful. The churches, and crowds of people if not the town as a body, were celebrating the feast of St. Romain, really occurring on October 23rd, who was Bishop of Rouen and is its patron saint. He died in 639, after stamping out the remnants of heathenism and destroying its temples, and was succeeded by St. Ouen, whose name will be so well known in comparison, at least so long as one of the most lovely of churches lasts. For St. Romain's is but the small Church of the seventeenth century on the hill just above the railway station, poor and battered-looking outside, though gay enough inside with pictures and gilt work. It recalls in fact Mr. Ruskin's reflections on landing at Calais and seeing the old church there really still part of the daily life of the people around it, not very decently swept and garnished perhaps, but still doing work in a business-like way, unlike the empty, unused, clean, neat, restored English church left behind; which, but that it is rather too large, suggests, he says, the desire to place it under a glass frame on a drawing-room table. How familiarly this Rouen church is treated! with a mixture of religious fervour and work-day manners, with genuine affection! It is the difference between the frank affection shown in a family on good terms, and the conscious, ceremonious friendship or even affection between

persons whose mutual relationship is not perfectly established, not fixed as the rising of sun and moon.

There was plenty of this spontaneity or absorption in devotion, this disregard of your neighbours, irregularity, or whatever you like to call it, as the people were answering the bell to the first mass before 6 A.M., and the foreigner was joining them up the hill, not ashamed at feeling naturally what Lady Georgiana Fullerton has spoken of as "the pleasure just of feeling that you are in France." How sounds recall places! It was just France; the fresh dark morning, the clear bell—things the same in one place as in another, and yet not the same—the rattling of the *sabots* on the narrow paved street, and its genteel prisons looking down on you, whence (as you wondered what this awful monotony would make of French towns, if it goes on much longer), there came the Rouen smells; and smells, good and bad, recall places even more than do sounds. The water was running down by the footpath side, and the hard brooms were brushing the vegetable refuse away, and the cleanly simplicity of France struck you again for the first time this visit; and the thought came of how marvellous, in greater social matters, is the English misunderstanding of French life—the thought came, and came the next day, and comes every day and all day, in the country and in the town "Oh! the power of a pre-conceived opinion," as Dr. Newman exclaimed in the days of Papal aggression and Protestant sturdiness. Despair or amused resignation—which is the proper attitude?

But there are gentle readers who would be pleased at being at St. Romain's that morning, asking, as six

o'clock passed, if the citizen seated on a stray chair near knew the hour of mass. The priest is a little late, and so are many of the people; the poor but clean, small shop-keeping women whom you always see, a few ladies, a mother and less devout schoolboy son, a few of the worthy-looking upright fathers of families, which the French Church certainly counts among its congregations at all hours,—perhaps one hundred in all at this first mass, the majority of whom communicated. The mass was served by a grown man, as is so common, in cosack and surplice, garments often indeed thought superfluous. The usual red-cassocked little boy served the second mass, beginning before the first congregation had quite left.

For St. Romain's the great ceremony however was in the afternoon; the morning ceremony, at ten o'clock, was at the cathedral. This is a wonderful church of course; it is hardly necessary to say so to the numbers of English readers whom it, with the other medieval buildings, have drawn to Rouen. But its yellow colour, and its rather squat roof, together with some fearful glass, make the interior commonplace compared with the grey loveliness of St. Ouen, the tapering arches and the remnants of old glass, "rich but not gaudy."

Are religious ceremonies the only ones left worth looking at? Certainly then they appeal to human creatures by something real, if only half realised—something such as military spectacles can have only in times of war. The whole cathedral seemed alive with movement,—men, women, and children pouring in to the chairs, and so many wandering about, and here and there some dropping off to the altars in the side chapels; then nuns come in who seem to have a holiday, and other nuns in charge of their schools, and the canons come into the choir, and from the south transept scores of surpliced seminarists, and from another quarter scores of choir-boys; and they chaunt the office; and still the movement and

the assembling go on, and the people are most of them at their prayers, except for a large contingent of school-boys sitting quietly resigned. Some of the officiants move out of the choir now, and a procession is formed from the sacristy, choristers and seminarists join it, and the canons (old feeble men, most of them), and five priests in cloth-of-gold copes. In the centre of the procession is the gilt shrine of St. Romain, borne by four bearers; and then follow others taking part in the ceremonies, and the three priests for high mass, also in cloth-of-gold. With the continued chanting, the incense, the murmurings of the people, the multitude filling the great church, even the half-sightseer forgets himself, and forgets the individuals around, feeling only the wonderful impression of the whole scene.

It is in the inside alone of the churches that under present French laws the processions can take place. And there indeed they are seen in their best surroundings; they need only better music. All lovers of Gregorian music have reason to love Rouen; but is it possible to distinguish good music from bad, and good voices from bad, in this monotonous roaring? Would the sound not be maddening, as maddening as the great west organ bellowing such painfully loud answers at a signal given by a bell from the little organ in the choir, if indeed other things did not call attention off from both? There *were* good voices in the choir—boys nearly as exquisite as in a good English cathedral; but it was not until relief was found in Mozart, that they could be distinguished. At last the old canons were left alone again, chaunting the psalms of their next office; and the devotee of St. Romain may be free until three o'clock; at that hour there are vespers, sermon, procession of the Sacred Host, benediction, and compline, at St. Romain's own church.

The afternoon preacher was M. l'Abbé Delamare, *professeur au petit séminaire*, a young priest who surely

must become better known as a speaker, unless beautiful form becomes more the rule in speaking than it is, or—perhaps one ought to add—unless the preacher himself gets to think more of the form than of the matter. But it really is a comfort to get some formality, when the matter is worth anything at all. M. Delamare meant to open with a reflection on the honour shown to heroes, on the heroism of the conqueror, and the heroism of the saint, and to go on to speak of St. Romain's life and his harrowing of the heathen and upholding Christ, of his life guided by his devotion ever since his parents kept the highest ideal before his childhood; and then of Christian fortitude, and preservation of Christian education in this age; and lastly he prayed this patron saint of the town to aid us in our difficulties now, by his intercessions for his spiritual children. It would be easy to recollect for a long time anything so clearly planned. Again, the sound reminded one of France, as at the end of each division, the speaker paused, arranged himself, and his audience rustled and settled themselves, and prepared for the next. Woe be to the free and independent Englishman if he fidgets and rustles and settles himself except at pauses; preachers have been known to remonstrate.

Certainly those who have sat under French abbés must have heard nicely arranged discourses that were desperately uninteresting; but the question of religious education is always interesting, and is supremely interesting in France, even if less well treated than by M. Delamare. His plea was for a religious State, a Christian State, a careful training of youth, education of heart, and discipline before intellectual education, preserving youth from contact with moral and intellectual wrong; his lament was over a civilisation seeking for amusement (a civilisation *en décadence*, as Octave Feuillet called it), a lessening of authority, a carelessness about family life, and a disordered society. He

called upon Christians to resist courageously the scandalous license in faith and morals, and the attacks directed against truth and right. "Those who have been guiding France for fifteen years are guiding it to an abyss of destruction;" the severe prophet, Mgr. Perraud of the French Academy, Bishop of Autun, declared a few days later in his sermon at the Lamartine centenary celebration at Macon. And among the causes officially given for the decline in the numbers at the *lycée*, is the competition of the religious schools. And the programme of the Catholic University (*L'Institut Catholique*) is given in a conservative paper, with directions to parents "to choose this means of letting their sons have decent companions." And a priest will tell you, "Many of these students at the great state medical school are atheists, and live as such."

There is the great point the Catholics try to make: "We educate for life, for life here and hereafter; you instruct minds, and neglect the rest of nature, to the ruin of life too often, even in this world." And thus the weakness Maurice de Guérin felt in the "inevitable unreality of a merely literary life," comes in; and your teacher is not, and cannot be, the friend in your moments of longing for sympathy, to whom your deepest feelings are spoken. "We do not believe," *La France*, a Government paper, writes, "that it is so much the religious difficulty which is affecting the *lycées*, as the fact that they are prison-like places, *sans soleil, sans affection*." *La France* is "sure that the Minister of Public Instruction will remedy this." Yes, he can have more sun in the buildings, and can even have gentler rules; but, but . . . Did he happen to read Matthew Arnold's account of the questions asked in a French public school, as to whom you are to thank for all the blessings of home, and happiness, and security, and the virtues of your country—to all which questions the answer to be given was "the State"?

Did he feel that the English writer's instinctive dissatisfaction was foolish? Is the human heart, which made religions, foolish? Is "the State" the final answer to Clough's "What shall we teach our children and the poor?" Catholic or not, many a descendant of Molière would cry out, "*Se moque-t-on des gens ?*"

And what is the plea in answer to the Rouen preacher? We are offering, the Republic has a right to say, the means of popular instruction freely to all; not content with schools during the day, there are free courses of all sorts of general and technical instruction for men and women in the evenings; we do put high ideals before the pupils, and train them in independence of mind, self-reliance, and courage; we do not believe that we fail in disposing the minds of our pupils towards virtue; and we believe they are naturally disposed to virtue, more than you teachers of religion think. Are not some of the best men in France (some of them, like M. Maxime du Camp, among the warmest defenders of the Church) themselves unbelievers? Must the State take no account of their unbelief, and of the fact of this difference of opinion? You ask for liberty to have your own schools without paying for the State secular schools; but when did the Church content herself with that? Does she not claim to be divinely empowered to teach the nations, and to give and to withhold knowledge? *Oui*: lament would be over the stagnation of mind, the carelessness about truth induced by absence of intellectual freedom, an ideal the Church openly aims at. But you have truth already, you say; and there is no true freedom in allowing error to be taught. Just so; that is the foundation of the matter, where we have no common standing-ground; peace between the Church and a State indifferent to dogma is impossible.

These thoughts in the Church at Rouen, as you leave it in the now darkening evening, with the Sacred

Host exposed, the incense rising, and hundreds, thousands of candles and gas jets shedding light through the open doors even out on the crowd unable to make their way in,—these thoughts are suggested when you have gone into the plain world on the same evening; they are suggested by your fellow-travellers' talk and manner, by the first newspaper, denouncing the gradual return of the religious orders, by the next, denouncing the impious omission to bless a new harbour, whereby many persons have been drowned; and again by every old church and convent, used or disused, or secularised, on the way to Paris, and in this centre of French varied life itself.

France is not at rest without a recognised religion; perhaps no State can be. And perhaps no State with one, can be as tolerant or as indifferent towards men's minds as is the French Republic. At all events, the new English visitor to France will have thousands of causes, as his predecessors had, to love France and its people under whatever conditions; and like his predecessors he will, if sensible, break his journey for even one day at Rouen, for the sake of the place and its associations, and for St. Ouen, Le Palais de Justice, and the cathedral, which he will treat more or less as a sightseer, according to his instincts. Let him not forget poor St. Romain's: he will not be tormented every weekday by a sermon; and he can go on with the peaceful mind of the artist or tourist to Paris. There, close to his station, he sees that *Englisch is spoken*; and the first warning to his newness is that *Mr. and Mrs. the travellers are kindly warned to advice of their departure before twelve o'clock*; and the second will be written, if he tries to take a bath with the materials provided, that *Monsieur est prié de ne pas versé de l'eau sur le parquet*. *SVP*. Still he can be happy, and almost clean, while he has the pleasure he ought to enjoy, just of feeling that he is in France.

W. F. STOCKLEY.

THE STORY OF AN OAK TREE.

'Tis a marvel to me how so short-lived a creature as man should yet contrive to crowd so much that is eventful and interesting in the short span of years that makes his life. Perhaps the sap in his limbs circulates more freely than it does in ours—perhaps his is a quicker, higher intelligence—be this as it may, I, who have lived four hundred years, have not suffered or enjoyed as do men who only reach fourscore years. Moreover there are some who do not live longer than twenty years,—tender saplings, as it were, who yet seem glad to lie down and rest in the earth. Truly it seems sad to me that they should so greatly care to lie still and be forgotten by all, seeing that it is the one great desire of our young seed to free itself from the clinging soil and to stand erect, facing the keen winds of heaven. Yet I know full well that men have great trials to bear, for I, myself, have seen much of human sorrow.

The story I am about to tell is one that I understand well, for I saw its beginning and its tragic end. It is as well known to my neighbours as to my young branches; oftentimes have I told it the latter while they were yet children, and I had much ado to rock them to sleep, with the wind's help.

Indeed the wind is a great ally of mine. He brings me news of the wonderful outer world, and he has helped me in the compilation of this story, being a keen and rapid observer of men and their actions. He it was who told me there was mischief abroad; and it was he who explained to me the mystery of the booming noises and the cries and moanings that were wafted to me from the other side of the great moors, and who were the various men that rode past me hurriedly, some pale and sad, others gay and

elated,—all stained with dust of the roadside and the strange, beautiful-coloured human blood.

It was on a still day in June, a little after such mysterious noises and sounds, that I first saw a strange sight,—naught else but a woman, beautiful and young, supporting on her arm a young man who seemed sick of some disease. One of his limbs hung listlessly by his side, and his pale face was encompassed by a bandage. He seemed faint and weary, and methought eager to finish his pilgrimage on the earth, for he made many objections and mutterings.

"Sweetheart," he said (and the tone of his voice was like the speech of the west wind to my tenderest leaflets), "let me alone to die here, as all my companions have died. Do not, I pray you, risk your beautiful life. I have seen you once again,—therefore can I bear to die."

But she was resolute, though so young. She called to another woman, older, more gnarled than she. Counting as men count, this one might have borne fifty winters, while it seemed as if the younger had barely known twenty summers, and her name well suited the ruggedness of her exterior.

"Elizabeth," she cried, the young and pretty one, "I pray you help me lay him on the moss;" and the other answered, "Yes, my lady."

Then the two women with a marvellous amount of care helped the man to recline on the soft, green moss that creeps along the ground to my roots. 'Twas then I noticed that he had a wounded foot which caused him to halt in his walk and lean somewhat upon the slender woman; and I was much grieved thereat, having myself, long ago, received a hurt on my roots, and recalling how much suffering I

endured. When they had helped him to lay himself down, he caught eagerly at the loose drapery of the young woman's dress and spoke hurriedly. "Dorothy! sweetheart! You must leave me now. It maddens me to lie here a useless log and see you expose yourself to dangers for my sake! See, this oak will shelter me until I die; there were no better, sweeter death-place, except your dear arms, in the world, I think."

Then she looked down on him with a flush on her sweet face, and a light came into her eyes.

"My dearest," she said, "you have spoken well; the oak *shall* shelter you until you are healed of your hurt. 'Tis leafy, and has branches which will afford you a resting and a hiding place. And then," she continued, and the red blood mounted to her cheeks, "I shall find means for you to escape to Holland, and you will be happy yet, sweetheart."

But he shook his head.

"Dorothy, if aught happened to you through my fault there is nothing on earth below, or in heaven above, that would compensate me for it. Think of my lying here, maddening with the thought that you have been stopped on the way. 'Twere better to drag myself to Scarborough and let my enemies see how a man of honour can die! Better than lying here, trembling lest my sweetheart meet with disaster I should be impotent to avert."

But she knelt down beside him. "I pray you, Ralph," she said, "let me work my own will. I will take such care that none shall track me or even watch me, for discovery would mean death to you, sweetheart. Let me have my wilful way, Ralph."

Then there was a silence between them, and I waved my branches gently in order to show them that I would do my best to shield them from the enemies they seemed to fear. My leaves were so thick that the good sunshine could scarce pierce to the place where they sat, which, methinks, must surely have been an advantage

to them. 'Twas fortunate that they sought shelter this bright summer time when the leaves sat thick on the branches, instead of in the winter when they stand bare and shivering, the sport of unruly winds. I have heard it said that most trees have been doomed to suffer in this wise, for the fault of the one tree that was too tempting to the first man and woman who were placed for their trial in a garden. How this may be I know not, but it has always seemed to me a cruel thing that our leaves should fall when we are most in need of them.

"I pray you make no coward of me, Dorothy," the man said at last, "for you know whatever you ask me to do I must do. I can deny you nothing, sweet."

Then she, exultant, sprang to her feet and paced me round, looking at me the while with admiring eyes, whereby I was like to be much uplifted, for I felt great pride in my comeliness, inasmuch as it was to be of use in sheltering this pair of lovers. Mistress Dorothy scanned me deliberately, seeking a safe resting-place for him she loved, and though some of my younger branches stretched out their arms to make themselves attractive in her eyes, (young branches have a wilful way of obtruding themselves,) she would have none of them, but chose a thick sturdy limb which was bravely covered by short and leafy branches, and when, after much deliberation, she had at last come to a satisfactory conclusion, she called her attendant, and with great care and tenderness helped the man to attain the selected branch, and then took leave of him with much sadness, and many warnings that he would not attempt the descent too often, as the enemy were still scouring the moors. All of this he promised, more (I think) to comfort and pacify her than from any thought of his own safety, for when she was about to leave him he begged she would not have any more thought of him, for that he knew she would

never be wife of his. "Sweetheart," he said at parting, "bid me good-bye, and waste no thought on me. I am not worth one of your tears. In after times you will find some happier, you could not find a fonder, lover; and then you will forget the bitter days and this helpless love of mine."

The poor lady was as pale as an ash tree when she wished her lover adieu and bade him rest comforted in God's keeping, and then he whispered and begged her for something that he seemed to desire more than life. 'Twas, I believe, a kiss that he sought, though why men make so much ado about so slight a thing has always been a marvel to me. However, she yielded, and truly it seemed as if the kiss possessed healing properties, he seemed so content; perchance that is the reason it is held in such high esteem.

'Twas long before the mistress and maid were outside my earshot. I could hear the converse betwixt the two as they walked along, and I gathered that the stricken man was one Sir Ralph Andover, most zealous in the cause of our king; that he had been sorely wounded in a battle, which had taken place at no great distance from me, on a moor named Marston; that his mistress had found him in an old barn near the field of battle (whither his servant had carried him) and had borne him, sorely wounded as he was, to the shelter of this wood. By some fatality, it seemed that the father and brother of the young lady were upholding the opposite cause, whereat I marvelled greatly, seeing that she appeared of gentle nurture, and I knew that none but the unworthy could wage war against the king of the realm. I felt this keenly, inasmuch as I and my family had from time beyond count been surnamed Monarchs of the forest; therefore it seemed to me that this poor warred-against king must be a human kinsman of mine.

The forsaken man sighed oft and piteously as he watched his heart's

beloved disappear, and a great despair seemed to fall on him. Before her departure Mistress Dorothy had bandaged his wounds; perchance he sighed from pain of them, though to me it seemed as if 'twere from some deeper grief. I had hoped that the kind rain would have fallen, having a grateful remembrance of how it had comforted and healed me when I was sick of my broken limb; but 'twas not to be; and when the dusky night crept over the forest and the stars came out, he grew garrulous, speaking aloud as if he could no longer restrain himself. He called on "Dorothy! Dorothy!" as if seeking to comfort himself by the sound of her name, and sang her praises in measures whose endings had one and the same sweet sound that I thought comparable only to the melodious tinkling of the brook which the wind sometimes wafts to me. I believe, though I know not whether it be really so, that men call this sweet, running, rippling sound, "poetry."

I bent my head with its crest of leaves—my crown 'tis called by the other trees—over this poor forsaken lover, and the breezes sang him a lullaby; and when the night grew darkest the firefly brought me word that he slept.

That night there fell a prodigious silence over the forest, nor had I ever known it to lie so hushed. 'Twas as if some subtle sympathy with the pain and despair of the poor human soul had awed my kinsmen. I would fain have thanked them. 'Tis strange how trust begets love. I now felt a great and protecting interest in these two poor souls though they were so lately unknown to me. They have long left this beautiful earth, yet there still remains to me a remembrance of love and passion beyond the understanding of my kin. For we do not comprehend love, as men love, though the sun makes it so hotly to us every summertime. To be sure he leaves us to be chilled by winter's frosts; and therein it would seem that human love differs from ours, —but there, I know so little of it!

'Twas not until two days had gone that the lady came again. Her lover had crawled down from his hiding-place, and with ears open to every sound was anxiously listening for her footstep. I had so identified myself with the two that I too felt as if my mistress were coming; and when time passed and she came not, I understood the pallor of his cheek, and almost muttered with him, "Some mischance has befallen, her or else she would be here." I grew dismayed whenever I thought of the long journey that she, a weak woman, must needs make before she could reach her lover, for the notion of moving frightens us trees. But at last I saw him flush with a flush that meant joy, and saw him start and try to drag himself forward; and then 'twas no surprise to hear the rustle of a woman's gown and a glad cry of "Dorothy!"

But she hushed him in great alarm. "I pray you whisper, sweetheart," she said in a low voice; "I fear my coming hither has been noticed. My father and brother talk much of you at home; they have never forgotten the former days. My brother swears that you shall die, but I have sworn you shall live, and we will see who will prevail."

All the while she spoke he held her hands prisoned in his; they were so like small white doves, pretty fluttering things, half trying to free themselves, half clinging to his fingers. Methinks he was too spent with weary watching to speak much, and too happy at sight of his beloved to greatly feel the need of speech, noticing which she grew gradually silent and soon ceased her pretty babble.

At last he spoke. "Sweetheart, I thought you were never coming to me again. You cannot tell what I suffer at the thought of aught befalling you. I can think of nothing but you. Sweet, I long to let my thoughts dwell on my cause and my country, but to no avail,—you drive out all other thoughts."

It seemed that this confession did
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not anger her. If it did she concealed her wrath, for she answered gently, "And my thoughts are always with you, Ralph. I have turned schemer in your behalf. I endure my cousin's love-making, nay, sometimes encourage it, so it may blind him. I have been burning with impatience to come to you, and yet have been obliged to conceal it. To-day I have been obliged to feign sickness, and my maid is stationed at my door giving news of me this moment,—and I am so well, seeing that I am with my love!"

She was so tender and so sweet that I did not marvel at Sir Ralph's exceeding love. He feasted his eyes on her, and his glance betrayed that he thought her very fair. Meanwhile she busied herself preparing a new bandage wherewith to bind his maimed foot; and whilst she busied herself about it she babbled on, telling him many things that had come to pass these last two days. At news of the poor king who was struggling against the people he loved, Sir Ralph looked grave indeed. It seemed that there was nothing to do but to ship to Holland whither many a brave and loyal heart had carried its broken fortunes. "But I cannot leave you, sweetheart," said Sir Ralph, "I'll die here, gladly too, better than live without you."

Then she besought him to speak more prudently, and reminded him of his youth, of the beauty of the world, the flowers that bloomed and the sun that shone, of the winds that might yet blow the breath of liberty over the glad land; she spoke to him of all this, but he only shook his head; "I'll die here," was all he said. She left him with reluctance, and that evening he spent talking aloud as was his wont; speaking so much of his mistress that had she not been so fair we might have taken umbrage at his so doing; but we could not blame him, and lover's talk is pleasant to a forest at night time when all is attuned in harmony to it.

So day succeeded day until nearly a month had passed, and I grew accus-

tomed to playing the part of host. Sometimes the lady came, and then it seemed as if the sun were shining more merrily, the birds singing more lustily, and the very herbage seemed to give out stronger scent wherewith to greet her. But when she deemed her coming might lead to discovery and stayed away, all around grew dark and dreary; the rain-clouds trooped like crows, and there was no sound save the plash of rain drops on the leaves and the plaintive cry of the wood-pigeon. Sir Ralph was very patient those days, very patient, yet methinks most unhappy. 'Twas as if his idleness were painful to him, and also that he disliked being served by a woman, though such service pleased her in the extreme.

This had lasted a long while until one day, when after a long interval of waiting she came to him again. She smiled a little when she first greeted him, but seemed of so frail an appearance that he grew alarmed. "Sweetheart, what ails you?" he asked; and she made answer: "There is danger abroad, troops are scouring the country eager to find you. I fear that it is I who by my coming hither have put these bloodhounds on your track. Yet what would you have me do! I was forced to come and see with mine own eyes that my dearest was unhurt: I could not stay at home; and you must forgive my womanly tremors if aught evil befall you through me."

Then he comforted her, and bade her be of good cheer, saying that her loving care of him must bring nought but good to him. But in the midst of this sweet talk there suddenly was heard a sound as of the distant tramp of horses. Sir Ralph listened a moment, and then spoke on of idle things; but there was little need for him to feign to her, for her quick ear had caught the sound even before it had reached him. The two pale faces betrayed the fear that each was suffering for the other; the two pairs of eyes looked love at each other; and the two poor beating, throbbing hearts leapt and quivered with one anxious dread.

"We must conceal ourselves," whispered Dorothy. "For the love of heaven no word, Ralph."

"Sweetheart," he answered, "there is yet time. Leave me; you can reach the farmhouse where your horse waits before my pursuers gain the forest. There may be danger for you if you remain."

Then a wan smile crossed her face, and she shook her pretty head, the which caused the merry curls to dance and jig around her brows, a frolic much at variance with the sadness that lay on them. "I shall remain with you," she said resolutely; and he was fain to let her bide.

Therefore they sought my shelter, and concealed themselves as best they could amongst my boughs. They sat close, supported by a strong branch, his arms around her, both silent with a great fear. And the sound grew nearer and nearer until the noise of the horses' hoofs ever approaching seemed like blows of a hammer falling on the greensward. And I could hear these two anxious hearts beating in unison; and I could see their faces, hers drawn with anguish and fear for the safety of the man she loved, and his full of passionate, self-forgetting devotion. She bent forward straining her eyes, he held her hand, and neither uttered a syllable.

And now the sounds grew more distinct as did these poor lovers' heartbeats. Then there came borne upon the wings of the wind (methinks my faithful friend strove by such means to warn us of our impending peril), stray sentences and cruel laughter. Once the deep baying of a hound caused the girl to shiver with such dread that Ralph Andover was fain to whisper (though such whisper might have cost him his life), "'Tis no bloodhound, my sweet," and her white lips strove to smile an answer. Nearer and nearer came the sounds, and the outlines of human forms grew clear. Would they stop? See, the foremost men had already passed, and my lady had already sighed a great sigh of relief,

when one of them stepped out of the ranks and presently dismounted. At sight of him Mistress Dorothy's heart gave a great bound which set my leaves quivering. She forced her slender fingers into my boughs and pressed her lips close so that she might not cry out; the sweet blood forsook her cheeks, and her eyes that could look so tender grew fierce with hate and dilated from fear.

He who approached alone seemed a person of distinction; there was that within him that spoke of the practised warrior and the habit of command. Methought he could not fail to notice the upturned moss, and the signs of disturbance everywhere. Yet was his face inscrutable as he looked up and seemed but to mark the blueness of the sky visible betwixt my branches. He gazed earnestly at me, and to my great dismay a bird, which had become familiarised with the lovers' presence, set up a loud and cheerful carolling, pouring out its delight in clear thrilling song at which the lady was like to faint.

Then the stranger looked up and said betwixt his teeth, "The pretty traitor, innocent babbler!" and a smile curled his lips and gave a sinister expression to his face. Then he tore down some tender saplings, and cut some initials on the moss, thereby (it seemed to me) to make the place recognisable to himself; and presently he mounted his horse and rode away, singing some merry song with a mocking refrain as he went. So great was his haste that a terrible fear that he was about to acquaint his companions with the discovery he had made came upon me. By reason of my superior height I could scan the country round, but I could not see that the horseman who had just left did aught else but rejoin the troop.

Meanwhile the poor pale lady, now that the danger was past, broke out into piteous weeping, though she was careful to check her sobs. Ralph Andover was obliged to stand by and see his mistress weep, though at sight of her tears his own began to fall. I

could not but note the difference betwixt these tears, for whilst hers were like a passing summer shower, balmy and refreshing, his were like the drops of a thundercloud, heavy with sense of greater evil to come.

Sir Ralph had so far recovered from his hurt that he could move about more easily; the lady had cast herself on the ground, and laying her soft cheek on my rugged trunk, was weeping bitterly. Though so old and rugged, her tears penetrated to my very heart, and I would cheerfully have sacrificed a limb to have been able to give these poor lovers some solace. He knelt down beside her and strove, not quite vainly, to comfort her; but when he spoke his voice was stern.

"Sweetheart," he said, "this must now end. I will no longer be hounded and hunted like a malefactor, thereby exposing you to perils innumerable. I will no longer subject you to the risk of being discovered, perhaps reviled by ill-mannered fellows. I am almost cured of my wound, and shall soon be able to use my foot until I can honourably meet my enemies. I will hide no more! One parting kiss, sweetheart, and the cruellest of our suffering is overpast!"

Then she rose and looked at him. "I swear to you," she cried passionately, "that this shall cease. One day's more concealment is all I ask of you. I have spoken to one I can trust, a captain of a merchant vessel, and he has promised to convey you to Holland. Therefore for my sake, sweetheart, bear this ignominy but one day longer." And then a great rosy flush crept over her cheeks and brows. "For their taunts or revilings I care not one jot!" she cried. "The curs who come spying and jesting while your life is at stake!"

Whereat Ralph for answer took his mistress in his arms and kissed her reverently, at which I was not much amazed, seeing that every man's heart must have been touched by her tenderness and love.

"Sweet," he said gently, yet a little huskily, "I will remain a day longer since you so much desire it. Yet to what end? I do not greatly covet life. All beauty will have died out of it, Dorothy, love," he added with a short, sharp sob like a stab. "My sweetheart! do not ask me to live without you."

Then there fell a great silence, and methought I perceived a struggle in Dorothy's face, for by turns she grew rosy red, and then ashen pale, and it seemed as if she would fain speak, yet could no words force themselves through the slender column of her throat; it seemed as if they all lay prisoned there, until there arose a sound like the gurgling of brooks that have been ice-bound, and,—*"Heart's dearest, I am coming with you,"* she said.

Then he fell on his knees and kissed the hem of her dress, and thanked her and blessed her, and wept, and for very love of her could say nothing that was distinct to her or to me; yet methinks we both understood. So happy were they in this new recognisance of their mutual love that they almost forgot their fear of discovery, until Dorothy's eye fell on the initials newly cut in the moss.

"My cousin need not have feared," she said with exceeding bitterness, "that I should have forgotten his visit. Sweetheart, you would never leave me in the hands of such a man!"

"Nay," he answered tenderly, "I would leave you in no man's hands. But has not this plan of yours danger for you? There must be no danger for you, sweetheart."

"I have set my woman's wit to work," answered Dorothy, "and have contrived a plan whereby to assure your safety and our happiness,—only you must let me work my will."

There was silence again between the two, a silence prodigiously more expressive than words, such silence as falls between the soft gusts of wind when it comes fondling and caressing

my young branches. I knew its meaning well, not having lived four hundred years and observed nature all the while in vain; nor was I surprised to find the faces of the twain pale, with the lovelight shining in their eyes.

'Twas long before Mistress Dorothy could bring herself to leave her lover, and when she went all brightness seemed to have gone with her for Sir Ralph Andover. "It cannot be," he muttered; "the gods were never on my side;" and then he fell to talking to me. "My last night with you, old oak!" he said. "Ah, good tree! if you could but talk, what a tale you would tell of a sweet brave woman's devotion. I would I felt more light-hearted, for my soul is overburdened with vague fears. It seems as if this were to be my last night on earth; nor do I greatly grieve at that, for life with Dorothy would mean too much happiness, and joy and I have always been strangers."

'Tis certain that I must have been made of poor stuff, for I felt so much anxiety on behalf of these two who trusted me that I could get no sleep. 'Twas a sultry night, not a breath stirring, no moon, and the stars were shining sullenly as if vexed to be obliged to light the whole heavens. I felt much as I do before the advent of the great disturbance men call a thunderstorm; my sap coursed languidly through my limbs, my leaves felt withering. I feared for myself, for 'tis always the highest that falls, and the forked lightning seeks his prey relentlessly. But through the long night no thunder came, nought to break its terrible monotony, and when the first streak of dawn lit the heavens I was glad indeed. There was ill-luck in the air; I felt it. A chattering magpie, with its home perchance in the very castle that sheltered Dorothy, brought me disturbing tidings. "They are out and about," he said, "all out and about, the armed men. Let your guest be careful. If he would but stay quiet where he is, all might be well; but she will be

here soon, and he will go straight to his death, poor soul ! ”

’Twas vain that I called the magpie a foolish chatterer. I could not feel hopeful for the success of this day’s adventure, and despair came over me when I thought that aught but success must mean death to either or both of them. But I could not give Sir Ralph even the smallest warning. Even he, who was patience itself, grew impatient this morning, for the slow hours seemed to take a malign pleasure in lingering, so that even I grew wroth with the order of Nature which refuses to bend to the desires of Man. The misty night had begotten a misty day, and its gloom seemed but a reflex of my foreboding fears. Sir Ralph’s spirits were the like oppressed, for he sighed grievously and often looked at the heavens to see why they frowned so steadily at him. Alas, there were no pleasant spots of blue to make a bright patchwork with the green of my leaves, no golden sunlight to touch my crest with glory and crown me king. ’Twas as if some dire calamity must needs befall, the forest looked so drear and colourless.

Sir Ralph waited almost all the day, holding himself in readiness. ’Twas pitiful to see so much hope and fear alternating on a human face. At last there appeared in the distance two figures which I discovered to be the lady and her maid ; they were carrying the apparel in which it was necessary Sir Ralph should disguise himself. At sight of his dear mistress he threw off all restraint, and flinging himself on the greensward at her feet, besought her passionately not to expose her dear person to such danger.

“ You have done so much for me already,” he said. “ Sweetheart, let me accomplish my escape alone.”

“ And would you leave me ? ” she asked quite calmly.

“ I would rather leave you than do you hurt,” he said gravely with pale lips.

“ Nay,” she cried passionately, “ you do me but this wrong, that you cause me continually to play the man’s part.

That is the only hurt that will come to me through you.”

Then the tears sprang into Sir Ralph’s eyes and he whispered humbly, “ Sweetheart, indeed I am not worthy of your love.”

The manner of men and women has always been a marvel to me. That they should love one another I can understand ; but what need to deem themselves unworthy of each other ? Withal why should so small a matter as a kiss be so potent a reply ? Dorothy for answer laid her lips upon her lover’s as if by that means she were rendering him more worthy ; it seemed to me a new way of bestowing knighthood.

And after this episode the lady beckoned her maid and brought Sir Ralph some apparel wherewith to disguise himself, whereat he pulled a wry face. “ A woman’s clothing, my Dorothy ! ” he said. Then she told him of her plot, which necessitated his assuming her maid’s disguise, and entreated him to do for her sake what he would not do for his own. And all the time that she was begging of him to do her will, I was disturbed by sounds of distant horses and of men’s voices coming nearer ; and from my high eminence I saw bands of men stationed at intervals so as to surround the forest. Had the lovers not been so engrossed with each other they must have heard the warning sounds. A jangle of spurs louder than any gone before, roused her at last. She sprang to her feet, and cried in a voice of despair so great it must have thrilled the hardest of hearts,—“ Dear Lord ! what noise was that ? ”

Sir Ralph hastened to her side to reassure her, but even while the words of comfort were yet lingering on his lips, the trampling of horses’ feet grew more distinct, and men’s forms began to be dimly visible through the trees.

Then did the poor lady fall into a fit of the most piteous weeping ; so greatly was I touched thereat that I trembled in all my branches, and my very leaves fell from sympathy. But Sir Ralph only drew his dear mistress close to

his heart, bidding her waste no tears on him ; he exhorted her to courage, but as every fresh sound smote her ear she shivered and seemed to grow more white and wan. At last a shout from the soldiers apprised them that their hiding-place had been discovered. Soon they were surrounded by a troop of horsemen, conspicuous amongst whom was the man who had made such careful inspection of the spot before.

None durst touch Sir Ralph as he stood calm and composed, his defiant eyes resting on him who appeared to be leader. No violence seemed likely to be offered him, seeing that he made no efforts to defend himself ; indeed it seemed to me as if there was pity in the eyes of the man at sight of poor, despairing Dorothy, who leant, half swooning, against her lover. "You are my prisoner," at last said he whom we had seen before ; and then dismounting, with a courteous air he asked him to give up his sword. Then Sir Ralph laughed, and said quietly, "That will I never do," whereat the other seemed undecided ; seeing which Dorothy made a motion to throw herself upon her knees, but her lover restrained her. "Sweetheart," he whispered, "you shall not abase yourself for me," and was silent. Methought he gained in size and dignity as he looked around upon the number who had come to take him prisoner,—one man against so many. Even they, vile rebels as they were, seemed awed by his majestic presence and dignity of demeanour. "By your favour," he said courteously, "I will explain my presence here and that of this, my most honoured mistress ;" and he stretched out his hand which she took and held in hers, so that together they faced their enemies, chiefest of which were (as I afterwards learnt) her brother, and her cousin who would also be her lover.

This cousin of hers must have been touched with some slight compassion, for he answered, "Speak, Sir Ralph ; but before you say aught that could harm either yourself or the lady we all love, listen to my conditions."

"Nay," cried Sir Ralph, "I'll have none of them ! This lady whom you all love is my heart's dearest, and the most devoted sweetheart a man ever had,—but now all that is over. Dorothy, sweetest, it must be good-bye to you and life ! Be brave, and leave me in the hands of these—gentlemen. I am ready to do their bidding."

Then Andrew Elton answered : "Since you are so tenacious of death you shall find it, but listen first. For the love of this fair lady, who holds you, I believe, in some slight favour, and who now, with her father's consent, stands pledged my wife, I am willing to give you your life ; you shall take ship to Holland and finish your days there in peace and security."

Then Sir Ralph laughed out loud, so that my very leaves laughed too, and a fierce light burned in his eyes, and he courteously yet mockingly saluted him who had spoken. "I thank you for your mercy," he cried ; and then he grew angry and spoke sternly. "What do you take me for, you rogues and rebels ? Shall I accept my life at your hands and give up my dearest mistress ? I would rather die ten thousand deaths than accept one boon from you ! Hear me once for all, you murderous enemies to your land ! I would not that you even thought to do me some slight favour. I will accept of none ! Had it not been for her I love, I should not now be bandying words with such as you. You have no right either to show or to withhold favours. I would scorn to take quarter of you, I say again ; so cease your prating and give me but one moment to say good-bye to my love, to my life."

Then he turned towards his sweetheart and looking well into her eyes said (so prodigious an affection in his voice that I marvelled that these men could refrain from weeping), "Listen, my Dorothy ! I love you so entirely that I could not live dishonoured in your eyes. Sweetheart, if they killed me, or exiled me from your dear presence, what difference would it be ?

Dear heart, I know an easier way. Kiss me but once before you lift your dear eyes from mine, and I'll take heaven itself with me in that dear kiss."

I know not whether she did not guess his intent, or whether her senses were so dulled by this great and unexpected misery that she could not realise his meaning, but she raised her sweet mouth to his in so docile and heart-broken a manner that I could have wept for anguish. He held her only a moment and kissed her but once; then she fell prone to the earth as he released her from his grasp.

Andrew Elton sprang forward to raise her, and as he did so I saw the flash of the sword Sir Ralph had scorned to yield. But for one instant the bright steel cleft the air; then,—there seemed nought but a confused mass,—and Sir Ralph lay on the green moss, his beautiful bright blood staining it as it oozed from his gashed side. So great a fear oppressed the others that they never moved, till one, bolder than the rest, stepped forward and, seeing that the knight still breathed, thrust his sword into him unto the hilt, then drawing out the stained blade called out with loud and blustering voice, "So perish all the enemies of our land!" yet there was found no voice to say, "Amen!"

Right reverently did they lift the lady from the ground, and reverently did they raise the dead man upon a horse and set him fast thereto. Then they wended their way slowly from the forest; slowly, I say, but when they had gone and night had come, I marvelled that so great a tragedy

should have been enacted in so short a time. Surely there was no sadder tree in the forest than I, for those two had become part of my life. I loved them, and 'twas so difficult to realise that now all was over, that those two tender hearts would never more know the same hopes, the same fears, that these two lovers were divided for ever!

'Twas the wind that brought me the last news of her. One day it crept wailing over the moorland, and I shivered from fear of the evil he might have to tell me, and then I gathered heart of grace and asked, "What ails thee, old friend?" He made answer saying, "'Twas yesterday she died," and then sped on blustering as if to hide his grief.

But I rejoiced greatly, seeing that I knew how perfect was her love, and how empty of all good her life must prove without him. Therefore was I not disconsolate, but praised her Lord that man's life endureth but so short a time here below while his after-life lasts for ever. For in truth, man is not like a tree which is felled and dies; yet was I oftentimes sad for the fate of these two, who had trusted me so greatly and whose ending was so sad.

And this is the tale that I narrate to my young branches, when they grow clamorous and bid me tell them stories of humankind. And if aught displeases you in it, I pray you pardon me, seeing that I am not as other story-tellers, and have but tried to while away an hour. Therefore for my many faults I crave your most gentle indulgence.

ALAN ADAIR.

THE GREAT WORK.

A WRITER in the *Daily News*, for reasons of his own, entered a protest the other day against what he called the *Magnum Opus* theory. A man's friends and acquaintance, he complained, were continually urging him to write a Great Work. It was in vain that the victim protested that he did not want to write a Great Work; or that he had written a Great Work which nobody ever heard of; or that he could not live (in this mortal state) by a Great Work, and must produce things which would yield him his daily bread. He might have added that if he did write one, the very last to read it would be these same monitors.

That a man's female relations should hug the delusion that he was born for some high emprise and should persist in exhortation is, no doubt, in the order of nature. But less prejudiced advisers should know better. Certainly censors, whose admonitions get uttered in print, should know better. Believe me, the man who has a Great Work in him does not, save in very exceptional cases, require to have the sides of his intent pricked by the casual friend or the indolent irresponsible reviewer. Once in a way, a George Eliot may wait for the encouragement of a George Henry Lewes to turn from a *Westminster Review* to an *Adam Bede*. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is true that, admonition or no admonition, a man does exactly what he has it in him to do. If a man is not a Balzac, it is in vain that you will urge him to write a *Comédie Humaine*. If on the other hand he has a *Comédie Humaine* in him, he will go on writing rubbish for ten years, in the teeth of parental remonstrance and public neglect, sustained by inward consciousness of power in the sure and certain hope

that some day he will produce the Great Work and be famous.

From gentlemen with a bent for admonition, it must be said parenthetically, there is absolutely no way of escape. Delight your generation with occasional verse or graceful essays full of scholarship and urbane wit, and you are sternly bidden, or perhaps urged by way of flattering expostulation, to leave such trifling and do something worthy of your abilities. Essay an epic and you are recommended to content yourself with shorter flights. The three-volume novelist is reminded that bigness is not greatness. Masters of the short story are exhorted to do something more "important." One man pleads modestly, that to earn his living he must defer to the popular taste, and it is hinted that he is selling his birthright for a mess of pottage. Another in the proud consciousness of genius scorns to prostitute his Muse, and he is soundly rated for not thinking first of his family and his social obligations. You lead a life of literary leisure like Edward Fitzgerald, and you are reprovèd for giving the time to writing letters to your friends which ought to have been given to writing books for the publishers. You throw your soul into poetry like Shelley's or novels like George Sand's, and in the end the Olympian critic serenely pronounces that nothing but your private letters will live.

But about this *Magnum Opus*. There have been men no doubt, men of genius, who have said to themselves deliberately, "Go to, I will write a Great Work." For example, there was Gibbon. Everybody remembers the passage where Gibbon tells how the idea of his History occurred to him. "It was at Rome, on the 15th of

October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." And everybody knows to what good purpose he devoted himself to carrying out the conception into superb accomplishment. But for our present purpose, the interesting thing about Gibbon's case is, that he had made up his extremely well-regulated mind to write a great work of some sort, long before he had a glimmering of what the great work was to be. Then with equal deliberation he set about choosing a subject. Already in 1761, then at the age of twenty-five, he had passed in review a number of subjects for a large historical composition, and had at length selected the expedition of Charles VIII. of France into Italy. After this he successively chose and rejected the Crusade of Richard Cœur de Lion, the Barons' Wars against John and Henry III., the history of Edward the Black Prince, the lives and comparisons of Henry V. and the Emperor Titus, the life of Sir Philip Sidney, and the life of the Marquis of Montrose. At length he seemed to have fixed on Sir Walter Raleigh for his hero; he was attracted by his eventful story varied by the characters of the soldier and the sailor, the courtier and the historian. Romantic subjects all of them, and so far not a hint of predilection for the period and subject which were to make him immortal. The next choice was equally wide of his final mark, the history namely of the Liberty of the Swiss, of that independence which a brave people rescued from the House of Austria, defended against a Dauphin of France, and finally sealed. From such a theme, so full of public spirit, of military glory, of examples of virtue, of lessons of government, the dullest stranger would catch fire; what might not himself hope, whose talents, whatsoever they might be, would be inflamed with the zeal of patriotism. For Switzer-

land was Gibbon's fatherland by adoption; it was the true *alma mater* to one who found the breasts of Oxford dry; and finally it was the country of Mlle. Curchod, the heroine and victim of the famous love-story in one sentence of the iconoclastic historian, "who sighed as a lover and obeyed as a son." This subject was rejected because the sources were inaccessible, fast locked in the obscurity of an old barbarous German dialect, which he was ignorant of and not disposed to grapple with. By way of contrast he had in his mind's eye a history of the Republic of Florence under the House of the Medici;—singular men and singular events, the Medicis four times expelled and as often recalled, and the Genius of Freedom reluctantly yielding to the army of Charles V.; the character and fate of Savonarola, and the revival of arts and letters in Italy. At this point in his search for subjects came his foreign tour and the sojourn in Rome, during which, as we have seen, his true subject was revealed to him in a flash.

I have dwelt on Gibbon's case, partly to show the kind of mind which may dream of great works without imputation of fatuity; partly to show my own candour. Because it undoubtedly is a genuine case to support the theory of the *Magnum Opus*. Here was a youth with no notion what the work was to be, but possessed with a fixed idea that it was to be a Great Work. And the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is a great work; of that there can be no possible shadow of doubt.

Then again there is Bacon. There is a tradition that at sixteen, or thereabouts, young Francis Bacon had already determined to revolutionise the whole frame of human thought. That is no uncommon determination to come to at the age of sixteen. What is less common is that at sixty people should be able to persuade even themselves that they have done it. Least common of all is it for them to be able to persuade anybody else of that. Whether the story of

Bacon be true or apocryphal, at any rate at the age of thirty-one, which is not old as we count oldness now, he wrote to his uncle, Lord Burleigh, calmly informing him that he had taken all knowledge to be his province. How Lord Burleigh must have nodded! Yet in due course there did veritably come the *Instauratio Magna*, the greatest birth of time!

Or to come to our own less spacious age, consider the magnificence of fixed resolve with which Mr. Herbert Spencer announced already in a prospectus of 1860 the whole mighty scheme of his System of Philosophy. It was to be gradually unfolded in five great treatises, each with its contents already mapped out under multitudinous headings and sub-headings. And, in pity, think of the unceasing, un-resting persistency with which he has kept pegging away at that ichtheosauric programme ever since! One of the very reasons he gave for printing that prospectus was, that the outline of the scheme should remain, in case he should not live to complete the system. There you have the true spirit of the devotee of the *Magnum Opus*.

One need be very sure of one's self, and sure of a steady independent income to boot, even with genius, to deliberately embark on a Great Work. Gibbon was singularly sure of himself and enjoyed a monetary competency. Bacon was equally sure of himself, and got money independently of his philosophy in one way or the other, especially, it has been said, the other. The worst of it is that a man may be as sure of himself as Gibbon or Bacon, and after all produce instead of a *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* or a *Novum Organum*, an abortive key to All Mythologies or a monumental History of Europe to prove that Providence is on the side of the Tories. Providence, whether or not it is always on the side of the big battalions, is by no means always on the side of the big books. It is a solemn thing to sacrifice one's life, the only life of the sort one has, in manufacturing a book

like Alison's History of Europe only to fill with its voluminous respectability an undisturbed shelf in every second-hand bookshop in the kingdom. Really, upon a rational calculation of the chances, it seems wiser for a young man just to rejoice in his youth, than to use it up in preparing or projecting a monumental History or a system of Synthetic Philosophy or a key to all the Mythologies, for all which things too, remember, God will bring him to judgment.

Well, perhaps, if we are to have world-histories and philosophic systems, the risk must be faced. It may be as in love so in literature.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

It is in truth a gallant sight to see Professor Freeman at his age, and alas! with enfeebled health, attacking on so lordly a scale so superb a subject as the History of Sicily. It was, it seems, his first historical love; the Rosaline to the Juliet he wedded first after all, that finely-developed Juliet, *The Norman Conquest*. More than once he has dwelt lovingly on the supreme interest and importance throughout history (Professor Freeman will not let us talk of ancient and modern history) of this mid-Mediterranean island, this old battlefield of decisive race-struggles. And now that Juliet is on the shelf, he turns once more to woo Rosaline. The first two volumes issued by the Clarendon Press bring that history, I understand, only to the eve of the struggle in the Peloponnesian War. Let the clever young man who dashes off his essay or his epigram between tea and dinner, pause to consider what Professor Freeman has still before him, and take off his hat to this dauntless spirit. Nay, let him take off his hat, not to the veteran leader only, but,—for research is a thing needful—to the rank and file, whether they are marching to the glory of Gibbon or the grave of Alison. The

body of the most muddleheaded may fill a trench over which some day an historian of genius may pass to victory.

And yet, and yet, the irresponsible young man is sometimes tempted to hint that to-day it is not so much the *magnum* as the *maximum opus* that our industrious workers seem bent upon producing. Macaulay's historical essays, some learned men say, are woefully inaccurate. So conscious was Macaulay himself of the imperfection of his essays that he pleaded that his hand had been forced by unauthorised American publication or he would never have republished them. Yet these essays are at least as full of life as ever, while many an historical *Magnum Opus* is stone-dead. One ventures to hope and believe that when the novelty of laying open valuable historical sources has passed, when the mass of new material has been not only displayed but digested, the historian without sacrifice of science will once more have some conscience for form. Great histories, great beyond all cavilling, have been written which can be comfortably packed into a Tauchnitz pocket-volume or two.

In philosophy again, the largest of the Platonic Dialogues is not much longer than a shilling story-book; and Descartes's Discourse can be read almost at a sitting. And if Aristotle and Hegel bulk large, it should be borne in mind that most of the volumes are made up of lectures, which in these days might be published journalistically, so to say, in *Mind*, only in those days they had not a Mind of that kind.

In his heart, let him confess it, the literary critic feels dislike and distrust of bulk and big pretensions. He feels as Heine did when he was attempting to explain to Frenchmen what the German philosophers were really driving at.

Distinguished German philosophers [he wrote], who may accidentally cast a glance over these pages will superciliously shrug their shoulders at the meagreness and

incompleteness of all which I here offer. But they will be kind enough to bear in mind that the little which I say is expressed clearly and intelligibly, whereas their own works, although very profound,—unfathomably profound—very deep,—stupendously deep—are in the same degree unintelligible. Of what benefit to the people is the grain locked away in great granaries, to which they have no key? The masses are famishing for knowledge, and will thank me for the portion of intellectual bread, small though it be, which I honestly share with them . . . I am not one of the seven hundred wise men of Germany. I stand with the great masses at the portals of their wisdom. And if a truth slips through, and if this truth falls in my way, then I write it with pretty letters on paper, and give it to the compositor, who sets it in leaden type and gives it to the printer; the printer prints it, and then it belongs to the whole world.

Many have felt like Heine who have not had his wit to express their feelings. Even in the case of so English a philosopher as Lord Bacon, they remember that James I. who, if a fool, was at least acknowledged to be the wisest fool in Christendom, compared the *Novum Organum* to the peace which passeth understanding. Not James nor anybody else, wise or foolish, ever said anything of that kind about the Essays, those wonderful short Essays. As Bacon said of them in his own day, so have they been ever since, "of all his other works, the most current, for that it seems, they come home to men's business and bosoms."

It is not, however, in the sphere of philosophy or history or science, but in the sphere of literature proper, literature as a pure art, that the theory of the *Magnum Opus* and the exhortations and protests founded thereon are so absurd, fly so directly, as it seems to me, in the face of the facts of literary history. With one or two rare and remarkable exceptions, it has not been by saying, "Go to, we will write a *Magnum Opus*," that in this sphere the most enduring books have been written. Flaubert—and I give the

adherents of the theory I deprecate the full benefit of his name as I pass—Flaubert marvelled that Ste. Beuve should be content to go on writing for the newspapers, when he was not in want of food and might write books. Yet books, big books, have been written and printed too, of less enduring value than the *Causeries*. Heine just wrote off a description of a walking-tour, and the *Reisebilder* are immortal. In writing *The Compleat Angler*, Walton said he did but make “a recreation of a recreation.” Addison and Steele wrote papers to amuse the town, and Sir Roger de Coverley has outlived Cato. Mat Prior has considerably more life in him than Robert Montgomery, the efficient elixir of Macaulay notwithstanding; and it is not by his *Solomon, a Poem in Three Books*, that Mat Prior lives. Montaigne carries his years at least as well as Montesquieu. And certain stray papers written out of office-hours for a magazine by a clerk of the India House, whether or not it be fair to say that they have already olived Mr. Spencer’s Synthetic Philosophy, have at least outlived the more ambitious works of two other distinguished servants of John Company, the Mills, father and son, with their *Analyses of the Phenomena of the Human Mind* and their *Systems of Logic Ratiocinative and Inductive*.

What could be more unpremeditated than the way in which that almost nameless throng of singers poured forth their songs, who made, as was prettily said of Elizabethan England, a nest of singing birds? In those brave days their fashion was to throw off, or affect to throw off, their tuneful trifles without a thought of publication. For publication they meditated, or affected to meditate, some *Magnum Opus* to come later to justify them. But they would show these trifles to their friends; and these friends would persuade them to publish, or bold, bad men would take the bull by the horns and send the poems to the printer themselves.

“Courteous Reader,” writes W. Percy by way of preface to his *Cycle of Sonnets to the Fairest Cælia*, “Whereas I was fully determined to have concealed my Sonnets as things privy to myself; yet, of courtesy having lent them to some they were secretly committed to the Press and almost finished before it came to my knowledge. Wherefore, making as they say, Virtue of Necessity, I did deem it most convenient to prepose my epistle, only to beseech you to account of them as of toys and amorous devices; and ere long, I will impart unto the World another Poem, which shall be both more fruitful and ponderous. In the meanwhile I commit these as a pledge to your indifferent censure. W. Percy. London 1594.” You see the indiscreet friend served the bashful Elizabethan the same turn that the American pirate served the bashful Macaulay. These Elizabethan toys and amorous devices are as fresh to-day as three centuries ago, and thanks to Dr. Grosart, Mr. Arber, and Mr. Arthur Bullen, are still ministering to our exceeding great enjoyment. Whether W. Percy ever imparted to the world his more fruitful and ponderous poem I am not Elizabethan scholar enough to say. At least I never heard of it. If he did, I dare swear it is not without reasons that the Sonnets to Cælia, which are not by any means the happiest examples of Elizabethan sonnetting, are still afloat, while the ponderous poem has gone to the bottom.

Lest such promises of a *Magnum Opus* to follow should be accounted the mere coxcombry of conventional mock-modesty, let me remind you, that in just such wise did Prior excuse himself for dedicating his light occasional verse to his Mæcenas Lord Dorset. “I humbly hope that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller sheaf and lay some pieces of a very different Nature (the product of my severer Studies) at your Lordship’s Feet, I shall engage your more serious reflection,” &c. Now Prior kept this promise. He achieved his

Magnum Opus, the product of his severer studies, a piece of a very different nature from *Paulo Purganti* and *Hans Carvel*. It was *Solomon, a Poem in Three Books*. We hope it engaged his Lordship's more serious reflections. At least it seems worthy to engage our serious reflection in connection with the present discussion.

Pass to the supreme name not only in Elizabethan but in all literature. Shakspeare simply did with all his might the theatrical work which came to his hand. Glorious as the work is, it was work done as a hack-playwright. All the little evidence we have points to that, all except Mr. Donnelly's : his position at the theatre ; the sneers of the University wits ; the traces of his manner of work, first his furbishing up of stock pieces, then his gradually transforming them by his genius, as occasion offered and as he felt his genius firm under him ; and finally, for crowning proof, his placid early retirement, leaving a body of actors to complete the famous first folio without his assistance or direction. Not, mind you, that Shakspeare was not keenly and fully alive to the omnipotence of his genius ; you have but to turn to the Sonnets to recognise serene pride of genius and a sense of triumphant achievement. But the set production of *Magna Opera* was, it would seem, the very last of his thoughts.

Certainly it was the very last of Scott's thoughts, when he poured forth the *Waverley Novels* in anonymous profusion. If ever there was a man free from all tinge of the superstition of the *Magnum Opus* that man was Walter Scott. Unless we had the convincing evidence of Lockhart's book and Scott's own letters and prefaces to prove it, it would be unimaginable that this Wizard of Romance should have flung forth his wonders with so unpremeditated prodigality and held by them and the fame of them so lightly. To remember the frank, unaffected, manly modesty of this man, who justly enjoyed in his lifetime unrivalled literary prestige ; to think of

the nonchalance of this giant, of the simplicity of spirit in which he poured out his immortal tales ; and then to think of the punctilios and pretensions and professions and protestations of the novelists of the hour is matter for tears and laughter.

Scott with characteristic modesty had consulted James Ballantyne as to his hopes of him as a novelist. James's hopes were not high. Scott saw it at a glance ; but all he said was that he did not see why he should not succeed as well as other people,—that is, remember, as well as "Monk" Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe and Jane Porter. "The Edinbro' faith now is," wrote Scott to Mr. Morritt, one of the very few to whom from the first he entrusted the secret of the authorship, "that *Waverley* is written by Jeffrey, having been composed to lighten the tedium of his late Transatlantic voyage. So you see the unknown infant is like to come to preferment. In truth I am not sure it would be considered quite decorous for me, as a Clerk of Session, to write novels. Judges being monks, Clerks are a sort of lay brethren from whom some solemnity of walk and conduct may be expected. So whatever I may do of this kind, I shall whistle down the wind to prey on fortune." And the preface to the third edition of *Waverley* was in just the same strain of unaffected modesty. And if this was before the new success or in the early days of it, you may see how lasting his mood was by reading the prefaces in the collected edition of 1829-30, long after his literary empire, all unsolicited, had been universally acknowledged. Read, for example, the preface to *Ivanhoe*, the novel which had been received with a perfect acclaim of applause. Never was there less blowing of the trumpet and the new moon to accompany the birth of masterpieces. Scott was simply filled full to the lips with romance, and when his hour came he just let himself go. You remember the anecdote in Lockhart, of the hand ceaselessly writing which so bothered

Menzies in his cups? "I have been watching it,—it fascinates my eye,—it never stops,—page after page is finished and thrown on a heap of MS., and still it goes on unwearied; and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night,—I can't stand the sight of it, when I am not at my books." "Some stupid, dogged, engrossing clerk, probably," exclaimed some giddy youth in the company. "No, boys," answered their host; "I well know what hand it is—'tis Walter Scott's." And when it came to still more rapid dictation, Scott preferred John Ballantyne as an amanuensis to Willie Laidlaw, because his pen was the faster and also because he kept it to the paper without interruption, though with many an arch twinkle in his eyes and now and then an audible smack of his lips. Whereas Laidlaw entered with such keen zest into the interest of the story as it flowed from the author's lips, that he could not forbear interrupting with his, "Gude keep us a'! the like o' that—eh, sirs, eh, sirs!" Thus was composed no less a work than the *Bride of Lammermoor* in the midst of intense physical suffering, the affectionate Laidlaw beseeching Scott to stop dictating, when his audible suffering filled every pause. "Nay, Willie," was the answer, "only see the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves."

While we are among these kingly names, let me be candid and make a present of one to the enemy. For one, and one of the mightiest, of the lords of English poetic literature the set production of a *Magnum Opus* was the first and last thought. Milton's was a life dedicated from the beginning. By the age of twenty-three, as appears from a letter to a Cambridge friend enclosing the second sonnet, he was cherishing a long-formed resolve to devote his life to some great work. This was his apology for standing aloof from the ordinary money-getting pursuits of early manhood. This was his

excuse for his late spring, which still no bud nor blossom showed, as the sonnet phrased it. With this aspiration he encouraged himself, when he became "something suspicious of himself and did take notice of a certain belatedness in him." His deliberate aim was self-cultivation and self-devotion to the accomplishment of some great thing. Very early he found and took poetry to be his vocation. At twenty-eight he wrote the famous letter to his friend Diodati. "What am I thinking of? Why, with God's help, of immortality! Forgive the word, I only whisper it in your ear! Yes, I am pluming my wings for a flight." He wrote so at the end of the Horton period, when the minor poems had already been given to the world and he had already done enough, you might have thought, for one life's fame. The following year we find him casting his thoughts, as so many of our greatest poets have done, on the legend of Arthur for the subject of his great poem. Then in 1641, being thirty-two years of age, he publicly uttered his apologia and confessed his aspirations.

None hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit none shall—that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and full license will extend. Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the life of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious, select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous acts and affairs. Till which in some measure be compassed at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation, from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them.

And again in that famous and often quoted passage :

Perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabouts, met with acceptance . . . I begin to assent to them (my Italian friends) and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting, which now grows daily upon me, that by labour and intent study, which I take to be my portion in this life, joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die.

And the accomplishment of this noble vow, the end of this nobly dedicated life, was the sublime Puritan Epic, *Paradise Lost*.

There, I hope that I have given away a handsome enough present in Milton. Yet really I am making no concession at all. Milton did say to himself, "Go to, I will write a Great Work," but therein he only followed "the strong propensity of nature." He did precisely what he had it in him to do. He, if ever any man, had the call from within. Such call when vouchsafed let all men follow. All my protest is against the call from without. Conceive, if you can, Milton turned aside from his high and almost holy purpose, by the allurements of journalism or the needs of the passing hour. Why, a civil war failed to turn him aside, and, a closer affliction still, his own total blindness. Neither the Protectorate and political employment, nor the Restoration and political disgrace, could make him forget his call. It is a flattering but mistaken and misleading notion, that the gentlemen who do political squibs and literary *causerie* for the newspapers could, by simply taking thought, add several thousand cubits to their stature and write a *Paradise Lost*. Take, just by way of example, the man who has sometimes been regarded, who regarded himself as a victim sacrificed to journalistic task-work, the man whose life suggested the remarks in the *Daily News* with which I started, Theophile Gautier. What are the odds, if Gautier

had been free from the obligation to turn out a weekly dramatic *feuilleton*, that he would have given the world any better poetry than *Emaux et Camées*? Are not the chances rather that, without the pressure of daily needs, we should have had to go without many of the very delightful volumes we now have from his pen, and have got nothing whatever in their place? Any way, the story goes, and it is an odd story when you come to think of it, that the young Theo in early manhood had to be shut up in his bedroom by his mother, to write *Mlle. de Maupin*!

Some bold spirits have not feared even in Milton's own case to take their stand against the superstition of the *Magnum Opus*. They would that he had dwelt all his life amid the glades of Horton and gone on giving them the magic of the minor poems. They lament the sacrifice of the poet of *Comus* and *Lycidas* to the poet of the *Paradise Lost*. They regret that many priceless trinkets and much matchless filigree work, which would have lent adornment and pleasantness to their daily living, must have been melted down to make that cold colossal statue. It is a fact at least, no doubt, that dozens have *Lycidas* by heart, for every reader who gets beyond the first book of the great Epic. The readers indeed of the twelve books of *Paradise Lost* are probably as select a band as the readers of the twelve cantos of the *Faerie Queene*, another of the *Magna Opera* of our poetic literature. Edgar Poe, who of course dearly loved a paradox, and had besides a theory of his own about poetry to support, went so far as to maintain that *Paradise Lost* was only to be enjoyed by being regarded as a series of minor poems!

Finally, let not the advocates of the *Magnum Opus* pretend that, at worst, these admonitions of theirs have a bracing effect and can do no harm. They may do a great deal of harm. There are instances to cite where the harm has been done. If Milton is the saint of the true religion of the *Mag-*

num Opus, the superstition does not want for martyrs. Mark Pattison was a martyr to a mistaken devotion to the *Magnum Opus*. Not content just to put forth what he had to put forth, he was always gathering, pruning, preparing for something big to come, —which never came. The result was that his temper was soured, his life was a wasted life, and the world never reaped adequate advantage from his unquestioned ability and erudition.

If Mr. Casaubon in *Middlemarch* had contented himself with something short of a Key to all Mythologies, had contributed, let us say, pithy paragraphs for *The Guardian*, he would have been a more profitable writer as well as a better husband. I have a notion also, though I may very likely be wrong, that the late Mr. Cotter Morison was an able man sterilised by too large ideals.

But the typical martyr was the wretched Amiel. Had not his friends insisted upon his regarding himself as a genius, he might have lived a prosperous life as a Swiss gentleman and father of a family, doing his duty in that state of life in which it had pleased God to call him as a lecturer to ladies. But once he got into his head that he was a genius from whom great things were expected, his life thenceforth was the life of the impotent man, longing, yet powerless, to struggle down into the troubled waters of literary production into which others continually plunged before his eyes. So he maundered in a *Journal Intime*. When people talk of the slavery of journalism, at least let it be confessed that it is better to be the slave of any respectable public journal than the slave of a *Journal Intime*.

W. P. J.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1891.

A FIRST FAMILY OF TASAJARA.

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE trade wind, that blowing directly from the Golden Gate seemed to concentrate its full force upon the western slope of Russian Hill, might have dismayed any climber less hopeful and sanguine than that most imaginative of newspaper reporters and most youthful of husbands, John Milton Harcourt. But for all that it was an honest wind and its dry, practical energy and salt-pervading breath only seemed to sting him to greater and more enthusiastic exertions, until, quite at the summit of the hill and last of a straggling line of little cottages half submerged in drifting sand, he stood upon his own humble porch.

"I was thinking, coming up the hill, Loc," he said, bursting into the sitting-room, pantingly, "of writing something about the future of the hill! How it will look fifty years from now!—all terraced with houses and gardens!—and right up here a kind of Acropolis, don't you know. I had quite a picture of it in my mind just now."

A plainly-dressed young woman with a pretty face, that, however, looked as if it had been prematurely sapped of colour and vitality, here laid aside some white sewing she had in her lap, and said:

"But you did that once before, Milty, and you know the *Herald* wouldn't take it because they said it was a free notice of Mr. Boorem's building lots, and he didn't advertise in the

Herald. I always told you that you ought to have seen Boorem first."

The young fellow blinked his eyes with a momentary arrest of that buoyant hopefulness which was their peculiar characteristic, but nevertheless replied with undaunted cheerfulness, "I forgot. Anyhow, it's all the same, for I worked it into that 'Sunday Walk.' And it's just as easy to write it the other way, you see—looking back—*down the hill*, you know. Something about the old Padres toiling through the sand just before the Angelus; or as far back as Sir Francis Drake's time, and have a runaway boat's crew coming ashore to look for gold that the Mexicans had talked of. Lord! that's easy enough! I tell you what, Loo, it's worth living up here just for the inspiration." Even while boyishly exhaling this enthusiasm he was also divesting himself of certain bundles whose contents seemed to imply that he had brought his dinner with him—the youthful Mrs. Harcourt setting the table in a perfunctory, listless way that contrasted oddly with her husband's cheerful energy.

"You haven't heard of any regular situation yet?" she asked abstractedly.

"No—not exactly," he replied. "But [buoyantly] it's a great deal better for me not to take anything in a hurry and tie myself to any particular line. Now, I'm quite free."

"And I suppose you haven't seen that Mr. Fletcher again?" she continued.

"No. He only wanted to know

something about me. That's the way with them all, Loo. Whenever I apply for work anywhere it's always: 'So you're Dan'l Harcourt's son, eh? Quarrelled with the old man? Bad job; better make it up! You'll make more stickin' to him. He's worth millions!' Everybody seems to think everything of *him*, as if *I* had no individuality beyond that. I've a good mind to change my name."

"And pray what would mine be then?"

There was so much irritation in her voice that he drew nearer her and gently put his arm around her waist. "Why, whatever mine was, darling," he said with a tender smile. "You didn't fall in love with any particular name, did you, Loo?"

"No, but I married a particular one," she said quickly.

His eyelids quivered again, as if he was avoiding some unpleasantly staring suggestion, and she stopped.

"You know what I mean, dear," she said, with a quick little laugh. "Just because your father's an old crosspatch, *you* haven't lost your rights to his name and property. And those people who say you ought to make it up, perhaps know what's for the best."

"But you remember what he said of you, Loo?" said the young man with a flashing eye. "Do you think I can ever forget that?"

"But you *do* forget it, dear; you forget it when you go in town among fresh faces and people; when you are looking for work. You forget it when you're at work writing your copy—for I've seen you smile as you wrote. You forget it climbing up the dreadful sand, for you were thinking just now of what happened years ago, or is to happen years to come. And I want to forget it too, Milty. I don't want to sit here all day, thinking of it, with the wind driving the sand against the window, and nothing to look at but those white tombs in Lone Mountain cemetery, and those white caps that might be grave-stones too, and not a soul to talk

to or even see pass by until I feel as if I were dead and buried also. If you were me—you—you—you couldn't help crying too!"

Indeed, he was very near it now. For as he caught her in his arms, suddenly seeing with a lover's sympathy and the poet's swifter imagination all that she had seen and even more, he was aghast at the vision conjured. In her delicate health and loneliness how dreadful must have been these monotonous days, and this glittering, cruel sea! What a selfish brute he was! Yet as he stood there holding her, silently and rhythmically marking his tenderness and remorseful feelings by rocking her from side to side like a languid metronome, she quietly disengaged her wet lashes from his shoulder and said in quite another tone:

"So they were all at Tasajara last week?"

"Who, dear?"

"Your father and sisters."

"Yes," said John Milton, hesitatingly.

"And they've taken back your sister after her divorce?"

The staring obtrusiveness of this fact apparently made her husband's bright sympathetic eye blink as before.

"And if you were to divorce me, *you* would be taken back too," she added quickly, suddenly withdrawing herself with a pettish movement and walking to the window.

But he followed. "Don't talk in that way, Loo! Don't look in that way, dear!" he said, taking her hand gently, yet not without a sense of some inconsistency in her conduct that jarred upon his own simple directness. "You know that nothing can part us now. I was wrong to let my little girl worry herself all alone here, but I—I—thought it was all so—so bright and free out on this hill—looking far away beyond the Golden Gate—as far as Cathay, you know, and such a change from those dismal flats of Tasajara—and that awful stretch of *tules*. But it's all right now. And now that I know how you feel, we'll go elsewhere."

She did not reply. Perhaps she found it difficult to keep up her injured attitude in the face of her husband's gentleness. Perhaps her attention had been attracted by the unusual spectacle of a stranger, who had just mounted the hill and was now slowly passing along the line of cottages with a hesitating air of inquiry. "He may be looking for this house—for you," she said in an entirely new tone of interest. "Run out and see. It may be some one who wants——"

"An article," said Milton cheerfully. "By Jove! he *is* coming here."

The stranger was indeed approaching the little cottage, and with apparently some confidence. He was a well-dressed, well-made man, whose age looked uncertain from the contrast between his heavy, brown moustache and his hair, that, curling under the brim of his hat, was almost white in colour. The young man started, and said, hurriedly: "I really believe it is Fletcher—they say his hair turned white from the Panama fever."

It was indeed Mr. Fletcher who entered and introduced himself. A gentle reserved man, with something of that colourlessness of premature age in his speech which was observable in his hair. He had heard of Mr. Harcourt from a friend who had recommended him highly. As Mr. Harcourt had probably been told, he, the speaker, was about to embark some capital in a first-class newspaper in San Francisco, and should select the staff himself. He wanted to secure only first rate talent—but above all, youthfulness, directness, and originality. The *Clarion*, for that was to be its name, was to have nothing "old fogey" about it. No. It was distinctly to be the organ of Young California! This and much more from the grave lips of the elderly young man, whose speech seemed to be divided between the pretty, but equally faded, young wife, and the one personification of invincible youth present—her husband.

"But I fear I have interrupted your household duties," he said pleasantly.

"You were preparing dinner. Pray go on. And let me help you—I'm not a bad cook—and you can give me my reward by letting me share it with you, for the climb up here has sharpened my appetite. We can talk as we go on."

It was in vain to protest; there was something paternal as well as practical in the *camaraderie* of this actual capitalist and possible Mæcenas and patron as he quietly hung up his hat and overcoat, and helped to set the table with a practised hand. Nor, as he suggested, did the conversation falter, and before they had taken their seats at the frugal board he had already engaged John Milton Harcourt as assistant editor of the *Clarion* at a salary that seemed princely to this son of a millionaire! The young wife meantime had taken active part in the discussion; whether it was vaguely understood that the possession of practical and imaginative faculties precluded any capacity for business, or whether it was owing to the apparent superior maturity of Mrs. Harcourt and the stranger, it was certain that *they* arranged the practical details of the engagement, and that the youthful husband sat silent, merely offering his always hopeful and sanguine consent.

"You'll take a house nearer to town, I suppose?" continued Mr. Fletcher to the lady, "though you've a charming view here. I suppose it was quite a change from Tasajara and your father-in-law's house? I dare say he had as fine a place there—on his own homestead—as he has here?"

Young Harcourt dropped his sensitive eyelids again. It seemed hard that he could never get away from these allusions to his father! Perhaps it was only to that relationship that he was indebted for his visitor's kindness. In his simple honesty he could not bear the thought of such a misapprehension. "Perhaps, Mr. Fletcher, you do not know," he said, "that my father is not on terms with me, and that we neither expect anything nor could we ever take anything from him.

Could we, Loo?" He added the useless question partly because he saw that his wife's face betrayed little sympathy with him, and partly that Fletcher was looking at her curiously, as if for confirmation. But this was another of John Milton's trials as an imaginative reporter; nobody ever seemed to care for his practical opinions or facts!

"Mr. Fletcher is not interested in our little family differences, Milty," she said, looking at Mr. Fletcher, however, instead of him. "You're Daniel Harcourt's son whatever happens."

The cloud that had passed over the young man's face and eyes did not, however, escape Mr. Fletcher's attention, for he smiled, and added gaily, "And I hope my valued lieutenant in any case." Nevertheless John Milton was quite ready to avail himself of an inspiration to fetch some cigars for his guest from the bar of the Sea-View House on the slope of the hill beyond, and thereby avoid a fateful subject. Once in the fresh air again he promptly recovered his boyish spirits. The light flying scud had already effaced the first rising stars: the lower creeping sea-fog had already blotted out the western shore and sea; but below him to the east the glittering lights of the city seemed to start up with a new, mysterious, and dazzling brilliancy. It was the valley of diamonds that Sinbad saw lying almost at his feet! Perhaps somewhere there the light of his own fame and fortune was already beginning to twinkle!

He returned to his humble roof joyous and inspired. As he entered the hall he heard his wife's voice and his own name mentioned, followed by that awkward, meaningless silence on his entrance which so plainly indicated that either he had been the subject of conversation or that it was not for his ears. It was a dismal reminder of his boyhood at Sidon and Tasajara. But he was too full of hope and ambition to heed it to-night, and later, when Mr. Fletcher had taken his de-

parture, his pent-up enthusiasm burst out before his youthful partner. Had she realized that their struggles were over now, that their future was secure? They need no longer fear ever being forced to take bounty from the family; they were independent of them all! He would make a name for himself that should be distinct from his father's, as he should make a fortune that would be theirs alone. The young wife smiled. "But all that need not prevent you, dear, from claiming your *rights* when the time comes."

"But if I scorn to make the claim or take a penny of his, Loo?"

"You say you scorn to take the money you think your father got by a mere trick—at the best—and didn't earn. And now you will be able to show you can live without it, and earn your own fortune. Well, dear, for that very reason why should you let your father and others enjoy and waste what is fairly your share? For it is *your* share whether it came to your father fairly or not; and if not it is still your duty, believing as you do, to claim it from him, that at least *you* may do with it what you choose. You might want to restore it—to—to—somebody."

The young man laughed. "But, my dear Loo! suppose that I were weak enough to claim it, do you think my father would give it up? He has the right, and no law could force him to yield to me more than he chooses."

"Not the law—but *you* could."

"I don't understand you," he said quickly.

"You could force him by simply telling him what you once told me."

John Milton drew back, and his hand dropped loosely from his wife's. The colour left his fresh young face; the light quivered for a moment and then became fixed and set in his eyes. For that moment he looked ten years her senior. "I was wrong ever to tell even you that, Loo," he said in a low voice. "You are wrong to ever remind me of it. Forget it from this

moment, as you value our love and want it to live and be remembered. And forget, Loo, as I do—and ever shall—that you ever suggested to me to use my secret in the way you did just now.”

But here Mrs. Harcourt burst into tears, more touched by the alteration in her husband's manner, I fear, than by any contrition for wrongdoing. Of course if he wished to withdraw his confidences from her, just as he had almost confessed he wished to withdraw his *name*, she couldn't help it, but it was hard that when she sat there all day long trying to think what was best for them, she should be blamed! At which the quiet and forgiving John Milton smiled remorsefully and tried to comfort her. Nevertheless an occasional odd, indefinable chill seemed to creep across the feverish enthusiasm with which he was celebrating this day of fortune. And yet he neither knew nor suspected until long after that his foolish wife had that night half betrayed his secret to the stranger!

The next day he presented a note of introduction from Mr. Fletcher to the business manager of the *Clarion*, and the following morning was duly installed in office. He did not see his benefactor again; that single visit was left in the mystery and isolation of an angelic episode. It later appeared that other and larger interests in the San José valley claimed his patron's residence and attendance; only the capital and general purpose of the paper—to develop into a party organ in the interest of his possible senatorial aspirations in due season—was furnished by him. Grateful as John Milton felt towards him, he was relieved; it seemed probable that Mr. Fletcher had selected him on his individual merits, and not as the son of a millionaire.

He threw himself into his work with his old hopeful enthusiasm, and perhaps an originality of method that was part of his singular independence. Without the student's training or restraint,—for his two years' schooling

at Tasajara during his parents' prosperity came too late to act as a discipline,—he was unfettered by any rules, and guided only by an unerring instinctive taste that came near being genius. He was a brilliant and original, if not always a profound and accurate, reporter. By degrees he became an accustomed interest to the readers of the *Clarion*; then an influence. Actors themselves in many a fierce drama, living lives of devotion, emotion, and picturesque incident, they had satisfied themselves with only the briefest and most practical daily record of their adventure, and even at first were dazed and startled to find that many of them had been heroes and some poets. The stealthy boyish reader of romantic chronicle at Sidon had learned by heart the chivalrous story of the emigration. The second column of the *Clarion* became famous even while the figure of its youthful writer, unknown and unrecognized, was still nightly climbing the sands of Russian Hill, and even looking down as before on the lights of the growing city, without a thought that he had added to that glittering constellation.

Cheerful and contented with the exercise of work, he would have been happy but for the gradual haunting of another dread which presently began to drag him at earlier hours up the steep path to his little home; to halt him before the door with the quickened breath of an anxiety he would scarcely confess to himself, and sometimes hold him aimlessly a whole day beneath his roof. For the pretty, but delicate, Mrs. Harcourt, like others of her class, had added a weak and ineffective maternity to their other conjugal trials, and one early dawn a baby was born that lingered with them scarcely longer than the morning mist and exhaled with the rising sun. The young wife regained her strength slowly—so slowly that the youthful husband brought his work at times to the house to keep her company. And a singular change had come over her. She no longer talked of the past

nor of his family. As if the little life that had passed with that morning mist had represented some ascending expiatory sacrifice, it seemed to have brought them into closer communion.

Yet her weak condition made him conceal another trouble that had come upon him. It was in the third month of his employment on the *Clarion* that one afternoon, while correcting some proofs on his chief's desk, he came upon the following editorial paragraph:—

"The played-out cant of 'pioneer genius' and 'pioneer discovery' appears to have reached its climax in the attempt of some of our contemporaries to apply it to Dan Harcourt's new Tasajara Job before the Legislature. It is perfectly well known in Harcourt's own district that, far from being a pioneer and settler *himself*, he simply succeeded after a fashion to the genuine work of one Elijah Curtis, an actual pioneer and discoverer, years before, while Harcourt, we believe, was keeping a frontier doggerly in Sidon, and dispensing 'tangle foot' and salt junk to the hayfooted Pike Countians of his precinct. This would make him as much of the 'pioneer discoverer' as the rattlesnake who first takes up board and lodgings and then possession in a prairie dog's burrow. And if the traveller's tale is true that the rattlesnake sometimes makes a meal of his landlord—the story told at Sidon may be equally credible that the original pioneer mysteriously disappeared about the time that Dan Harcourt came into the property. From which it would seem that Harcourt is not in a position for his friends to invite very deep scrutiny into his 'pioneer' achievements."

Stupefaction, a vague terror and rising anger rapidly succeeded each other in the young man's mind as he stood mechanically holding the paper in his hand. It was the writing of his chief editor, whose easy brutality he had sometimes even boyishly admired. Without stopping to consider their relative positions he sought him indignantly and laid the proof before him.

The editor laughed. "But what's that to you? You're not on terms with the old man."

"But he is my father!" said John Milton hotly.

"Look here," said the editor good-naturedly, "I'd like to oblige you, but it isn't *business*, you know—and this *is*, you understand—*proprietor's business*, too! Of course I see it might stand in the way of your making up to the old man afterwards and coming in for a million. Well! you can tell him it's *me*. Say I *would* put it in. Say I'm nasty—and I *am*!"

"Then it must go in?" said John Milton with a white face.

"You bet."

"Then I must go out." And writing out his resignation, he laid it before his chief and left.

But he could not bear to tell this to his wife when he climbed the hill that night, and he invented some excuse for bringing his work home. The invalid never noticed any change in his usual buoyancy, and indeed I fear, when he was fairly installed with his writing materials at the foot of her bed, he had quite forgotten the episode. He was recalled to it by a faint sigh.

"What is it, dear?" he said, looking up.

"I like to see you writing, Milty. You always look so happy."

"Always so happy, dear?"

"Yes. You are happy, are you not?"

"Always." He got up and kissed her. Nevertheless, when he sat down to his work again, his face was turned a little more to the window.

Another serious incident—to be also kept from the invalid—shortly followed. The article in the *Clarion* had borne its fruit. The third day after his resignation a rival paper sharply retorted:—"The cowardly insinuations against the record of a justly honoured capitalist," said the *Pioneer*, "although quite in keeping with the brazen *Clarion*, might attract the attentions of the slandered party, if it were not known to his friends as well as himself

that it may be traced almost directly to a cast-off member of his own family, who, it seems, is reduced to haunting the back doors of certain blatant journals to dispose of his cheap wares. The slanderer is secure from public exposure in the superior decency of his relations, who refrain from airing their family linen upon editorial lines."

'This was the journal to which John Milton had hopefully turned for work. When he read it there seemed but one thing for him to do—and he did it. Gentle and optimistic as was his nature, he had been brought up in a community where sincere directness of personal offence was followed by equally sincere directness of personal redress, and—he challenged the editor. The bearer of his cartel was one Jack Hamlin, I grieve to say a gambler by profession, but between whom and John Milton had sprung up an odd friendship of which the best that can be said is that it was to each equally and unselfishly unprofitable. The challenge was accepted, the preliminaries arranged. "I suppose," said Jack carelessly, "as the old man ought to do something for your wife in case of accident, you've made some sort of a will?"

"I've thought of that," said John Milton dubiously, "but I'm afraid it's of no use. You see—" he hesitated, "I'm not of age."

"May I ask how old you are, sonny?" said Jack with great gravity.

"I'm almost twenty," said John Milton colouring.

"It isn't exactly *vingt-et-un*, but I'd stand on it; if I were you I wouldn't draw to such a hand," said Jack coolly.

The young husband had arranged to be absent from his home that night, and early morning found him, with Jack, grave, but courageous, in a little hollow behind the Mission Hills. To them presently approached his antagonist jauntily accompanied by Colonel Starbottle, his second. They halted, but after the formal salutation were instantly joined by Jack Hamlin. For

a few moments John Milton remained awkwardly alone—pending a conversation which even at that supreme moment he felt as being like the general attitude of his friends towards him, in its complete ignoring of himself. The next moment the three men stepped towards him. "We have come, sir," said Colonel Starbottle in his precisest speech but his jauntiest manner, "to offer you a full and ample apology—a personal apology—which only supplements that full public apology that my principal, sir, this gentleman," indicating the editor of the *Pioneer*, "has this morning made in the columns of his paper, as you will observe," producing a newspaper. "We have, sir," continued the Colonel loftily, "only within the last twelve hours become aware of the—er—*real* circumstances of the case. We would regret that the affair had gone so far already, if it had not given us, sir, the opportunity of testifying to your gallantry. We do so gladly; and if—er—er—a *few years later*, Mr. Harcourt, you should ever need—a friend in any matter of this kind, I am, sir, at your service." John Milton gazed half inquiringly, half uneasily at Jack.

"It's all right, Milt," he said *sotto voce*. "Shake hands all round and let's go to breakfast. And I rather think that editor wants to employ *you himself*."

It was true, for when that night he climbed eagerly the steep homeward hill he carried with him the written offer of an engagement on the *Pioneer*. As he entered the door his wife's nurse and companion met him with a serious face. There had been a strange and unexpected change in the patient's condition, and the doctor had already been there twice. As he put aside his coat and hat and entered her room it seemed to him that he had for ever put aside all else of essay and ambition beyond those four walls. And with the thought a great peace came upon him. It seemed good to him to live for her alone.

It was not for long. As each mo-

notonous day brought the morning mist and evening fog regularly to the little hill-top where his whole being was now centered, she seemed to grow daily weaker, and the little circle of her life narrowed day by day. One morning when the usual mist appeared to have been withheld and the sun had risen with a strange and cruel brightness; when the waves danced and sparkled on the bay below and light glanced from dazzling sails, and even the white tombs on Lone Mountain glittered keenly; when cheery voices hailing each other on the hillside came to him clearly but without sense or meaning; when earth, sky, and sea seemed quivering with life and motion, he opened the door of that one little house on which the only shadow seemed to have fallen, and went forth again into the world alone.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. DANIEL HARCOURT'S town mansion was also on an eminence, but it was that gentler acclivity of fashion known as Rincon Hill, and sunned itself on a southern slope of luxury. It had been described as "princely," and "fairy-like," by a grateful reporter; tourists and travellers had sung its praises in letters to their friends and in private reminiscences, for it had dispensed hospitality to most of the celebrities who had visited the coast. Nevertheless its charm was mainly due to the ruling taste of Miss Clementina Harcourt, who had astonished her father by her marvellous intuition of the nice requirements and elegant responsibilities of their position; and had thrown her mother into the pained perplexity of a matronly hen, who, among the ducks' eggs entrusted to her fostering care, had unwittingly hatched a graceful but discomposing cygnet.

Indeed, after holding out feebly against the siege of wealth at Tasajara and San Francisco, Mrs. Harcourt had abandoned herself hopelessly to the horrors of its invasion; had allowed

herself to be dragged from her kitchen by her exultant daughters and set up in black silk in a certain conventional respectability in the drawing-room. Strange to say, her commiserating hospitality, or hospital-like ministration, not only gave her popularity, but a certain kind of distinction. An exaltation so sorrowfully deprecated by its possessor was felt to be a sign of superiority. She was spoken of as "motherly," even by those who vaguely knew that there was somewhere a discarded son struggling in poverty with a helpless wife, and that she had sided with her husband in dis-inheriting a daughter who had married unwisely. She was sentimentally spoken of as a "true wife," while never opposing a single meanness of her husband, suggesting a single active virtue, nor questioning her right to sacrifice herself and her family for his sake. With nothing she cared to affect she was quite free from affectation, and even the critical Lawrence Grant was struck with the dignity which her narrow simplicity, that had seemed small even in Sidon, attained in her palatial hall in San Francisco. It appeared to be a perfectly logical conclusion that when such unaffectedness and simplicity were forced to assume a hostile attitude to anybody, the latter must be to blame.

Since the festival of Tasajara Mr. Grant had been a frequent visitor at Harcourt's, and was a guest on the eve of his departure from San Francisco. The distinguished position of each made their relations appear quite natural without inciting gossip as to any attraction in Harcourt's daughters. It was late one afternoon as he was passing the door of Harcourt's study that his host called him in. He found him sitting at his desk with some papers before him and a folded copy of the *Clarion*. With his back to the fading light of the window his face was partly in shadow.

"By the way, Grant," he began, with an assumption of carelessness somewhat inconsistent with the fact

that he had just called him in, "it may be necessary for me to pull up these fellows who are blackguarding me in the *Clarion*."

"Why, they haven't been saying anything new?" asked Grant, laughingly, as he glanced towards the paper.

"No—that is—only a re-hash of what they said before," returned Harcourt without opening the paper.

"Well," said Grant playfully, "you don't mind their saying that you're *not* the original pioneer of Tasajara, for it's true; nor that that fellow Lige Curtis disappeared suddenly, for he did, if I remember rightly. But there's nothing in that to invalidate your rights to Tasajara, to say nothing of your five years' undisputed possession."

"Of course there's no *legal* question," said Harcourt almost sharply. "But as a matter of absurd report, I may want to contradict their insinuations. And *you* remember all the circumstances, don't you?"

"I should think so! Why, my dear fellow, I've told it everywhere!—here, in New York, Newport, and in London; by Jove! it's one of my best stories. How a company sent me out with a surveyor to look up a railroad and agricultural possibilities in the wilderness; how just as I found them—and a rather big thing they made, too—I was set afloat by a flood and a raft, and drifted ashore on your bank, and practically demonstrated to you what you didn't know and didn't dare to hope for—that there could be a waterway straight to Sidon from the *embarcadero*. I've told what a charming evening we had with you and your daughters in the old house, and how I returned your hospitality by giving you a tip about the railroad; and how you slipped out while we were playing cards, to clinch the bargain for the land with that drunken fellow, Lige Curtis——"

"What's that?" interrupted Harcourt, quickly.

It was well that the shadow hid from Grant the expression of Harcourt's face, or his reply might have

been sharper. As it was, he answered a little stiffly:

"I beg your pardon——"

Harcourt recovered himself. "You're all wrong!" he said, "that bargain was made long *before*; I never saw Lige Curtis after you came to the house. It was before that, in the afternoon," he went on hurriedly, "that he was last in my store. I can prove it." Nevertheless he was so shocked and indignant at being confronted in his own suppressions and falsehoods by an even greater and more astounding misconception of fact, that for a moment he felt helpless. What, he reflected, if it were alleged that Lige had returned again after the loafers had gone, or had never left the store as had been said? Nonsense! There was John Milton, who had been there reading all the time, and who could disprove it. Yes, but—John Milton—was his discarded son—his enemy—perhaps even his very slanderer!

"But," said Grant quietly, "don't you remember that your daughter Euphemia said something that evening about the land Lige had *offered* you, and you snapped up the young lady rather sharply for letting out secrets, and *then* you went out? At least that's my impression."

It was, however, more than an impression; with Grant's scientific memory for characteristic details he had noticed that particular circumstance as part of the social phenomena.

"I don't know what Phemie *said*," returned Harcourt impatiently, "I *know* there was no offer pending; the land had been sold to me before I ever saw you. Why—you must have thought me up to pretty sharp practice with Curtis—eh?" he added, with a forced laugh.

Grant smiled; he had been accustomed to hear of such sharp practice among his business acquaintance, although he himself by nature and profession was incapable of it, but he had not deemed Harcourt more scrupulous than others. "Perhaps so," he said lightly, "but for Heaven's sake don't

ask me to spoil my reputation as a *raconteur* for the sake of a mere fact or two. I assure you it's a mighty taking story as I tell it—and it don't hurt you in a business way. You're the hero of it—hang it all!”

“Yes,” said Harcourt, without noticing Grant's half cynical superiority, “but you'll oblige me if you won't tell it again *in that way*. There are men here mean enough to make the worst of it. It's nothing to me—of course—but my family—the girls, you know, are rather sensitive.”

“I had no idea they even knew it—much less cared for it,” said Grant, with sudden seriousness. “I dare say if those fellows in the *Clarion* knew that they were annoying the ladies they'd drop it. Who's the editor? Look here—leave it to me; I'll look into it. Better that you shouldn't appear in the matter at all.”

“You understand that if it was a really serious matter, Grant,” said Harcourt with a slight attitude, “I shouldn't allow any one to take my place.”

“My dear fellow, there'll be nobody ‘called out’ and no ‘shooting at sight’ whatever is the result of my interference,” returned Grant, lightly. “It'll be all right.” He was quite aware of the power of his own independent position and the fact that he had been often appealed to before in delicate arbitration.

Harcourt was equally conscious of this, but by a strange inconsistency now felt relieved at the coolness with which Grant had accepted the misconception which had at first seemed so dangerous. If he were ready to condone what he thought was *sharp practice* he could not be less lenient with the real facts that might come out—of course always excepting that interpolated consideration in the bill of sale, which, however, no one but the missing Curtis could ever discover. The fact that a man of Grant's secure position had interested himself in this matter would secure him from the working of that personal vulgar jea-

lousy which his humbler antecedents had provoked. And if, as he fancied, Grant really cared for Clementina—

“As you like,” he said, with half-affected lightness, “and now let us talk of something else. Clementina has been thinking of getting up a riding party to San Mateo for Mrs. Ashwood. We must show them some civility, and that Boston brother of hers, Mr. Shipley, will have to be invited also. I can't get away, and my wife of course will only be able to join them at San Mateo in the carriage. I reckon it would be easier for Clementina if you took my place, and helped her look after the riding party. It will need a man, and I think she'd prefer you—as you know she's rather particular—unless of course you'd be wanted for Mrs. Ashwood or Phemie, or somebody else.”

From his shadowed corner he could see that a pleasant light had sprung into Grant's eyes, although his reply was in his ordinary easy banter. “I shall be only too glad to act as Miss Clementina's *vaquero*, and lasso her runaways, or keep stragglers in the road.”

There seemed to be small necessity, however, for this active co-operation, for when the cheerful cavalcade started from the house a few mornings later, Mr. Lawrence Grant's onerous duties seemed to be simply confined to those of an ordinary cavalier at the side of Miss Clementina—a few paces in the rear of the party. But this safe distance gave them the opportunity of conversing without being overheard—an apparently discreet precaution.

“Your father was so exceedingly affable to me the other day that if I hadn't given you my promise to say nothing, I think I would have fallen on my knees to him then and there, revealed my feelings, asked for your hand and his blessing—or whatever one does at such a time. But how long do you intend to keep me in this suspense?”

Clementina turned her clear eyes half abstractedly upon him as if im-

perfectly recalling some forgotten situation. "You forget," she said, "that part of your promise was that you wouldn't even speak of it to me again without my permission."

"But my time is so short now. Give me some definite hope before I go. Let me believe that when we meet in New York——"

"You will find me just the same as now! Yes! I think I can promise *that*. Let that suffice. You said the other day you liked me because I had not changed for five years. You can surely trust that I will not alter in as many months."

"If I only knew——"

"Ah, if *I* only knew—if *we* all only knew. But we don't. Come, Mr. Grant, let it rest as it is. Unless you want to go still further back and have it as it *was*—at Sidon. There I think you fancied Euphemia most."

"Clementina!"

"That is my name, and those people ahead of us know it already."

"You are called *Clementina*—but you are not merciful!"

"You are very wrong, for you might see that Mr. Shipley has twice checked his horse that he might hear what you are saying, and Phemie is always showing Mrs. Ashwood something in the landscape behind us."

All this was the more hopeless and exasperating to Grant since in the young girl's speech and manner there was not the slightest trace of coquetry or playfulness. He could not help saying a little bitterly: "I don't think that any one would imagine from your manner that you were receiving a declaration."

"But they might imagine from yours that you had the right to quarrel with me—which would be worse."

"We cannot part like this! It is too cruel to me."

"We cannot part otherwise without the risk of greater cruelty."

"But say at least, Clementina, that I have no rival? There is no other more favoured suitor?"

"That is so like a man—and yet so

unlike the proud one I believed you to be. Why should a man like you even consider such a possibility? If I were a man I know *I* couldn't." She turned upon him a glance so clear and untroubled by either conscious vanity or evasion that he was hopelessly convinced of the truth of her statement, and she went on in a slightly lowered tone, "You have no right to ask me such a question—but perhaps for that reason I am willing to answer you. There is none. Hush! For a good rider you are setting a poor example to the others, by crowding me towards the bank. Go forward and talk to Phemie and tell her not to worry Mrs. Ashwood's horse nor race with her; I don't think he's quite safe and Mrs. Ashwood isn't accustomed to using the Spanish bit. I suppose I must say something to Mr. Shipley, who doesn't seem to understand that *I'm* acting as *chaperone*, and you as captain of the party."

She cantered forward as she spoke, and Grant was obliged to join her sister, who, mounted on a powerful roan, was mischievously exciting a beautiful quaker-coloured mustang ridden by Mrs. Ashwood, already irritated by the unfamiliar pressure of the Eastern woman's hand upon his bit. The thick dust which had forced the party of twenty to close up in two solid files across the road compelled them at the first opening in the roadside fence to take the field in a straggling gallop. Grant, eager to escape from his own discontented self by doing something for others reined in beside Euphemia and the fair stranger.

"Let me take your place until Mrs. Ashwood's horse is quieted," he half whispered to Euphemia.

"Thank you—and I suppose it does not make any matter to Clem who quiets mine," she said with provoking eyes and a toss of her head worthy of the spirited animal she was riding.

"She thinks you quite capable of managing yourself and even others," he replied with a playful glance at

Shipley, who was riding somewhat stiffly on the other side.

"Don't be too sure," retorted Phemie with another dangerous look; "I may give you trouble yet."

They were approaching the first undulation of the russet plain they had emerged upon—an umbrageous slope that seemed suddenly to diverge in two defiles among the shaded hills. Grant had given a few words of practical advice to Mrs. Ashwood, and shown her how to guide her mustang by the merest caressing touch of the rein upon its sensitive neck. He had not been sympathetically inclined towards the fair stranger, a rich and still youthful widow, although he could not deny her unquestioned good breeding, mental refinement, and a certain languorous thoughtfulness that was almost melancholy, which accented her blonde delicacy. But he had noticed that her manner was politely reserved and slightly constrained towards the Harcourts, and he had already resented it with a lover's instinctive loyalty. He had at first attributed it to a want of sympathy between Mrs. Ashwood's more intellectual sentimentalities and the Harcourts undeniable lack of any sentiment whatever. But there was evidently some other innate antagonism. He was very polite to Mrs. Ashwood; she responded with a gentleman's courtesy, and, he was forced to admit, even a broader comprehension of his own merits than the Harcourt girls had ever shown, but he could still detect that she was not in accord with the party.

"I am afraid you do not like California, Mrs. Ashwood?" he said pleasantly. "You perhaps find the life here too unrestrained and unconventional?"

She looked at him in quick astonishment. "Are you quite sincere? Why it strikes me that this is just what it is *not*. And I have so longed for something quite different. From what I had been told about the originality and adventure of everything here, and your independence of old social forms and

customs, I am afraid I expected the opposite of what I've seen. Why this very party, except that the ladies are prettier and more expensively gotten up—is like any party that might have ridden out at Saratoga or New York."

"And as stupid, you would say."

"As *conventional*, Mr. Grant; always excepting this lovely creature beneath me, whom I can't make out and who doesn't seem to care that I should. There! look! I told you so!"

Her mustang had suddenly bounded forward, but as Grant followed he could see that the cause was the example of Phemie, who had, in some mad freak, dashed out in a frantic gallop. A half-dozen of the younger people hilariously accepted the challenge; the excitement was communicated to the others, until the whole cavalcade was sweeping down the slope. Grant was still at Mrs. Ashwood's side, restraining her mustang and his own impatient horse when Clementina joined them. "Phemie's mare has really bolted, I fear," she said in a quick whisper, "ride on and never mind us." Grant looked quickly ahead; Phemie's roan, excited by the shouts behind her and to all appearance ungovernable, was fast disappearing with her rider. Without a word, trusting to his own good horsemanship and better knowledge of the ground, he darted out of the cavalcade to overtake her.

But the unfortunate result of this was to give further impulse to the now racing horses as they approached a point where the slope terminated in two diverging cañons. Mrs. Ashwood gave a sharp pull upon her bit. To her consternation the mustang stopped short almost instantly—planting his two fore feet rigidly in the dust and even sliding forward with the impetus. Had her seat been less firm she might have been thrown, but she recovered herself, although in doing so she still bore upon the bit, when to her astonishment the mustang deliberately stiffened himself as if for a shock, and then began to back slowly, quiver-

ing with excitement. She did not know that her native-bred animal fondly believed that he was participating in a *rodeo*, and that to his equine intelligence his fair mistress had just lassoed something! In vain she urged him forward; he still waited for the shock! When the cloud of dust in which she had been enwrapped drifted away, she saw to her amazement that she was alone. The entire party had disappeared into one of the cañons—but which one she could not tell!

When she succeeded at last in urging her mustang forward again she determined to take the right-hand cañon and trust to being either met or overtaken. A more practical and less adventurous nature would have waited at the point of divergence for the return of some of the party, but Mrs. Ashwood was, in truth, not sorry to be left to herself and the novel scenery for a while, and she had no doubt but she would eventually find her way to the hotel at San Mateo, which could not be far away, in time for luncheon.

The road was still well defined, although it presently began to wind between ascending ranks of pines and larches that marked the terraces of hills, so high that she wondered she had not noticed them from the plains. An unmistakable suggestion of some haunting primeval solitude—a sense of the hushed and mysterious proximity of a nature she had never known before; the strange half intoxicating breath of unsunned foliage and untrodden grasses and herbs all combined to exalt her as she cantered forward. Even her horse seemed to have acquired an intelligent liberty or rather to have established a sympathy with her in his needs and her own longings; instinctively she no longer pulled him with the curb; the reins hung loosely on his self-arched and unfettered neck; secure in this loneliness she found herself even talking to him with barbaric freedom. As she went on the vague hush of all things animate and inani-

mate around her seemed to thicken, until she unconsciously halted before a dim and pillared wood and a vast and heathless opening on whose mute brown lips Nature seemed to have laid the finger of silence. She forgot the party she had left, she forgot the luncheon she was going to; more important still she forgot that she had already left the travelled track far behind her, and, tremulous with anticipation, rode timidly into that arch of shadow.

As her horse's hoofs fell noiselessly on the elastic moss-carpeted aisle she forgot even more than that. She forgot the artificial stimulus and excitement of the life she had been leading so long; she forgot the small mean-nesses and smaller worries of her well-to-do experiences; she forgot herself—rather she regained a self she had long forgotten. For in the sweet seclusion of this half-darkened sanctuary the clinging fripperies of her past slipped from her as a tawdry garment. The petted, spoiled, and rapidly precocious girlhood which had merged into a womanhood of aimless triumphs and meaner ambitions; the worldly but miserable triumph of a marriage that had left her delicacy abused and her heart sick and unsatisfied; the wifehood without home, seclusion, or maternity; the widowhood that at last brought relief, but with it the consciousness of hopelessly wasted youth—all this seemed to drop from her here as lightly as the winged needles or noiseless withered spray from the dim grey vault above her head. In the sovereign balm of that woodland breath her better spirit was restored; somewhere in these wholesome shades seemed to still lurk what should have been her innocent and nymph-like youth, and to come out once more and greet her. Old songs she had forgotten, or whose music had failed in the discords of her frivolous life, sang themselves to her again in that sweet, grave silence; girlish dreams that she had foolishly been ashamed of, or had put away with her childish toys, stole

back to her once more and became real in this tender twilight ; old fancies, old fragments of verse and childish lore, grew palpable and moved faintly before her. The boyish prince who should have come was there ; the babe that should have been hers was there !—she stopped suddenly with flaming eyes and indignant colour. For it appeared that a *man* was there too, and had just risen from the fallen tree where he had been sitting.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHE had so far forgotten herself in yielding to the spell of the place and in the revelation of her naked soul and inner nature that it was with something of the instinct of outraged modesty that she seemed to shrink before this apparition of the outer world and outer worldliness. In an instant the nearer past returned ; she remembered where she was, how she had come there, who she had come from, and to whom she was returning. She could see that she had not only aimlessly wandered from the world but from the road ; and for that instant she hated this man who had reminded her of it, even while she knew she must ask his assistance. It relieved her slightly to observe that he seemed as disturbed and impatient as herself, and as he took a pencil from between his lips and returned it to his pocket he scarcely looked at her.

But with her return to the world of *convenances* came its repression, and with a gentlewoman's ease and modulated voice she leaned over her mustang's neck and said : "I have strayed from my party and am afraid I have lost my way. We were going to the hotel at San Mateo. Would you be kind enough to direct me there, or show me how I can regain the road by which I came ?"

Her voice and manner were quite enough to arrest him where he stood with a pleased surprise in his fresh and ingenuous face. She looked at him more closely. He was, in spite of his long silken moustache, so absurdly

young ; he might, in spite of that youth, be so absurdly man-like ! What was he doing there ? Was he a farmer's son, an artist, a surveyor, or a city clerk out for a holiday ? Was there perhaps a youthful female of his species somewhere for whom he was waiting and upon whose tryst she was now breaking ? Was he—terrible thought !—the outlying picket of some family picnic ? His dress, neat, simple, free from ostentatious ornament, betrayed nothing. She waited for his voice.

"Oh, you have left San Mateo miles away to the right," he said with quick youthful sympathy, "at least five miles ! Where did you leave your party ?"

His voice was winning, and even refined, she thought. She answered it quite spontaneously : "At a fork of two roads. I see now I took the wrong turning."

"Yes, you took the road to Crystal Spring. It's just down there in the valley, not more than a mile. You'd have been there now if you hadn't turned off at the woods."

"I couldn't help it, it was so beautiful."

"Isn't it ?"

"Perfect."

"And such shadows, and such intensity of colour."

"Wonderful !—and all along the ridge, looking down that defile !"

"Yes, and that point where it seems as if you had only to stretch out your hand to pick a manzanita berry from the other side of the cañon,—half a mile across !"

"Yes ! and that first glimpse of the valley through the Gothic gateway of rocks."

"And the colour of those rocks—cinnamon and bronze with the light green of the *Yerba buena* vine splashing over them."

"Yes, but for colour *did* you notice that hillside of yellow poppies pouring down into the valley like a golden Niagara ?"

"Certainly—and the perfect clearness of everything."

"And yet such complete silence and repose!"

"Oh, yes!"

"Ah, yes!"

They were both gravely nodding and shaking their heads with sparkling eyes and brightened colour, looking not at each other but at the far landscape vignettèd through a lozenge-shaped wind opening in the trees. Suddenly Mrs. Ashwood straightened herself in the saddle, looked grave, lifted the reins and apparently the ten years with them that had dropped from her. But she said in her easiest well-bred tones, and a half sigh, "Then I must take the road back again to where it forks?"

"Oh, no! you can go by Crystal Spring. It's no further, and I'll show you the way. But you'd better stop and rest yourself and your horse for a little while at the Springs Hotel. It's a very nice place. Many people ride there from San Francisco to luncheon and return. I wonder that your party didn't prefer it; and if they are looking for you—as they surely must be," he said, as if with a sudden conception of her importance, "they'll come there when they find you're not at San Mateo."

This seemed reasonable, although the process of being "fetched" and taking the five miles ride, which she had enjoyed so much alone, in company was not attractive. "Couldn't I go on at once?" she said impulsively.

"You would meet them sooner," he said thoughtfully.

This was quite enough for Mrs. Ashwood. "I think I'll rest this poor horse who is really tired," she said with charming hypocrisy, "and stop at the hotel."

She saw his face brighten. Perhaps he was the son of the hotel proprietor or a youthful partner himself. "I suppose you live here?" she suggested gently. "You seem to know the place so well."

"No," he returned quickly; "I only run down here from San Francisco when I can get a day off."

A day off! He was in some regular employment. But he continued: "And I used to go to boarding-school near here, and know all these woods well."

He must be a native! How odd! She had not conceived that there might be any other population here than the immigrants; perhaps that was what made him so interesting and different from the others. "Then your father and mother live here?" she said.

His frank face, incapable of disguise, changed suddenly. "No," he said simply, but without any trace of awkwardness. Then after a slight pause he laid his hand—she noticed it was white and well-kept—on her mustang's neck, and said, "If—if—you care to trust yourself to me I could lead you and your horse down a trail into the valley that is at least a third of the distance shorter. It would save you going back to the regular road, and there are one or two lovely views that I could show you. I should be so pleased, if it would not trouble you. There's a steep place or two—but I think there's no danger."

"I shall not be afraid."

She smiled so graciously, and, as she fully believed, maternally, that he looked at her the second time. To his first hurried impression of her as an elegant and delicately nurtured woman—one of the class of distinguished tourists that fashion was beginning to send thither—he had now to add that she had a quantity of fine silken-spun light hair gathered in a heavy braid beneath her grey hat; that her mouth was very delicately lipped and beautifully sensitive; that her soft skin, although just then touched with excitement, was a pale faded velvet, and seemed to be worn with *ennui* rather than experience; that her eyes were hidden behind a strip of grey veil whence only a faint glow was discernible. To this must still be added a poetic fancy all his own that, as she sat there, with the skirt of her grey habit falling from her long bodiced waist over the mustang's fawn-

coloured flanks, and with her slim gauntleted hands lightly swaying the reins, she looked like Queen Guinevere in the forest. Not that he particularly fancied Queen Guinevere, or that he at all imagined himself Launcelot, but it was quite in keeping with the suggestion-haunted brain of John Milton Harcourt, whom the astute reader has of course long since recognised.

Preceding her through the soft carpeted vault with a woodman's instinct—for there was apparently no trail to be seen—the soft inner twilight began to give way to the outer stronger day, and presently she was startled to see the clear blue of the sky before her on apparently the same level as the brown pine-tesselated floor she was treading. Not only did this show her that she was crossing a ridge of the upland, but a few moments later she had passed beyond the woods to a golden hillside that sloped towards a leafy, sheltered, and exquisitely-proportioned valley. A tiny but picturesque tower, and a few straggling roofs and gables, the flashing of a crystal stream through the leaves, and a narrow white riband of road winding behind it indicated the hostelry they were seeking. So peaceful and unfrequented it looked, nestling between the hills, that it seemed as if they had discovered it.

With his hand at times upon the bridle, at others merely caressing her mustang's neck, he led the way; there were a few breathless places where the crown of his straw hat appeared between her horse's reins, and again when she seemed almost slipping over on his shoulder, but they were passed with such frank fearlessness and invincible youthful confidence on the part of her escort that she felt no timidity. There were moments when a bit of the charmed landscape unfolding before them overpowered them both, and they halted to gaze—sometimes without a word, or only a significant gesture of sympathy and attention. At one of those artistic

manifestations Mrs. Ashwood laid her slim gloved fingers lightly but unwittingly on John Milton's arm, and withdrew them, however, with a quick girlish apology and a foolish colour which annoyed her more than the appearance of familiarity. But they were now getting well down into the valley; the court of the little hotel was already opening before them; their unconventional relations in the idyllic world above had changed; the new ones required some delicacy of handling, and she had an idea that even the simplicity of the young stranger might be confusing.

"I must ask you to continue to act as my escort," she said, laughingly; "I am Mrs. Ashwood of Philadelphia, visiting San Francisco with my sister and brother, who are, I am afraid, even now hopelessly waiting luncheon for me at San Mateo. But as there seems to be no prospect of my joining them in time, I hope you will be able to give me the pleasure of your company with whatever they may give us here in the way of refreshment."

"I shall be very happy," returned John Milton with unmistakable candour; "but perhaps some of your friends will be arriving in quest of you, if they are not already here."

"Then they will join us or wait," said Mrs. Ashwood incisively, with her first exhibition of the imperiousness of a rich and pretty woman. Perhaps she was a little annoyed that her elaborate introduction of herself had produced no reciprocal disclosure by her companion. "Will you please send the landlord to me?" she added.

John Milton disappeared in the hotel as she cantered to the porch. In another moment she was giving the landlord her orders with the easy confidence of one who knew herself only as an always welcome and highly privileged guest, which was not without its effect. "And," she added carelessly, "when everything is ready you will please tell—Mr.——"

"Harcourt," suggested the landlord promptly.

Mrs. Ashwood's perfectly trained face gave not the slightest sign of the surprise that had overtaken her. "Of course—Mr. Harcourt."

"You know he's the son of the millionaire," continued the landlord, not at all unwilling to display the importance of the *habitués* of Crystal Spring, "though they've quarrelled and don't get on together."

"I know," said the lady languidly; "and, if any one comes here for me, ask them to wait in the parlour until I come."

Then, submitting herself and her dusty habit to the awkward ministration of the Irish chambermaid, she was quite thrilled with a delightful curiosity. She vaguely remembered that she had heard something of the Harcourt family discord—but that was the divorced daughter surely! And this young man was Harcourt's son, and they had quarrelled! A quarrel with a frank, open, ingenuous fellow like that—a mere boy—could only be the father's fault. Luckily she had never mentioned the name of Harcourt! She would not now; he need not know that it was his father who had originated the party; why should she make him uncomfortable for the few moments they were together?

There was nothing of this in her face as she descended and joined him. He thought that face handsome, well-bred, and refined. But this breeding and refinement seemed to him—in his ignorance of the world possibly—as only a graceful concealment of a self of which he knew nothing, and he was not surprised to find that her pretty grey eyes, now no longer hidden by her veil, really told him no more than her lips. He was a little afraid of her, and now that she had lost her naïve enthusiasm he was conscious of a vague remorsefulness for his interrupted work in the forest. What was he doing here? He who had avoided the cruel, selfish world of wealth and pleasure—a world that this woman represented—the world that had stood apart from him in the one dream of

his life—and had let Loo die! His quickly responsive face darkened.

"I am afraid I really interrupted you up there," she said gently, looking in his face with an expression of unfeigned concern; "you were at work of some kind, I know. And I have very selfishly thought only of myself. But the whole scene was so new to me, and I so rarely meet any one who sees things as I do, that I know you will forgive me." She bent her eyes upon him with a certain soft timidity. "You are an artist?"

"I am afraid not," he said, colouring and smiling faintly; "I don't think I could draw a straight line."

"Don't try to; they're not pretty, and the mere ability to draw them straight or curved doesn't make an artist. But you are a *lover* of nature, I know, and from what I have heard you say I believe you can do what lovers cannot do—make others feel as they do—and that is what I call being an artist. You write? You are a poet?"

"Oh, dear no," he said with a smile, half of relief and half of naïve superiority, "I'm a prose writer—on a daily newspaper."

To his surprise she was not disconcerted; rather a look of animation lit up her face as she said brightly, "Oh, then, you can of course satisfy my curiosity about something. You know the road from San Francisco to the Cliff House. Except for the view of the sea lions when one gets there it's stupid; my brother says it's like all the San Francisco excursions—a dusty drive with a julep at the end of it. Well, one day we were coming back from a drive there, and when we were beginning to wind along the brow of that dreadful staring Lone Mountain Cemetery, I said I would get out and walk, and avoid the obtrusive glitter of those tombstones rising before me all the way. I pushed open a little gate and passed in. Once among these funereal shrubs and cold statuesque lilies everything was changed; I saw the staring tombstones no longer, for, like them, I seemed to be always

facing the sea. The road had vanished; everything had vanished but the endless waste of ocean below me, and the last slope of rock and sand. It seemed to be the fittest place for a cemetery—this end of the crumbling earth—this beginning of the eternal sea. There! don't think that idea my own, or that I thought of it then. No,—I read it all afterwards, and that's why I'm telling you this."

She could not help smiling at his now attentive face, and went on: "Some days afterwards I got hold of a newspaper four or six months old, and there was a description of all that I thought I had seen and felt—only far more beautiful and touching as you shall see, for I cut it out of the paper and have kept it. It seemed to me that it must be some personal experience—as if the writer had followed some dear friend there—although it was with the unostentation and indefiniteness of true and delicate feeling. It impressed me so much that I went back there twice or thrice, and always seemed to move to the rhythm of that beautiful funeral march—and I am afraid, being a woman, that I wandered around among the graves as though I could find out who it was that had been sung so sweetly, and if it were man or woman. I've got it here," she said, taking a dainty ivory *porte-monnaie* from her pocket and picking out with two slim finger tips a folded slip of newspaper; "and I thought that maybe you might recognise the style of the writer, and perhaps know something of his history. For I believe he has one. There! that is only a part of the article of course, but it is the part that interested me. Just read from there," she pointed, leaning partly over his shoulder so that her soft breath stirred his hair, "to the end; it isn't long."

In the film that seemed to come across his eyes, suddenly the print appeared blurred and indistinct. But he knew that she had put into his hand something he had written after the death of his wife; something spontaneous and impulsive, when her loss

still filled his days and nights and almost unconsciously swayed his pen. He remembered that his eyes had been as dim when he wrote it—and now—handed to him by this smiling, well-to-do woman, he was as shocked at first as if he had suddenly found her reading his private letters. This was followed by a sudden sense of shame that he had ever thus publicly bared his feelings, and then by the illogical but irresistible conviction that it was false and stupid. The few phrases she had pointed out appeared as cheap and hollow rhetoric amid the surroundings of their social *tête-à-tête* over the luncheon-table. There was small danger that this heady wine of woman's praise would make him betray himself; there was no sign of gratified authorship in his voice as he quietly laid down the paper and said drily: "I am afraid I can't help you. You know it may be purely fanciful."

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Ashwood thoughtfully. "At the same time it doesn't strike me as a very abiding grief for that very reason. It's too sympathetic. It strikes me that it might be the first grief of some one too young to be inured to sorrow or experienced enough to accept it as the common lot. But like all youthful impressions it is very sincere and true while it lasts. I don't know whether one gets anything more real when one gets older."

With an insincerity he could not account for, he now felt inclined to defend his previous sentiment, although all the while conscious of a certain charm in his companion's graceful scepticism. He had in his truthfulness and independence hitherto always been quite free from that feeble admiration of cynicism which attacks the intellectually weak and immature, and his present predilection may have been due more to her charming personality. She was not at all like his sisters; she had none of Clementina's cold abstraction, and none of Euphemia's sharp and demonstrative effusiveness.

And in his secret consciousness of her flattering fore-knowledge of him, with her assurance that before they had ever met he had unwittingly influenced her, he began to feel more at his ease. His fair companion also, in the equally secret knowledge she had acquired of his history, felt as secure as if she had been formally introduced. Nobody could find fault with her for showing civility to the ostensible son of her host—it was not necessary that she should be aware of their family differences. There was a charm too in their enforced isolation, in what was the exceptional solitude of the little hotel that day, and the seclusion of their table by the window of the dining-room, which gave a charming domesticity to their repast. From time to time they glanced down the lonely cañon, losing itself in the afternoon shadow. Nevertheless Mrs. Ashwood's pre-occupation with Nature did not preclude a human curiosity to hear something more of John Milton's quarrel with his father. There was certainly nothing of the prodigal son about him; there was no precocious evil knowledge in his frank eyes; no record of excesses in his healthy, fresh complexion; no unwholesome or disturbed tastes in what she had seen of his rural preferences and understanding of natural beauty. To have attempted any direct questioning that would have revealed his name and identity would have obliged her to speak of herself as his father's guest. She began indirectly; he had said he had been a reporter, and he was still a chronicler of this strange life. He had of course heard of many cases of family feuds and estrangements! Her brother had told her of some dreadful vendettas he had known in the southwest, and how whole families had been divided. Since she had been here she had heard of odd cases of brothers meeting accidentally after long and unaccounted separations; of husbands suddenly confronted with wives they had deserted; of fathers encountering discarded sons!

John Milton's face betrayed no uneasy consciousness. If anything it was beginning to glow with a boyish admiration of the grace and intelligence of the fair speaker, that was perhaps heightened by an assumption of half coquettish discomfiture.

"You are laughing at me!" she said finally. "But inhuman and selfish as these stories may seem, and sometimes are, I believe that these curious estrangements and separations often come from some fatal weakness of temperament that might be strengthened, or some trivial misunderstanding that could be explained. It is separation that makes them seem irrevocable only because they are inexplicable, and a vague memory always seems more terrible than a definite one. Facts may be forgiven and forgotten but mysteries haunt one always. I believe there are weak, sensitive people who dread to put their wrongs into shape—those are the kind who sulk, and when you add separation to sulking, reconciliation becomes impossible. I knew a very singular case of that kind once. If you like, I'll tell it to you. Maybe you will be able, some day, to weave it into one of your writings. And it's quite true."

It is hardly necessary to say that John Milton had not been touched by any personal significance in his companion's speech, whatever she may have intended; and it is equally true that whether she had presently forgotten her purpose, or had become suddenly interested in her own conversation, her face grew more animated, her manner more confidential, and something of the youthful enthusiasm she had shown in the mountain seemed to come back to her.

"I might say it happened anywhere and call the people M. or N., but it really did occur in my own family, and although I was much younger at the time it impressed me very strongly. My cousin, who had been my playmate, was an orphan, and had been entrusted to the care of my father, who was his guardian. He was always a

clever boy, but singularly sensitive and quick to take offence. Perhaps it was because the little property his father had left made him partly dependent on my father, and that I was rich, but he seemed to feel the disparity in our positions. I was too young to understand it; I think it existed only in his imagination, for I believe we were treated alike. But I remember that he was full of vague threats of running away and going to sea, and that it was part of his weak temperament to terrify me with his extravagant confidences. I was always frightened when, after one of those scenes, he would pack his valise or perhaps only tie up a few things in a handkerchief, as in the advertisement pictures of the runaway slaves, and declare that we would never lay eyes upon him again. At first I never saw the ridiculousness of all this—for I ought to have told you that he was a rather delicate and timid boy, and quite unfitted for a rough life or any exposure—but others did, and one day I laughed at him and told him he was afraid. I shall never forget the expression of his face and never forgive myself for it. He went away,—but he returned the next day! He threatened once to commit suicide, left his clothes on the bank of the river, and came home in another suit of clothes he had taken with him. When I was sent abroad to school I lost sight of him; when I returned he was at college—apparently unchanged. When he came home for vacation,—far from having been subdued by contact with strangers—it seemed that his unhappy sensitiveness had been only intensified by the ridicule of his fellows. He had even acquired a most ridiculous theory about the degrading effects of civilisation, and wanted to go back to a state of barbarism. He said the wilderness was the only true home of man. My father, instead of bearing with what I believe was his infirmity, drily offered him the means to try his experiment. He started for some place in Texas, saying we would never

hear from him again. A month after he wrote for more money. My father replied rather impatiently—I suppose—I never knew exactly what he wrote. That was some years ago. He had told the truth at last, for we never heard from him again.”

It is to be feared that John Milton was following the animated lips and eyes of the fair speaker rather than her story. Perhaps that was the reason why he said: “May he not have been a disappointed man?”

“I don’t understand,” she said simply.

“Perhaps,” said John Milton with a boyish blush, “you may have unconsciously raised hopes in his heart—and——”

“I should hardly attempt to interest a chronicler of adventure like you in such a very commonplace, every-day style of romance,” she said, with a little impatience, “even if my vanity compelled me to make such confidences to a stranger. No—it was nothing quite as vulgar as that. And,” she added quickly, with a playfully amused smile as she saw the young fellow’s evident distress, “I should have probably heard from him again. Those stories always end in that way.”

“And you think——?” said John Milton.

“I think,” said Mrs. Ashwood slowly, “that he actually did commit suicide—or effaced himself in some way, just as firmly as I believe he might have been saved by judicious treatment. Otherwise we should have heard from him. You’ll say that’s only a woman’s reasoning—but I think our perceptions are often instinctive, and I knew his character.”

Still following the play of her delicate features into a romance of his own weaving, the imaginative young reporter, who had seen so much from the heights of Russian Hill, said earnestly: “Then I have your permission to use this material at any future time?”

“Yes,” said the lady smilingly.

“And you will not mind if I should take some liberties with the text?”

"I must of course leave something to your artistic taste. But you will let me see it?"

There were voices outside now, breaking the silence of the verandah. They had been so preoccupied as not to notice the arrival of a horseman. Steps came along the passage; the landlord returned. Mrs. Ashwood turned quickly towards him.

"Mr. Grant, of your party, ma'am, to fetch you."

She saw an unmistakable change in her young friend's mobile face. "I will be ready in a moment," she said to the landlord. Then turning to John Milton the arch-hypocrite said sweetly: "My brother must have known instinctively that I was in good hands, as he didn't come. But I am sorry, for I should have so liked to introduce him to you—although by the way," with a bright smile, "I don't think you have yet told me your name. I know I couldn't have *forgotten* it."

"Harcourt," said John Milton, with a half embarrassed laugh.

"But you must come and see me, Mr.—Mr. Harcourt," she said, producing a card from a case already in her fingers, "at my hotel, and let my brother thank you there for your kindness and gallantry to a stranger. I shall be here a few weeks longer before we go south to look for a place where my brother can winter. *Do* come and see me, although *I* cannot introduce you to anything as real and beautiful as what *you* have shown me to-day. Good-bye, Mr. Harcourt; I won't trouble you to come down and bore yourself with my escort's questions and congratulations."

She bent her head and allowed her soft eyes to rest upon his with a graciousness that was beyond her speech, pulled her veil over her eyes again, with a pretty suggestion that she had no further use for them, and taking her riding-skirt lightly in her hand seemed to glide from the room.

On her way to San Mateo, where it appeared the disorganised party had prolonged their visit to accept an invita-

tion to dine with a local magnate, she was pleasantly conversational with the slightly abstracted Grant. She was so sorry to have given them all this trouble and anxiety! Of course she ought to have waited at the fork of the road, but she had never doubted but she could rejoin them presently on the main road. She was glad that Miss Euphemia's runaway horse had been stopped without accident; it would have been dreadful if anything had happened to *her*; Mr. Harcourt seemed so wrapped up in his girls. It was a pity they never had a son—Ah? Indeed! Then there was a son? So—and father and son had quarrelled? That was so sad. And for some trifling cause no doubt?

"I believe he married the housemaid," said Grant grimly. "Be careful!—Allow me."

"It's no use!" said Mrs. Ashwood, flushing with pink impatience, as she recovered her seat which a sudden bolt of her mustang had imperilled, "I really can't make out the tricks of this beast! Thank you," she added, with a sweet smile, "but I think I can manage him now. I can't see why he stopped. I'll be more careful. You were saying the son was married—surely not that boy!"

"Boy!" echoed Grant. "Then you know——?"

"I mean of course he must be a boy—they all grew up here—and it was only five or six years ago that their parents emigrated," she retorted a little impatiently. "And what about this creature?"

"Your horse?"

"You know I mean the woman he married. Of course she was older than he—and caught him?"

"I think there was a year or two difference," said Grant quietly.

"Yes, but your gallantry keeps you from telling the truth, which is that the women, in cases of this kind, are much older and more experienced."

"Are they? Well, perhaps she is *now*. She is dead."

Mrs. Ashwood walked her horse.

"Poor thing," she said. Then a sudden idea took possession of her and brought a film to her eyes. "How long ago?" she asked in a low voice.

"About six or seven months, I think. I believe there was a baby who died too."

She continued to walk her horse slowly, stroking its curved neck. "I think it's perfectly shameful!" she said suddenly.

"Not so bad as that, Mrs. Ashwood, surely. The girl may have loved him—and he——"

"You know perfectly what I mean, Mr. Grant—I speak of the conduct of the mother and father and those two sisters!"

Grant slightly elevated his eyebrows. "But you forget, Mrs. Ashwood. It was young Harcourt and his wife's own act—they preferred to take their own path and keep it."

"I think," said Mrs. Ashwood authoritatively, "that the idea of leaving those two unfortunate children to suffer and struggle on alone—out there—on the sand hills of San Francisco—was simply disgraceful!"

Later that evening she was unreasonably annoyed to find that her brother, Mr. John Shipley, had taken advantage of the absence of Grant to pay marked attention to Clementina, and had even prevailed upon that imperious goddess to accompany him after dinner on a moonlight stroll upon the verandah and terraces of *Los Pajaros*. Nevertheless she seemed to recover her spirits enough to talk volubly of the beautiful scenery she had discovered in her late perilous abandonment in the wilds of the Coast Range; to aver her intention to visit it again; to speak of it in a severely practical way as offering a far better site for the cottages of the young married couples just beginning life than the outskirts of towns or the bleak sand hills of San Francisco; and thence by graceful degrees into a dissertation upon popular fallacies in regard to hasty marriages, and the

mistaken idea of some parents in not accepting the inevitable and making the best of it. She still found time to enter into an appreciative and exhaustive criticism upon the literature and journalistic enterprise of the Pacific Coast with the proprietor of the *Pioneer*, and to cause that gentleman to declare that whatever people might say about rich and fashionable Eastern women, that Mrs. Ashwood's head was about as level as it was pretty.

The next morning found her more thoughtful and subdued, and when her brother came upon her sitting on the verandah, while the party were preparing to return, she was reading a newspaper slip that she had taken from her *porte-monnaie*, with a face that was partly shadowed.

"What have you struck there, Conny?" said her brother gaily. "It looks too serious for a recipe."

"Something I should like you to read some time, Jack," she said, lifting her lashes with a slight timidity, "if you would take the trouble. I really wonder how it would impress you."

"Pass it over," said Jack Shipley good-humouredly, with his cigar between his lips. "I'll take it now."

She handed him the slip and turned partly away; he took it, glanced at it sideways, turned it over, and suddenly his look grew concentrated, and he took the cigar from his lips.

"Well," she said playfully, turning to him again. "What do you think of it?"

"Think of it?" he said with a rising colour. "I think it's infamous! Who did it?"

She stared at him, then glanced quickly at the slip. "What are you reading?" she said.

"This, of course," he said impatiently. "What you gave me." But he was pointing to the *other side* of the newspaper slip.

She took it from him impatiently and read for the first time the printing on the reverse side of the article she

had treasured so long. It was the concluding paragraph of an apparently larger editorial. "One thing is certain, that a man in Daniel Harcourt's position cannot afford to pass over in silence accusations like the above, that affect not only his private character, but the integrity of his title to the land that was the foundation of his fortune. When trickery, sharp practice, and even criminality in the past are more than hinted at, they cannot be met by mere pompous silence or allusions to private position,

social prestige, or distinguished friends in the present."

Mrs. Ashwood turned the slip over with scornful impatience, a pretty uplifting of her eyebrows and a slight curl of her lip. "I suppose none of those people's beginnings can bear looking into—and they certainly should be the last ones to find fault with anybody. But, good gracious, Jack! what has this to do with you?"

"With me?" said Shipley angrily. "Why I proposed to Clementina last night!"

(To be continued.)

AMONG THE LONELY HILLS.

A FEW days ago I was standing in the middle of a wide moor. There was no house in sight, or enclosed field, or plantation, or even tree, nothing that reminded one of man and his works except a low line of rough stones in the form of a square. The place looked like the ruin of an old fank or sheep-enclosure, but had once been a school-house, planted here long ago, in the middle of the moor where no one lived, that it might form a half-way house for two thinly populated districts. There is a tragic little story connected with it. One winter's morning, more than seventy years ago, two boys started off from their homes for this humble seat of learning, each carrying with him the couple of peats which in those days, and long afterwards, it was customary for children to give to the Dominie. But they did not arrive at the school-house. No doubt at first little anxiety was felt at their absence; hunger would fetch the truants home at night. But night, which, the old Gaelic proverb says, brings all creatures home, failed to bring them, and then search was made. A couple of miles or so away by a lonely lochan there is a tiny pool, not bigger than a very small room, fringed with rushes and heather, holding a water-lily or two in the summer. This was the death-place of the children; their peats were lying on its edge, and their bodies were found below its dull waters. One of the poor little truants had a brother who lived to be a very old man, and who died last year, and so the school-boy and the weary worker have met again. We can fancy the search and the suspense, the agony of the parents when they knew the worst. Now the story is half forgotten; the old man lived near the pool and must have passed it thousands of times; probably

he even, after a while, would go heedlessly by it, on his way to cut peats or to fish; his mind would be careless of what took place there so long ago. It is well that it should be so. What a dreadful world this would be if old sorrows were always present and their keen edge never dulled!

It is many years since the last lesson was given in that quiet place, since the last excuse was offered, since the last rebuke and punishment (which seemed so weighty and terrible to the offender) was dealt out, and the master set his face to the eastward, and left his house, to return to it on no tomorrow. Some round stones above ground, and perhaps a few bits of slate pencil below, are all that are left to tell that this was once a school. The grouse sit and crow on the hillocks round, and shy rabbits scuttle about in the little burn just below, without any fear of being hunted into their holes, as their great, great—ever so many great grand-fathers used to be.

Such a place would seem inexpressibly dreary to a south-country scholar, who travels a good road to the massive building where he receives the rudiments of knowledge, but nothing of this kind was felt by these hill-children who merely exchanged the moor-surrounded school-house for the moor-surrounded home. Now as the one has gone, so has the other. The fallen walls, the nettles in what used to be the kail-yard (which ever accompany man in this world and often long outlive him), the high raised ridges which show where he used to plough, perhaps an old weary-looking apple-tree, point out where the people used to live.

It is curious to think what journeys these children made when they grew up. They were no stay-at-homes. While the sky-line of the mountains

round were generally the boundaries of known country to the women, the menfolk went out far abroad. These lonely dwellings, hid among the great moors of the north and west of Scotland, were the starting-points for every quarter of the globe. The bones of their old possessors lie in Egypt and North America and India; they lie very thick in Portugal, and on the rich plains round Waterloo. A great number of the men went into the army, either following the lead of their chief, or impelled by a fighting instinct; they became soldiers, and they won honour in every continent in the days when "the springing valour" of British troops was a byword over all the world. They were a deep-lunged sinewy-limbed people, used to hard rough work on their mountains, accustomed to all kinds of weather, and inured to every sort of exposure; and so work which would kill outright a modern recruit was child's play to them. They formed no small part of that "astonishing infantry" about which we read in Napier's great book; with their English and Irish brethren they showed everywhere, to all who stood up against them, "with what a strength and majesty" the British soldier fights. The bare topped mountains on the Bidassoa, and the sharp whiff of burning turf which would greet him now and then in the Low Countries, must often have reminded a man of his home far away in the north, and of the little smoky hut in which his wife and children lived. In time he would go back to them, if he passed safely through the risks of war and disease. Professor Wilson in one of his essays draws a fine picture of the sergeant of the Black Watch, who after his thirty years' service—imagine any one serving for thirty years now!—went back to end his days in his own country. The change must have been a very curious one. For the din and racket of years spent in camps the quiet monotony of a glen in Sutherland or Argyllshire; while busy in the little bit of out-field, or watching the sheep on the hill, to

think of the days when it was at Fuentes Onoro, or at Albuera, or in the fiery breach at Badajos, that the work had to be done!

It is often said that there is no loneliness so intense as that which is felt by a stranger alone in a great town. That is the sad loneliness of desolation such as, in a yet more painful form, would be experienced by one lost in a great forest or adrift in a small boat at sea. Some people feel a touch of this when travelling in the higher part of the Alps. Every one has been in a country church on an autumn day, and listened to a sermon on the decay of Nature, the fall of the leaf; but a far more impressive text might be taken from her aspect in these high regions. Everything about a man then, if he is in the mood for it, reminds him of destruction. The ice he is walking on is melting away before his eyes; hundreds of tiny rivulets are hurrying over its surface, cutting small channels in it, and gradually collecting into a respectable stream which at length disappears down a huge ice-shaft—a *moulin*. In Mr. Morris's *Sigurd the Volsung* are some lines which well describe such a district.

Daylong he fared through the mountains
and that highway's Fashioner
Forsooth was an awful craftsman; and his
hands the waters were;
And the heaped up ice was his mattock,
and the fire-blast was his man;
And never a whit he heeded though his
walls were waste and wan.

All the cliffs round are weather-beaten and blasted by storm, and they too are gradually suffering decomposition. From time to time a huge rock leaves its resting place, and thunders down into some lonely valley where its fall can do but little harm. One grows accustomed to this sound on all rock mountains; on the faces of the Matterhorn there is an almost continuous roar of falling stones, hardly ever ceasing by day or by night. The decay of autumn leaves merely means that nutriment for another season is

being stored up; but this roar means destruction; no "following spring" can remedy what is taking place here. It has been well said that while a snow mountain *may* through very cold summers and hard winters grow higher, a rock mountain *must* yearly, weekly, even hourly, get less. And death too is sometimes before the traveller in bodily shape. Hundreds of butterflies and bees are often lying on the snow; I have seen single ones as high as fourteen thousand feet; they get into currents of air, and are carried from the temperate regions higher and higher till they become bewildered, and are unable to escape their fate. So long as the sun is up they live; when he sinks and the frost sets in—and in these regions the latter often begins at sun-down—they settle on the snow, and die.

It is not often perhaps that an Alpine climber troubles himself with reflections such as these. He is generally far too busy striving in his happy labour, too keen and hopeful, to admit what is sad or foreboding into his mind. But still there are times,—a slight sprain to the ankle, or a chill are conducive to them—when such thoughts will inevitably press upon him.

As a rule the signs of man's presence in old days, marks which show that he has lived and done his work and then disappeared, add to the loneliness of a place; and perhaps this is one reason why the sense of solitude is hardly so much felt in the higher parts of Switzerland as among the Scotch hills. Then too no man has ever stood on the top of the Matterhorn, or the Meije, or the Aguille de Dru, and looked at the mighty array of great peaks which stand up all around by himself. From some of the highest mountains you can see man's works, green pastures, and forests, and collections of *chalets*. From others the eye travels from one wild jagged peak to another, from one huge field of broken-up ice to another, from one black savage mass of rock to another,

and sees nothing else to rest on. Up the highest of these mountains a thin line of exploration has been carried, but on the majority no one has ever set a foot; they have kept their proud virginity untouched since the beginning of time. This is solitude, but it has nothing in touch with what Wordsworth meant when he spoke of

The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

It is not very easy in these days to get completely away from the outward and visible signs of civilisation, but the lover of old-world life and habits has been able to comfort himself with the thought that there were some districts so remote, so desolate, so useless, that it seemed little likely that they would in his time at any rate be invaded by steam or electricity. Such a one must have received a severe shock of late. If there was any one place in Great Britain which might have been considered safe from the intrusion of the conveniences of the nineteenth century, guarded by its inaccessibility and barrenness from the attack of engineers and contractors, it was the moor of Rannoch; that great tract of desolate country which lies between the loch of that name and the head waters of the Orchy; a district with few sheep on it and little game, a veritable blasted heath. The Ettrick Shepherd, or rather Christopher North for him, gives a vivid account of crossing over it one hot dry summer day. "I was crossing frae Loch Ericht fit to the heid o' Glenorchy, and got in among the hags that for leagues and leagues a' round that dismal region seemed houked out o' the black moss by demons doomed to dreary day-dargs for their sins in the wilderness. There was naething for't but loup—loup—loup—hour after hour, till, sair forfeuchan, I feenally gied myself up for lost. Drought had soaked up the pools and left their cracked bottoms barkened in the heat; the heather was sliddery as ice, aneath that torrid zone; sic a sun! no ae clud in the sky, glitterin'

in wirewove sultriness! the howe o' the lift was like a great caudron pablin' into the boil ower a slow fire!" There is something wonderfully realistic in the last simile, as any one who has been on a moor in such a day can tell. The moor of Rannoch is a place little known, sportsmen rarely visit it, just a chance tourist may sometimes cross it, as the Shepherd did. Still somehow one liked to think that there it was, a really wild region, a place where a man might speedily lose himself if he did not mind what he was about.

And now a railway is to be made right through it! In a few months it will be cut by a thin line of steel, which will run in an unbroken stretch to Euston Square! Harriet and her young man, leaving London at eight at night, will pass into it about twelve the next day; they will be able to throw the orange peel out of their carriage into the wildest part of Great Britain. "Change here for Loch Lydoch!" After this what is impossible or what is safe?

A hundred years ago a man of some note and repute was living in the Black Mount; he was a stalker there in the service of Breadalbane, and by his own right he was a poet. He lies in the Grey Friars burying-ground in Edinburgh, but his monument stands up on a high knoll near Dalmally, to be seen far and wide. What would old Duncan Ban MacIntyre have thought, if he had lived in these days, and seen the railway cutting which runs round the base of his beloved Bein-Dorain, fencing off that ground from the rest of the forest?

Dark is the green of his grassy clothing,
Soft swell thy hillocks most green and deep;

The cannaeh blowing, the darnel growing,
Whilst the deer troops past to the misty steep.

It is interesting to think of the energy and skill which have made, or rather are making, the new line, and yet a walk up from Tyndrum to the

bridge of Orchy is not so pleasant now as it used to be. The once lonely roadside is dotted with huts; provision-carts are flying back and forwards; huge steam-engines drag their weary way up the dusty hills, and the old boots, and broken bottles, and battered cans, which ever mark the progress of civilisation in this world, are plentifully strewn about. Some nine miles north-east of Loch Tulla, going partly by the old military Kingshouse road and partly by the hill, there lies a little tarn called Loch Ba. There is indeed a chain of small lochs here, stretching over towards the moor of Rannoch. The great Corrieba (or Corrichibah, as Scrope spells it) lies a little to the left, before turning off the road to the lochan.

Perhaps there is no single person above six years old in the British Isles who has not seen in some form or another—in a hundred guinea artist's proof, or on the top of a coal-scuttle—Landseer's Stag at Bay. It was down from Corrieba that this stag came; the great beast got out of a drive, deer-hounds were slipped after him, and he came down into the loch and stood at bay there. This took place, I believe, before Landseer's time, but the story was told the great artist, and it was easy for him in the noble forest to find his model and his rocks. And it was perhaps about this very place, as the Black Book of Taymouth relates (I am still quoting from Scrope) that "Upon the thettene day of February, anno 1622, the King's Majesty send John Skandear, Englishman, with other twa Englishmen in his company, to see ane quhyt hynd that was in Corrichibah, upon the 22 day of February, anno 1622." There seems surely some confusion of dates here. I wonder if Mr. John Skandear, Englishman, was successful in his search, and if the worthy sightseer was the last of his race; I do not remember anywhere else to have come across his name.

Here then, on a broiling day in this last June, I sat on an island in Loch Ba. It was little trouble to capture the trout there; in a deer forest the creatures are generally somewhat unsophisticated, and in two days my companion and I extracted some three hundred. Not very big are these trout, but game and red fleshed, as trout should be which have such a fair expanse of dense weeds to sit in and feed among as they have here. Far away somewhere in the Rannoch country, was a big fire, we saw the smoke before midday, and late at night it was still rising up into the clear sky; by the early morning it had travelled up to Loch Tulla, and filled up the glen there. Lazily we watched it from time to time, wondering if it was heather that was burning, not surely the old black native wood on Loch Rannoch. This was the way the Shepherd came on that blazing day, stumbling over the peat hags, slithering down the dry heather slopes, with his tongue out (we can fancy him!) like a thirsty dog, the only living human being on the great waste. He would have found plenty of company that day. Far away the new line of works was visible; the hacking and hewing and blasting, the sweat and toil of the last six months, were beginning to show. Telegraph-poles were being raised,—the telephone runs now up to the Bridge of Orchy. Fancy being able to speak from that picturesque place to Glasgow! It seems to us almost more wonderful than communicating with China from London—engines were puffing, engineers were prowling about, here, there, everywhere.

In a little while the railway will be finished; the cranes will be carried off, and the barrows and all the plant—the contractors will surely never try to sell them up here! The sturdy navvies,—a decent lot of men, though we did find some of them playing a popular game of cards in the middle of the road—will betake themselves, and their picks and shovels, and immense

capacity for drink, elsewhere. Nature will hide the ugly cuttings (very, very slowly where they are steep) in her green and purple coverings; the old boots will rot, snowed over and blown on in winter, bleached in summer—they cannot last for ever; the thousands of fragments of bottles will,—but no, *they* will remain, no weather will affect them; in a hundred years, in a thousand years,—may we not say in a million years?—those bits of glass will be dug out of the rubbish which protects them, and bear witness, long after all trace of railway has vanished, to the thirstiness of the men of old times. The best and heaviest steel rail has no enduring life in it when compared to a square inch of glass. The railway will be made, the deer will become used to the strange snorting and the white puffs of smoke, but it will bring another danger with it, and one more fatal to them.

I shall certainly not be allowed space here to go into the Access to Moor and Mountains Bill, but I beg leave in the last page or two of this paper for a little room to explain what it is that the red deer objects to in the tourist, the botanist, or the geologist. It is not so much his appearance, his cheerful and ruddy countenance, his *puggaree*, or even the tapping of his hammer. It is his smell. When deer see a man they are not necessarily always alarmed. They go on feeding, but they watch him; if he keeps within their sight,—at a reasonable distance, a good many rifle shots away, they will not shift their ground. But if he gets out of their sight, into a hole or hollow, or a burn, then they will probably move to some place where they have a better view of him, and if he appears wriggling, and crawling and creeping like a serpent, they will make their adieus to him, without any foolish hurry,—with dignity they will go away, keeping still an eye on him. All this will be if the gentleman is to leeward.

Now imagine a forest within a reasonable distance of a large town, as near as Arran is to Glasgow; though

we will not take Arran as an example, because it belongs to a great nobleman whom it would be pleasant to many people to speak ill of. Our forest is of much smaller dimensions than that island or the Black Mount, and it does not, like them, form only a small part of great possessions.

Two or three score of years ago a worthy man in business in the south (it does not matter here whether he was a lawyer or a grocer or a farmer) made a little money. Those of his friends and neighbours who had been equally fortunate put out their savings in various ways,—into railways, into banks, into land in Somerset, into shops in Liverpool. If they made wise investments they got good interest for it, at any rate no one came to them to take away their capital; if it was thought necessary for the public good that a railway should be run through their land, or that their shops should be pulled down to make room for docks, they were paid well,—as a rule paid extravagantly—for the sale that was forced upon them. The first man, thinking no evil, wishing no harm to any one, trusting to the equity of the law, buys a forest. No one told him that he did a foolish thing, no one complained of his conduct. He spends a good deal of money on his possessions, he fences some part for sheep, he employs a good many hands in draining and building and planting, and so on; and when in the evening of his life he pants up to the top of a hill and surveys his territory, an ineffable feeling of contentment steals over him; he has laid out something for his son. In due time the good old farmer, or grocer, dies, and the forest passes into the hands of the second generation. He too loves the place; it is his all, his ewe lamb; other men may divide their affections over half a dozen estates, his is concentrated on the one. He lets it as a rule, but he is able to spend the spring and early summer on it, now and then he may get a little stalking on it himself. And then suddenly flashes into his ken a dreadful

man who, possessed of no forest of his own, demands that all moor and mountain shall be made free!

For their protection deer have been given a most delicate sense of smell. They will wind a geologist a mile away; and that he is out of their sight, hammering away in a hole at an Orthoceratite, will not lessen, but greatly increase, their fears. They become terribly afraid then, when they smell an abominable smell and cannot see what is the cause of it. Very awful must be the scent which we, the most delicate and scrupulously clean of us, carry about, and no one but a stalker knows how far it will carry, and how long it will last on the ground. We have seen deer, late on an October evening, hesitating to cross the line made early in the day on a high bleak stony upland, and that too when the weather was wild and stormy with showers of hail flying about. When they got within a few yards of the line they smelt the footsteps, and jumped back, coming on again suspiciously, and sniffing the ground.

In his poem called *Donald*, Mr. Browning has related how on a path too narrow to turn on a man meets a stag. The man lies down full length; the stag, who also grasps the situation, passes "light as a feather whisk" over him. Then the ungrateful man stabs the poor beast in the stomach just when it is passing, and deservedly breaks every bone in his body, except his neck, by the fall he gets. A place where a man can lie down at full length is surely wide enough to turn in, but this is not the point of the dramatic sketch I want to touch on. I feel sure that any experienced forester in Scotland would back me in saying that no stag out of a book would do this. Though the precipice were as deep as is the top of Everest from the sea, I do not believe that any stag would consider that, would care for that, any more than a wounded tiger, springing out of a patch of jungle, would debate whether the man he launched himself at had another cart-

ridge in his rifle or not. No danger can be so great that a wild red deer will not choose to face it rather than a man. He will break his neck at an impossible jump, he will beat his brains out at a fence in trying to get away; but if he is brought to a stand, fairly cornered as Donald's deer was, it would be with no deliberate thoughtful movement, with "no new sense created," with no care for the drop below, that he would go at his enemy.

And it was not as if our typical geologist would alarm merely those first deer. They will move on if the glen or place they are in is smooth bare ground, they will be seen by other deer, who will join them, or at any rate move on too,—the fear is quickly communicated. These again in their turn will shift others, and so the two or three hinds, which this most worthy but entirely offensive man of science has disturbed, will often be the means by which a vast stretch of ground is quite cleared; if the wind is blowing from a certain quarter they may go on and on, and leave the forest altogether, not returning till it changes, perhaps for weeks. If one man can do this, and any one used to deer and their ways will tell you that he can—what would ten men do, what the hundred that might easily on a pleasant summer day be poured into the place by an obliging railway company? They will soon ruin the forest, for no sane man will pay rent for it; and in doing this they will ruin the owner thereof, if, as Mr. Bryce says, he is to receive no compensation for his loss.

It has probably often struck those who walk across a moor what an enormous waste of sweet pure air is there. It is possible that some day engineering skill will be equal to pumping it through immense tubes into crowded towns, driving it through foul

alleys, and giving even the most fetid dens a taste of its freshness. If the air cannot be brought to the people, it is good that the people should be brought to the air. That there will be many deer forests in existence in another fifty years is perhaps unlikely; when they become really wanted as playgrounds for the people they will have to go. But if, as Mr. Bryce asserts, a nation is to be so enormously benefited by acquiring them, or rather acquiring the right to use them without any of the little drawbacks of paying taxes for them, and keeping them up—then surely the nation can afford to pay for them. If in order to benefit a hundred people it is absolutely necessary to ruin one man, or seriously injure him, the necessity would be a deplorable one, though some would say that the ruin or the injury ought to be done. But there is no need of that here; we do not as a rule expect to get anything for nothing—anything that is worth having, that is to say.

And where would this line of argument stop? Every country-place, every gentleman's park, would be of more general utility if it was made a common afternoon's lounge for his neighbours. Nay, even Mr. Bryce himself, though he is possibly not able to confer equal benefits on humanity with the owners of Chatsworth or Knowle, or Taymouth, can yet do something. His garden and drawing-room would give a greater amount of satisfaction to a larger number of people if six times a week his poorer neighbours were allowed to spend their day there. I have no doubt that if this was pleasantly pointed out to Mr. Bryce that he would be willing to give up this much of his privacy for the general good. But I am equally sure he would expect to be well paid for his devotion.

GILFRID W. HARTLEY.

THE POETRY OF COMMON-SENSE.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, in one of his vigorous essays, speaks mournfully of the time "when Pope and plain sense went out, and Shelley and the seventh heaven came in." The tone of complaint seems at the first blush somewhat unreasonable, for the coming in of the seventh heaven is surely a desirable event in a world where a heaven of lower rank is not always very easily discernible. Celestial qualities either in life or in literature must needs be valuable; but, like more commonplace valuables, they offer a strong temptation to counterfeiting experts, and it is better to have in one's pocket an honest bronze penny than a pinchbeck sovereign. It can hardly be doubted by anybody that a good deal of pinchbeck coin is at present in circulation. Pope's bronze of plain sense may be described in Kantian phraseology as the wisdom of the Understanding, born of commonplace observation and reflection; the celestial auriferous-looking coinage, now in greater favour, is supposed to be the wisdom of that higher Reason which comes of direct vision—vision that is free from the tiresome necessity of explaining and justifying its own processes. But, as the poet remarks, "things are not what they seem,"—at least not always. Wilful and perverse whimsicality is occasionally presented to us as the precious harvest of "insight," and the false meaning or no-meaning of this Brummagem insight is judiciously veiled by a style to which, because it is generally deficient in lucidity and not infrequently in grammar, we award such praise as is conveyed by one or other of the fashionable terms of eulogy. It is a fact that the expression of the highest truth,—the truth of Reason—may sometimes look like nonsense when

surveyed from the lower plane of the Understanding; but the study of much contemporary literature, especially in the domains of poetry and criticism, tends to convince the student that in the creed of the modern young man of letters the fact is stated conversely, thus: "Whatever is apparently nonsense must be accepted as the highest truth."

Of course we are not left without writers who can think clearly and strongly, and who can clothe their thoughts in a well-fitting and graceful vesture of language which renders adequately its every outline; but it can hardly be said that the work of these writers represents the mass of our current literature in the same way that the work of such men as Pope and Johnson represented the current literature of their century. Pope and Johnson stood above the crowd in virtue of qualities which were incommunicable; but they and the crowd had a common standard of excellence, and if this standard were not the highest, it was at any rate better than no standard at all. Correctness in following models approved by a general agreement of cultivated opinion may not be the noblest literary virtue; but it is a virtue which betokens a state of intellectual civilisation, because it is an acknowledgment of a central authority; whereas, on the other hand, the dethronement of what is understood to be correctness in favour of a so-called originality,—the divine right to say anything anyhow—is not an advance but a distinct retrogression, a lapse from civilisation into anarchy.

Kingsley, in making his point, had recourse to "apt alliteration's artful aid," a rhetorical expedient employed by other point-makers before and since

his time; but in his epigrammatic utterance sound which strikes, and significance which satisfies, fit each other more closely and neatly than usual. Shelley is really the best representative of the poetry of a cloud-wrapped, invisible, seventh heaven, the poetry of "the desire of the moth for the star," of an attempt at the expression of the inexpressible, the attainment of the unattainable. Pope is not less truly a typical poet of plain sense, content with the imaginative sustenance and emotional stimulation of the familiar harvest of earth's cornfields and vineyards which yields wholesome flour to his flail and wine to his press. Wherever one opens his pages one finds some final literary embodiment of what has been described as the wisdom of the Understanding; but a very just appreciation of the kind and quality of his work as an imaginative exponent of this wisdom may be arrived at without straying beyond those two very characteristic poems, the *Essay on Man* and the *Essay on Criticism*.

One feels specially with regard to the former poem what one so often feels with regard to some real or supposed masterpiece of literature,—how interesting it would be to read for the first time without having previously read one of the many words written by the critics concerning it. It has been urged by writers of the rank of De Quincey, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and Mr. Lowell, that its thought is borrowed from Bolingbroke; that the philosophical system expounded in it lacks unity, and that one position is, indeed, inconsistent with another; that it is illogical, shallow, ill-digested, and I know not what besides. Now all these charges are more or less true, and if but one of them were true the *Essay on Man* would be deprived of claims to honour as a systematic philosophical statement. But this is just what it is not,—just what it cannot be, unless it is to abandon

all right to be considered a poem. Pope's poetry is the poetry of the Understanding; but an orderly logical essay on Man, with all its parts so well and calmly thought out in relation to each other that there should be no inconsistency or flow in the chain of reasoning, would be the mere prose of the Understanding. We are easily misled by names, and the essay being a recognised prose form, we yield to the temptation to judge by prose canons any composition bearing that name. Perhaps there is no fact which tells so much in favour of an affirmative answer to the old question of the debating-society, "Was Pope a poet?" than his obvious inability to produce metrical work which, when judged by these canons, is at all satisfactory. The *Essay on Man* is not an essay at all, in so far as that term involves logical as well as literary continuity; it is really a collection of short reflective and epigrammatic poems, the welding together of which into a larger poem,—with an apparent rather than a real unity—is mechanical, not vital. Thus, in the *Essay on Man* the parts are greater than the whole; and Pope, as represented by this and similar works, is one of the few poets to whom no injustice, but rather the fullest justice, is done by the process of reproduction in what used to be called *Elegant Extracts*.

Of the single lines which, in becoming popular proverbial expressions, have received the world's testimonial to their penetrating truth of thought and final perfectness of expression it is needless to speak, though it may be remarked that their combination of compactness with clearness is, broadly speaking, unknown to the literature of our own day, and, if we may judge from what we read, is not even regarded as a desirable ideal. Of the longer detachable passages which are, in a manner, complete in themselves, and which I have ventured to speak of as poems, it has been said again and again that the thought in them is

trite and obvious. It would be foolhardy to affirm that this is never the case; but, even when it is so, it must be remembered that the world owes a debt of gratitude not merely to the man who provides what are called new ideas, but to him who crystallises old thought, with which in solution people have long been familiar, into some enduring jewel of language. There is always something admirable and deserving in literature instinct with that quality of which Pope wrote the memorable couplet:

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought but ne'er so well
expressed.

It may, however, be questioned whether Pope's intellectual substance is really so thin as it is often assumed to be. The master of utterance has the power of so presenting a new or profound thought that we appropriate it at once, and the appropriation is so effortless that we are tempted to believe it has always been ours,—that because we see it so clearly now, we have always seen it with equal clearness. On the other hand, the thought which we take home with difficulty acquires a factitious value from the labour spent in its acquisition, for it is not in human nature to prize lightly what it has cost so much to win. I would not even seem to depreciate the noble work of Robert Browning; but I think any fair-minded admirer will admit that an important element in his estimate of the poet's thought is his consciousness that he has made it his own by working for it, and that if he had not worked for it, it could never have been his.

And this mention of Browning tempts me to note the fact that one of his most striking central ideas was really anticipated, and anticipated not vaguely and tentatively but with singular force and distinctness, by the poet with whom he seems to have so little in common. The idea as it appears in numerous poems of Browning may be briefly stated thus: Man

is a being created for two lives, a finite life and an infinite life, and if he will live wisely he will neither ignore the latter in the enjoyment of the former, nor commit the opposite error of attempting to snatch at the fulness of the infinite life while yet subject to the bonds of the finite,—to “crowd into time eternity's concern.” This is the thought which pervades with weighty warning such poems as *Paracelsus*, *Sordello*, and *Easter-Day*,—with stimulating appeal such other poems as *A Grammarian's Funeral* and *Rabbi Ben Ezra*; it is indeed one of the most frequent of Browning's germinal ideas, and is often referred to as something peculiarly his own. He has, doubtless, largely made it so by characteristic treatment; but in another form, less impressive indeed but more sharply outlined than the dramatic, it is certainly present in the *Essay on Man*. After an argument which may be left to the tender mercies of the logical critics, Pope arrives at the conclusion that in the universe of being,

'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as
Man:

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?

To this question Pope's optimistic theism can give but one reply, and it is in the course of this reply,—from which a few passages must be quoted—that he unfolds the thought of man's limitations and possibilities.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in
fault;

Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measured to his state and
place,

His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or
there.

In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the
skies.

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be
Gods.

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find),
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.

It is needless to adduce parallels, but it will be seen that the thought of Pope is really one with the thought of Browning; and if its expression by the earlier poet seem less impressive than that of our own contemporary, the comparative lack of impressiveness is to be found, not in the thought itself but, in the form of expression which has become to us old-fashioned, flat, and destitute of its primal charm.

What Pope has to say concerning the relation of passion to conduct is hardly less noteworthy. The passions, uncontrolled by reason or conscience, have forced so many men into folly or vice or crime that the first thought of the average man is to regard them as necessarily enemies of virtue, and the reasoning, restraining faculties as necessarily its allies. This was certainly the ordinary view of the eighteenth century, its moral ideal being the conception of a man whose passions were always held in subjection. It is, indeed, the ordinary view even yet, and many a man and woman of to-day has felt the delightful shock of a new and illuminating truth in reading the words of Professor Seeley,—“No heart is pure that is not passionate; no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic,”—or those other words of Rabbi Ben Ezra,

Let us not always say
Spite of this flesh to-day
“I strove, made head, gained ground upon
the whole!”

As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, “All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now
than flesh helps soul.”

How fresh this seems,—how full of the sweet sharp breath of the new day! but here, too, Pope after his own fashion has been first in the field. To him the fixity of virtue boasted of by the mere stoic is but a fixity like that of frost. “Strength of mind,” he says, “is exercise not rest,” and while on

the ocean of life over which we are all sailing reason is the card which guides, passion is the gale which sends the ship bounding over the billows to the haven where she would be.

Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon
the wind.

Every one knows the passage which sets forth and illustrates Pope's theory of a ruling passion as a motive power of conduct; and it is this passion to which he refers in the lines which, it will be seen, bear a curious resemblance, not merely in thought but in phraseology, to the passages quoted from Professor Seeley and Browning.

Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Passion our best principle:
’Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fixed,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature
mix'd;

The dross cements what else were too
refin'd,

And in one interest body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest Virtues thus from Passions
shoot,

Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.

There is no need to press Pope's claims too vehemently, or to urge them with exaggeration of emphasis; but surely it is bare justice to say that those who accuse him of merely superficial thinking raise a suspicion that they themselves have been guilty of hasty and careless reading. Nor can they justify their charge by the plea that Pope simply versified the thought of Bolingbroke. What is the explanation of the fact that to-day, though Pope is not read as he ought to be read, the readers of the *Essay on Man* are numbered by thousands, while readers of Bolingbroke,—one of the most brilliant writers of English prose—are numbered by units? No explanation is possible but this,—that Pope, though he may not have originated the intellectual substance of the *Essay* has given to it the finally satisfying expression; and this he could not have done by merely translating it from prose into

verse, but only by thinking it, as it were, over again, for no one can rightly utter the thought that he has not made his own.

There was no Bolingbroke behind the *Essay on Criticism*, but it is not less rich than the *Essay on Man* in the ripe fruit of plain sense, the unpretentious but practical wisdom of the Understanding. Open the poem almost anywhere, and we see how Pope goes straight to the heart of the matter in hand, how he says just the true thing in the best possible way, and therefore the final way. No question, for example, has been more fiercely discussed than this,—Is Art to be judged by the measure of its truth to Nature as Nature is observed by the individual artist, or by the measure of its conformity to certain traditions of fitness which long *prestige* has rendered classical? We should expect Pope to take his cue from the conventional spirit of his age which was dominated by Renaissance influences; but as a matter of fact his verdict is in favour both of the direct study of Nature and of loyalty to classical traditions of Art, because he sees that the two are really one.

First follow Nature, and your judgment
frame
Ey her just standard, which is still the
same :

Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.

“Nature the source and end and test of Art” might have served as a motto for the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, a justification for all their eccentricities and rebellions. But Pope would not have been a Pre-Raphaelite, for this is not his last word.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not
devised,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
Ey the same laws which first herself
ordain'd.

When first young Maro in his boundless
mind
A work t'outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd
to draw :
But when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the
same.

These rules, these great examples, must, however, be to the poet (for it is the poet of whom Pope is mainly writing) as guide-posts, indicating generally the way he should go; not as walls compelling him to tread undeviatingly the beaten track. Those are graces which no methods can teach, because they come not by foresight but by fortune; lucky licences which disown authority but which, in virtue of their success, become authorities themselves; glorious offences of “great wits” who

From vulgar bounds with grave disorder
part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of
art,
Which, without passing thro' the judgment,
gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.

This is really as profound as it is pellucid; not one whit less profound in its way than the illuminating words of Polixenes in *The Winter's Tale*,—

Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean; so, o'er that
art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes.

This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather,
but
The art itself is nature.

In both passages we see common sense at its highest,—the wisdom of the Understanding which discriminates and compares, rising into the wisdom of the Reason which sees. Even, however, when it remains on its lower levels among the most familiar simplicities of observation or reflection, it always leaves behind it the satisfaction given by adequacy of accomplishment. Indeed it is not distinguished from

other poetry by choice of theme or even in the strict sense of the word by treatment of theme; it is poetry which is found wherever the poet,—be his matter or manner what it may—estimates fairly the possibilities of expression existing in himself, and the possibilities of being expressed which exist in his subject.

Kingsley thought of Pope as pre-eminently the poet of plain sense, and Dryden, Johnson, Goldsmith, Crabbe, and Cowper, whose manner is in varying degrees akin to Pope's are not less entitled to the designation; but the fact that these men belong to one literary school may easily betray the unwary into a specious error of intellectual grouping. They represent what is called, perhaps not very accurately, the classical manner of feeling and handling; whereas Shelley and his school represent the manner which is known as romantic; but the controversy between the adherents of "plain sense" and the devotees of the "seventh heaven" is not one with the weary and interminable controversy between classicism and romanticism. The questions to be asked before deciding whether a writer belongs to the sensible or pseudo-celestial order of poets are not, "Does he write in the trim couplets of Pope, or in the bounding lyrical manner of Shelley?" "Does he celebrate Nature conventionalised or Nature free?" "Is his philosophy the philosophy of pedestrian empiricism or of soaring transcendentalism?" but, "Have his conceptions, be they lofty or lowly, the coherent sanity of substance which alone lends itself to clear presentation in a satisfying artistic form?" and "Are such conceptions within or beyond his reach; does he dominate them or is he dominated by them?" Matthew Arnold has observed that Keats *renders* Nature, while Shelley *tries to render* her. With the truth of the special criticism I have no immediate concern; but the words are cited because they indicate with such clear conciseness the essential differ-

ence between two classes of poetic craftsmen. It is this perfection of rendering,—whether of nature or of human life, of thought, sentiment, or emotion—which makes such a term as "poet of plain sense" a term of absolute praise, instead of being like classical or romantic, subjective or objective, an epithet which may be used either by way of eulogy or of reproach. Mr. W. M. Rossetti, for example, depreciates Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* on the ground that he finds it "defective in the core of common sense," and while the finding may possibly be questioned, every judicious reader will feel that if it be admitted the verdict of depreciation based upon it is perfectly just; for by deficiency in common sense the writer means a lack of that organic coherence of substance which is as essential to the conviction of the imagination as is sound logic to the conviction of the reason. Such a lack is not merely a defect from this or that point of view, it is a defect from any point of view,—a fault in itself.

The opposite merit is to be found not only in the classical didactics of Pope, Dryden, and the earlier Georgians, but in the romantic narrative and descriptive poetry of Byron and Scott; it is not wanting in the meditatively observant work of Wordsworth. It is not necessary in order to praise the poetry of common sense consistently, that we should prefer the work of the eighteenth century to that of the men who are nearer to our own time,—work which necessarily comes home to us because it speaks our own thought in our own dialect. When Kingsley spoke of the dominating quality of Pope's verse as having gone out, he meant that it had gone out of fashion, not that it had gone out of existence, for a cardinal intellectual virtue does not perish with the men of any generation;—"the poetry of sense," to adapt a line of Keats, "is never dead." Just at present, more's the pity, Byron and Scott are largely sharing the fate of

Pope—they have gone out; and we have been told again and again that their loss of vogue is due to the absence from their work of a certain exquisiteness of apprehension, a subtilty of sensation, a mastery of complexities of *technique*, of all those vague virtues of conception and treatment which are summed up in the one blessed word “distinction.” These things are certainly not to be discerned in *Childe Harold* or *The Lady of the Lake*, but one has a shrewd suspicion that what is found amiss in these poems by the noisiest class of contemporary connoisseurs is not the absence of something, but the presence of something else,—of that fine manly robustness, that sturdy directness, that simple instinctive swiftness of touch which embodies a clear and vivid conception in a perfectly representative literary form that stands a silent reproach to the ineffective prettiness, the oracular obscurity, and the convulsive strain of the verse which, because it can never touch or move the normally constituted human being, is, on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, spoken of as “intimate.”

This intimacy is supposed to be specially manifest in the treatment of Nature by contemporary poets of the seventh heaven, and in their verse Nature is certainly exploited as she has never been exploited before. She has become a Diana pursued to her most private haunts by a literary Actæon with note-book in hand; but the notes that he makes give one the impression of being the jottings of an eaves-dropper, not the confidences of a favoured lover. Even in Pope's *Windsor Forest*, with all its conventional phraseology, one is conscious of a simple, more instructive, and therefore more genuine enjoyment of Nature than is to be found in the work of certain living poets, who have, indeed, abjured convention for cram. Where, now, it may be asked, save here and there in the work of poets like Lord Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold do we read poetry which brings us into such

veritable touch with the life of the elements as that of which we are made conscious by the virile stanzas of Byron?

All heaven and earth are still—though not
in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling
most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too
deep:
All heaven and earth are still: From the
high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-
coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is
lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and
defence.

The sky is changed!—and such a change!
Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous
strong.
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags
among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one
lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a
tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty
shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her
aloud!

Such pictorial description as this, producing its effects so simply, so swiftly, so directly, is, not less than the measured epigrammatic didacticism of Pope, the poetry of common sense; because diverse as are their indwelling spirit and their outward form, they both exhibit the calm supremacy of fulfilled accomplishment, not the contortion of ineffectual strain. We have didactic poetry now, and it is very different from the didactic poetry of Pope and Johnson, having less of glitter and more of warmth, fewer of the accents of the world, more of the inspired tone of solitary vision; but it has the same notes of clearness, simplicity, sufficingness. These are heard in Arnold's stanza,—

We cannot kindle when we will
 The fire which in the heart resides ;
 The spirit bloweth and is still,
 In mystery our soul abides.
 But tasks in hours of insight will'd
 Can be through hours of gloom
 fulfill'd.

They are heard yet again in the lines
 of *In Memoriam*,—

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell ;
 That mind and soul according well
 May make one music as before
 But vaster.

Nor are they absent from, or inconsistent with, the poetry of a sane and reverent mysticism which inspires Wordsworth's great *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* ; for the poet of plain sense is not the poet who is distinguished from his aspiring peers by being content to dwell in the flat lowlands of thought and emotion, but by his gift of climbing without giddiness, of breathing the air of the higher summits without intoxication. The poetry of common sense is seen at its best and strongest not when imagination plods along the highway but when it stands upon the mountain top, as in the Homeric epic, the *Divine Comedy* of Dante, the human tragedy of Shakespeare, the *Paradise Lost* of Milton. In these supreme efforts we are, however, impressed more immediately and forcibly by the Titanesque power than by the sane and ordered

co-ordination of its expression ; so therefore, when we name the poetry of common sense, we naturally think of the poetry in which the peculiar quality stands free from the shadow of more splendid if not more essential endowments ; and the name which comes to our lips will not be the name of Homer or Shakespeare ; it will be some such name as that of Pope. Nor is he unworthy of the representative position. If it be urged that his substance is too familiar to be arresting, we may fairly ask, who made it familiar ? whose stamp it was that gave to common metal such universal currency ? The gentleman who went to see *Hamlet* for the first time said that it was "a good play but too full of quotations." We laugh at him, and half an hour afterwards we ourselves remark with a grave face that Pope's literary merits are considerable, but that his thought is trite and commonplace. Be it so. Sleep is commonplace, but Sancho Panza had the grace to bless the man who invented it. Common sense is not quite so common as it ought to be, but it is nevertheless sufficiently common to be despised by superior people. We will therefore bless the men who have made it common, and among our blessings a special benediction shall be reserved for Alexander Pope.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

IN THE YEAR OF THE TERROR.

THE Centenary of the French Revolution has evoked not a few interesting memoirs and recollections, which have been now published for the first time by the descendants of those who either played leading parts in its dramas or were among its many victims. The Duchesse de Duras, whose prison memories bear the somewhat lengthy title of *Journal des Prisons de mon Père, de ma Mère et des miennes*, belonged to this latter category. True she survived the tempest and lived on amidst its after-wreckage to write down for her son this account of what had befallen her during her imprisonment, first at Chantilly, then at the Collège de Plessis in Paris, from which last place she was released in the October of 1794. But in that one year of the Terror she had outlived nearly all those relations and friends who had made life dear to her, and the free sunlight, though so welcome, shone for her as through a veil of crape. "Deliverance from my past misfortunes was sweet to me," she writes of the period of her release, "but at first I felt a disgust for everything. Accustomed to be surrounded by affection, the idea of my loneliness overwhelmed me." Her parents, the Maréchal Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy, with whom Mme. de Duras had lived up to the time of her arrest, and whose fate for good or ill she had vainly endeavoured to share at the Luxembourg, had been guillotined a few months before on June 26th, 1794. Many in that fierce day of retribution died well and bravely who had lived ill, but these two old people died as they had lived, in charity towards all men and at peace with God; and that lives which had so nearly run their earthly course should thus perish seemed perhaps less tragic than the like fate which a little

later had befallen her young and much loved sister-in-law Louise de Noailles. Monsieur le Vicomte, the latter's husband, was safe in America, and she left three children to face the world orphaned and alone but for the devotion of their tutor M. Grelet, of whom more hereafter.

M. Anatole France in his *Vie Littéraire* remarks justly that "une autobiographie ne doit rien à la mode, on n'y cherche que la vérité humaine." There is a great deal of that truth to be found in Mme. de Duras' recollections. They are extremely well worth reading, in spite of what she herself calls their "platitudes and negligence of style," a plain unvarnished tale of a good woman's patient endurance of wholly unmerited misfortune. Yet her experiences both of small privations and bitter sorrows do not in their narration differ materially from those of many others of that time whose memoirs have long since passed into the realm of history, and her "notes," as she calls them, only occupy about half the volume. The rest is filled by some deeply interesting documents concerning other members of her family; the narrative of Mme. Latour, a friend, who having escaped arrest herself insisted, so long as she was permitted, on sharing the imprisonment of the Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy and trying to soften the hardships of their lot, and the last letters and testament of Louise de Noailles who, with her grandmother the old Maréchale de Noailles (Marie Antoinette's Madame l'Etiquette) and her mother the Duchesse d'Ayen, was guillotined on July 22nd, 1794. Their remains shared the common lot, and were mingled with those of criminals in the cemetery of the Picpus; but Mme. de Duras was able to be one of

the first who on the restoration of the church had masses sung for their souls, and she received every detail of their last moments and death from the lips of a priest, M. Carrichon, who had run considerable risk by following the tumbrils to the place of execution, in order that concealed among the crowd of mere spectators and carefully disguised he might give the prisoners their last absolution.

His simple yet very graphic account of what he saw and did on that day so fatal in the annals of the de Noailles family, throws a painfully vivid and personal light on events with which one is already vaguely familiar. He wrote down his experiences immediately after their occurrence and they are published at the end of *Le Journal des Prisons* under the title of "The story of an eye-witness of the 22nd day of July 1794."

The old Maréchale de Noailles, her daughter-in-law the Duchesse d'Ayen, and her granddaughter the Vicomtesse de Noailles, were imprisoned together in their hotel from September 1793 to the following April. During the whole of that time M. Carrichon visited Mme. d'Ayen and her daughter once a week, and as the Terror grew with its crimes and the tale of its victims increased, these three friends exhorted each other to be prepared. And one day, with a kind of presentiment, the priest said to them, "If you go to the guillotine, and God gives me strength to do it, I will accompany you."

The two women took him at his word and begged him eagerly to then and there promise solemnly that he would render them this last service. He avows frankly that he hesitated for a moment, more clearly conscious than they could be of the frightful risk he would run and the possible uselessness of the sacrifice; and then he assented, adding that in order that they might not fail to recognize him he would wear a dark blue coat and a red waistcoat. The time for redeeming a pledge of which they often re-

minded him came all too soon. In April 1795, a week after Easter, the three ladies were removed to the Luxembourg and M. Carrichon's direct communication with them ceased entirely. But he continued to hear news of them through M. Grelet, the young tutor to whom Louise de Noailles had confided her three children, two boys and a girl, and whose tender faithful devotion to her and hers was the one bright spot in her fast darkening days, the last and sweetest consolation of her life. Nothing can be more beautiful and touching in the way of friendship and affection than the bond which united these two; an affection which held in it something of the sisterly and motherly element, since Mme. de Noailles by right of a very few years seniority calls him her dear child and her adopted son. Hers was a singularly sweet and noble nature. One reads that clearly in her last letters to her husband and children, and every one, including Mme. de Duras, who mention her in the pages of these records, speak of her as "that angel." She was beautiful as well as good and charming, and the love of her husband's family as well as of her own seems to have been centred in her. What manner of man M. le Vicomte was we know not; the only mention of him is contained in his wife's farewell letter, written at the Luxembourg and sent under cover of one to M. Grelet with the simple remark, "The few words I inclose are for Louis." They run thus:

You will find a letter from me, my friend, written at different times and very badly put together. I should like to have re-written it and added many things, but that has not been possible here. I can then only renew to you the assurance of that most tender feeling for you of the existence of which you know already and which will follow me beyond the grave. You will be aware in what situation I have found myself, and you will learn with consolation that God has taken care of me, that He has sustained my strength and my courage, that the hope of obtaining your salvation, your eternal happiness and that of my children by the sacrifice of my life,

has encouraged and will encourage me in its most terrible moments. I place in your hands these dear children, who have been the consolation of my life, and who will I hope be yours. I have confidence that you will only seek to strengthen in them the principles which I have tried to inculcate; they are the only source of true happiness, and the only means of attaining to it. There remains for me, my friend, one last request to make to you, which will, I believe, be superfluous when you know it. It is to conjure you with the utmost earnestness never to separate from these children M. Grelet, whom I leave near them. I charge my dear Alexis to tell you all we owe to him. There is no care and no softening of my lot that I have not at all times owed to him, particularly since I have been in prison. He has served as father and mother to those poor children; he has devoted himself and sacrificed himself for them and for me in the most painful circumstances with a tenderness and courage we shall never be able to repay. The sole consolation I carry with me is to know that my children are in his hands. You will not frustrate it my friend, and I have firm confidence that you will regard this wish of mine as sacred.

Yet underneath her confidence seems to have lain a latent anguish of unacknowledged doubt, for with the letters she incloses to M. Grelet her last brief testament, in which she gives her children into his care in even more formal and urgent terms. "They tell me it will be valid," she adds pathetically.

The last note she wrote before her execution was to the tutor, to thank him for his successful efforts to send her some linen and a few other necessities.

I have received all that you sent me, my dear child, and I thank you a thousand thousand times, and never cease saying to you as the poor do: May God reward you! It is and will be the cry of my heart from up above as from the bottom of the abyss. I was wrong to say yesterday "the mother and the children," I should have said as I say now with all my heart, Your mother and your brothers. . . . Without you what would have become of them?

Farewell dear, dear children. I embrace you as tenderly as I love you.

(Signed) LOUISE NOAILLES.

Everything in the Vicomtesse de Noailles' conduct, and all her utterances bear witness to the dignity and beauty of a character, which, if not exceptional, at least serves to remind us that there were women of that period other in heart and soul,—Court ladies and *grandes dames*, though they too might be—from the frivolous, curious, sceptical, light-natured beings, the minutiae of whose dress and deportment along with their incurable levity lives for us in the pages of the *De Goncourt's Femme au XVIII^{ième} Siècle*, and elsewhere. And it is well to be thus reminded that in spite of those faults and follies which helped to bring about *le grand débâcle*, pure and brave spirits were to be found, whose actions and example in part redeemed their time, though they themselves were swept away and perished in its flood.

But to return to M. Carrichon's narrative. In June of that terrible summer, M. Grelet came to ask him whether he would render the same service he had promised to Madame de Noailles to her father and mother-in-law the old Maréchal de Mouchy and his wife. The priest went immediately to the Palais de Justice, where the prisoners had been moved, and succeeded in penetrating into the courtyard where all the condemned were assembled. Those he especially sought were close to him under his eyes for more than a quarter of an hour, but he had only once before seen M. and Madame de Mouchy, and though he knew them, they were not able to distinguish him. What he could he did for them, "by the inspiration and with the help of God;" and he heard the brave old soldier praying aloud with all his heart, and was told by others that the evening before, as they left the Luxembourg and their fellow-prisoners pressed round them with expressions of sympathy, the Marshal made answer,—“At seventeen I mounted the breach for my king; at seventy-eight I go to the scaffold for my God. Friends, I am not unfortunate.”

On this occasion M. Carrichon

thought it useless to attempt to follow the convoy to the guillotine, and he augured ill for the fulfilment of the promise made to Louise de Noailles. She and her mother had been with the de Mouchys to the last, doing their best to serve and solace them, and he knew now that their turn to go might be very near. Yet all through the dreary month that followed the tumbrils rolled daily, and heads fell by the score, and his friends still lived.

The 22nd of July fell on a Tuesday, and early in the morning, between eight and ten o'clock, just as M. Carrihon was going out, he heard a knock and, on opening the door, saw the young de Noailles and their tutor. The boys were merry with the light-heartedness of their age and from ignorance of their situation, but the haggard sadness expressed in M. Grelet's face told the priest at once that the blow had fallen. Leaving the children, he drew him into an inner room, where, flinging himself wearily into a chair, the young man told him that the three ladies de Noailles had gone before the revolutionary tribunal and that he came to summon him to keep his promise. He himself was going to take the two boys to Vincennes, where their little sister, Euphémie, of four years old, had been left in charge of friends, and during the walk through the woods he intended to prepare the unhappy children for their terrible loss.

The previous evening, at half-past seven, M. Grelet had gone as usual to the Luxembourg, to take Madame de Noailles a parcel of necessaries for her use. Arrived at the bottom of the Rue de Tournon he had seen to his consternation a large crowd of men and women collected at the doors of the prison. He left his parcel at a shop in the adjoining street where a woman lived who was a friend of the Duchesse d'Ayen's waiting-maid, and continued his road. On joining the crowd he had little difficulty in guessing what had attracted it, when he caught sight of a large uncovered

cart with benches fastened across it. He knew at once that it must be intended to convey the prisoners who were destined for the morrow's butchery to the fatal *Conciergerie*, and with a shudder of horror a presentiment came over him that those he sought would be among the victims. He determined to wait the departure of the prisoners, and slipping through the press got as near to the door as possible.

In a few minutes a gaoler came out and catching sight of him said, "Off with you! they are in it." But he did not go. The heart-breaking thought that it was the last time he should see them held him fast. The gaoler went in again, and a very short time after the doors opened and the prisoners appeared, preceded by two *gendarmes*. Madame de Noailles came first of their party. She passed close to M. Grelet, took his hand and pressed it affectionately in token of farewell. A *gendarme* saw the gesture. Madame d'Ayen and the old Maréchale came next, and they were helped up into the cart, followed by five or six women and as many men as it would contain. Then M. Grelet left his post, and tried to mingle unperceived with the crowd, but till their convoy started Madame de Noailles' eyes followed him. It was impossible to pack all the prisoners into the cart, and about fifteen or so had to follow it on foot with an escort. During these preparations for their transport Louise de Noailles' beseeching glance caught her friend's, and joining her two hands she bent her fair head and made sign to him to pray, then, lifting it, she pointed with her fingers towards heaven, and made the gesture of benediction in his direction. The crowd began to look about in search of the person to whom these signs were addressed, and M. Grelet appeared to seek too, as if they had not been meant for him, for he well knew how compromising they were. At last, after half an hour's waiting, the prisoners started, and he determined to follow them as far as the *Conciergerie*.

In the middle of the Rue de Condé, at a place where it was very narrow and both cart and crowd were close against the houses, Mme. de Noailles, who had not for a moment lost sight of him, raised her hand and gave him three benedictions,—it was the number of her children. This imprudence, of the rashness of which she was herself unaware, was nearly bringing fresh disasters on him and consequently on those she loved best. Just as they were crossing the Pont Neuf, M. Grelet heard a *gendarme* say behind him: "I arrest you; I recognize you." He took to his heels, and ran across the Quai des Lunettes. It was about eight o'clock and the workmen were leaving their shops. They thought he was an escaped prisoner and tried to stop him, but he hit them aside with his cane, and rushed on, only to reach the Quai des Orfèvres where he tripped and fell, and was seized by two workmen who held him till the *gendarme* came up, when he made no further effort at flight. A man, who happened to be there, said he was a *juge de paix*, and inquired why he was being arrested. The *gendarme* said he had been trying to communicate with the prisoners, and M. Grelet thought it useless to try and justify himself. While he was being led by his captor to the Prefecture of Police, he saw in the distance Mme. de Noailles and her fellow-prisoners entering the prison of the *Conciergerie*.

He was first put into a cell where there was a little light, and he took that opportunity to destroy whatever compromising papers he had about him, and found that fortunately he had with him his *carte de sûreté*, which had been given him a few days before. He had hardly finished partly tearing up, and partly swallowing the papers, when a gaoler appeared and, ordering him to follow, conducted him to a smaller and completely dark dungeon closed by an iron door, where, seated on a stone bench, the young man passed some profoundly wretched hours, tortured by the recollection of Mme.

de Noailles' imminent and certain fate, torn by his anxiety for the poor children who, in the event of anything happening to him, would be left utterly destitute, and who were now awaiting his return in their father's old apartments in the Hotel Noailles-Mouchy. Then, overcome by the agony of the present moment and the dread of the morrow, he flung himself on his knees and prayed with despairing fervour.

About ten o'clock the gaoler came back, this time accompanied by an officer who demanded his card. "Will you let me tell you how it happened and why I am here?" asked M. Grelet. And then he simply related the exact truth; how he had been near the Luxembourg as the prisoners came out, and that one of them in passing had pressed his hand, but that they had not exchanged a single word. The officer listened attentively, then went away, taking the card with him and leaving the tutor with his anxieties redoubled. He felt persuaded that they would now go at once to the Hotel Mouchy, and in searching it would find his correspondence with Mme. de Noailles, in which case his death-warrant was signed. But the strain did not last long. The officer soon returned and said curtly, "There's your card, be off with you, and don't come so close again,"—words which caused him a moment's brief joy, as he thus unexpectedly regained his liberty.

His joy could not last long, darkened by the thought that he was leaving Mme. de Noailles in the antechamber of death; but he got back to her children at midnight, and in the early morning while they still slept, he went out to the Rue des Saints-Pères, and found a certain Father Brun, a brave and devoted man whom he knew to be in the habit of following all the tumbrils to the scaffold, praying for the prisoners and giving them the last absolution, and told him that his friends would be among that day's victims. M. Grelet was evidently afraid that something unforeseen might

prevent M. Carrichon from keeping his promise to the de Noailles, and he was determined that they should not be deprived of that last consolation. And here the priest's narrative comes in, and tells the remainder of the story,—of how nearly he failed to keep his promise, and of how at last he was enabled to fulfil it.

Once alone with his reflections, after M. Grelet and the children had gone, M. Carrichon felt utterly appalled at the prospect of the task he had undertaken. Nothing gives a fresher stamp of truth and vivid reality to his simple narration than the betrayal of his own irresolution which is more than once repeated in its pages. He was a good man, but no hero. A man of heart, but not a man of strong nerves; and, having tried it once, he was keenly aware of the tremendous nature of the risk he ran, compared with the very slight chance there could be of succeeding in his mission. This psychological characteristic, which cannot fairly be called want of courage, certainly adds something to M. Carrichon's own account of that day's events. It makes one feel so intensely the passionate struggle, which up to the last moment went on in his mind, between the natural instinct of self-preservation and the earnest desire to do his duty by those who had confided their spiritual welfare to him while they were still at ease and in safety.

"My God!" he cried aloud in his distress of mind, "have pity alike on them and on me!"

Then the priest disguised himself as agreed, and went out. He transacted some business of his own first, carrying about with him everywhere a heart of lead, and between one and two o'clock went to the Palais de Justice. He was not allowed to enter, but he contrived to ask a few questions of some who had just come from the tribunal, and their answers dispelled the last illusions of hope. He could doubt the horrible truth no longer. His business next took him to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and it was not till nearly

five o'clock that he returned with slow, lagging, irresolute steps, desiring in his heart either not to arrive in time, or else not to find there those who so much desired his presence.

When he reached the Palace, nothing as yet announced the departure of the prisoners. For nearly an hour he waited, at once the shortest and the longest hour of his life, pacing the great hall in an agony of anxiety, and glancing from time to time into the court below to see what preparations were going forward. At length, about six o'clock, a noise of opening doors struck on his strained ears. He went down hurriedly, and placed himself as near as possible to the grating that barred the entrance to the prison. For the last fortnight no one had been allowed within the courtyard on these occasions. The first cart was filled, and came slowly towards him. It contained eight ladies all personally unknown to him; but in the last of their number he recognized the old Maréchale de Noailles, and the sight of her, alone without her daughter-in-law or her granddaughter, revived within him a ray of hope. It was instantly quenched. They were together in the last cart. Mme. de Noailles, girlishly young and fair, looking scarcely twenty-four, all in white, which she had worn as mourning since the death of her father and mother-in-law, M. and Mme. de Mouchy, and Mme. d'Ayen in a striped *des-habille* of blue and white. Six men mounted the cart, and M. Carrichon noticed that the two first placed themselves at a little distance from the two ladies with an air of respect, as if with the desire to give them a brief spell of privacy.

Hardly were they seated when Mme. de Noailles began to show her mother a tender eager solicitude, which caught the attention of the bystanders: "Do you see that young one," the priest heard some one near him say, "how she moves about and talks to the other?"

Then he perceived that the prisoners'

eyes were searching for him, and from their expressions he seemed to hear their whispered words: "Mother, he is not there;"—"Look again!"—"Nothing escapes me; I assure you he is not there!"

They had forgotten—poor souls!—in their acute anxiety a fact of which he had sent them warning, that he could not possibly enter the courtyard. The first cart remained close to him for at least a quarter of an hour. Directly it began to move on, the other started, and M. Carrichon made ready. It passed, and neither saw him. He re-entered the Palais de Justice, made a long detour, and placed himself in a conspicuous place at the opening of the Pont au Change. Mme. de Noailles gazed round in all directions, but by a curious fatality missed him again. He followed them the length of the bridge, separated from them by the crowd, but still in fairly close proximity. Mme. de Noailles sought the whole time, yet did not perceive him. Mme. d'Ayen's face began to wear an extreme disquietude, and her daughter redoubled her attention, but in vain. Then the priest confesses that he felt tempted to renounce his dangerous mission. "I have done all I can," he said to himself. "Everywhere else the crowd will be even greater. It cannot be done, and I am tired to death."

He was just about to desist and retrace his steps, when the sky grew dark, and a distant murmur of thunder was heard. A sudden impulse made him determine to try again. By short cuts and back ways he contrived to reach the street of Saint Antoine before the tumbrils, at a spot nearly opposite the too famous prison of La Force. And now the wind rose and the brooding storm burst in all its fury, with lightning and thunder and torrents of rain. The priest withdrew beneath a doorway, standing on the step of a shop, which was ever after present to his memory and which he never could see again without emotion. In one instant the street was swept

clear of all spectators; every one had run under cover or up into the windows, and the line of march in the advancing procession became broken and disordered. The horsemen and the foot guards moved along quicker, and the carts also. In another minute they were close to the Little Saint Antoine, and M. Carrichon was still undecided what to do.

The first cart passed him, and then an uncontrollable, involuntary inspiration made him hastily leave the doorway and advance toward the second. He found himself close to it and quite alone, with Madame de Noailles smiling down at him with a radiant smile of welcome that seemed to say,—"Ah! there you are at last; how glad we are!" Then she called her mother's attention to him, and the poor woman's failing spirit revived. And with that brave action all the priest's own agony of irresolution passed away and left him strong and peaceful. By the grace of God he felt himself filled with an extraordinary courage to do and dare the utmost. Drenched with sweat and rain he thought no more of that, or of any outward things, and continued to walk beside them. On the steps of the College of St. Louis he perceived a friend—Father Brun of the Oratory—also seeking to render them his last service of consolation, and to express his respect and attachment. The latter's face and attitude showed all he felt on seeing them thus on their road to death, and as M. Carrichon passed him he touched him on the shoulder, saying with a thrill of inexpressible emotion, "Bon soir, mon ami!"

Here there was a square into which several streets ran, and at this point the storm was at its height and the wind at its wildest. The ladies in the first carriage were very much discomfited by it, especially the Maréchale de Noailles. Her big cap was blown off, her head and grey hair exposed, while she and all the others swayed to and fro in the tempest on their miserable benches without any backs, and

their hands tied behind them. A number of people who had collected there in spite of the storm, recognized the well-known face of the great Court lady, and fixed all their attention on her, adding to her torment with insulting cries. "There she is!" they shrieked—"that *Maréchale*, who used to cut such a dash and drive in such a grand chariot—in the cart like all the rest!" The noise continued and followed them, while the sky grew darker and the rain more violent. They reached the square before the Faubourg St. Antoine. M. Carrichon moved on ahead to reconnoitre, and swiftly decided that here at last was the best place to accord the prisoners that which they so greatly desired. The second cart was going a little slower, and, stopping short, he turned towards its occupants making a sign which Mme. de Noailles perfectly understood and communicated to her mother. Then, as the two women bent their heads, "with an air of repentance, hope and piety," the priest raised his hand and with covered head pronounced, distinctly and with concentrated attention, the whole formula of absolution and the words that follow it. All thought of self was obliterated in the solemn joy of that moment. Then the sky cleared and the rain ceased, and as the carts advanced into the faubourg a curious mocking crowd assembled to watch them pass. The ladies in the first one were heaped with insults, the *Maréchale* especially, but no one said a word to Mme. d'Ayen and her daughter. M. Carrichon continued to accompany them on their dreary road, sometimes beside them, sometimes a little in advance. By the Abbaye Saint Antoine he met a young man whom he knew, a priest whose integrity he had reason to suspect, and for an instant was in great fear of being recognized. But he passed without notice, and at last they arrived at the fatal spot. Then, at sight of the guillotine—at the knowledge that in a few minutes more all these helpless victims of blind rage

would one after another pass out of life under its pitiless stroke, a fresh agony of horror and despair swept over the priest's sad heart. He thought most of those he knew and loved, but he thought also of others, unknown to him, men and women perishing cruelly, unavailingly, in their prime, of the children orphaned, and the homes made desolate for ever.

The carts stopped and the guards surrounded them, with a crowd of spectators, for the most part laughing, jesting, and amusing themselves over the details of the harrowing scene. To be forced to see it all, to stand among them, and to listen to the fierce ferocity of their light remarks, was an experience whose memory a man might well carry engraved on his heart to his dying day!

While the executioner was helping the ladies out of the first cart Mme. de Noailles' eyes were seeking for the priest's face, and having found it, dwelt there with looks full of sweet gratitude to him, and tender farewell to all those dear ones passed out of her sight for ever. M. Carrichon drew his hat down over his eyes so as to attract as little notice as possible, but kept them fixed on her. The mob had grown satiated on the subject of youth, beauty, and innocence mounting the scaffold, and it was not so much these characteristics of Louise de Noailles that attracted its fickle attention, as her air of radiant serenity, the expression of a soul whose triumphant faith has looked grim Death in the face, and for whom its bitterness is overpast. "Ah! that young one, how content she is! How she lifts her eyes to heaven! How she prays! But what good will that do her?" Then, as if the sight of a spirit in that frail body they could not touch, a fortitude and courage they could not conquer, a last degradation of suffering they could not inflict, stirred them to dull fury, came the savage murmur, "Ah! les scélérats de calotins! . . ."

The last farewells were then exchanged, and the final act of the hideous

drama was played out under the priest's shrinking, yet fascinated eyes. He left the spot where he had been standing, and went round to the other side where he found himself facing the rough wooden steps that led up to the scaffold. Against them leant an old man with white hair, a *fermier général* some one said,—a lady he did not know—and just opposite to him the old Maréchale de Noailles, clad in black taffetas, was sitting on a block of stone, waiting with fixed wide-open eyes for her turn to come. All the others were ranged in two lines on the side looking towards the Faubourg St. Antoine. From where M. Carrichon now stood he could only see Mme. d'Ayen. Her anxiety was at rest now, and her whole attitude expressed a simple and resigned devotion in the sacrifice she was about to offer to God through the merits of her Saviour. The Maréchale de Noailles went third to that altar of sacrifice. The executioners had to cut away part of her dress to uncover her neck sufficiently, and at this point the priest felt an intense longing to go away. But he was determined now to drink the cup to its last dregs, to keep his word to the bitter end, since God had

given him strength to control himself even while shuddering with dread. Six ladies followed her, and the tenth victim was Mme. d'Ayen, content to die before her daughter, as the daughter was content to die after her mother. The executioner pulled off her cap, and, as there was a pin in it she had forgotten to take out, he wrenched her hair violently, causing a sharp expression of pain to cross her calm face. And then with quickened poignancy of emotion the priest watched Louise de Noailles' slender white figure mount the steps. "She looked much younger than she really was, like a little gentle lamb going to the slaughter." There was the same trouble with her head-dress as with her mother's, but in a moment her face recovered its sweet composure. "'Oh! how happy she is now!'" I cried inwardly as they threw her body down into its ghastly coffin. 'May the almighty and merciful God reunite us all in that dwelling-place where there will be no more revolutions, in that country which, as St. Augustine said, will have 'Truth for its King, Charity for its Law, Eternity for its term.'"

A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN JAPAN.

As summer comes round in Japan so does the inevitable question "Where are you going this year?" Most of the inhabitants of Tokyo and Yokohama flee to the mountains "to take the cool," as the peculiar Japanese English expresses it. The missionaries lead the flight, and officials, men of business, and others follow as they can. These mountain retreats, however, do not promise much amusement to the solitary bachelor, if he is neither an artist nor a pedestrian. Such being the case, I announced my intention of seeing something of the southern towns, the cities of Osaka and Kyoto. Great was the surprise: "You will be roasted!" "There is nobody there now"—to which I could merely reply that I liked being warm, and was glad that no one was there. A German friend of mine, an old soldier, made a more apposite remark: "*Ach*, you will be hot," quoth he, "but you will see pretty girls;" and he stumped away (for he had seen service) chuckling. I made up my mind, and, having been fortunate enough to find a companion for at all events part of the way, on Saturday, August 3rd, I set sail from Yokohama to Kobe.

Never was such a pleasant passage. We were four Europeans in the saloon, M. and myself from Tokyo, and a couple of merchants returning to Kobe. They, by the way, had come up to Yokohama by the new railway, but not for four hundred dollars would they repeat the experiment. Our skipper was a genial Norseman, who bore his years lightly. Our ship, the *Omi Maru*, was a comfortable boat belonging to the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the P. and O. of Japan. The sea was calm, the breeze was cool, and with pleasant companions, tobacco, and long yarns, it was a dream of sailing. By 2 P.M. on Sunday we had reached Kobe, a small

sea-port backed by high green hills, which at first sight hardly seem to leave room for a town, but appearances are proverbially deceptive. There is room for a well laid out foreign settlement inhabited by a most hospitable body of residents, and also for a fairly large Japanese town. It is too modern a place to have many sights, but it is necessary to go and see the waterfall. On Monday morning I set out, and after a very hot ride of some twenty-five minutes, reached the foot of an uncompromising looking hill. I gazed forlornly at my *jinriksha* man. "You must go up there," said he. I murmured something in English, expressive of despair. "Shall I come with you?" he continued, smiling sweetly. "Certainly not," and I attacked the hill. I did not have to go very far before I came upon the first waterfall,—a lovely spot. The water falls perpendicularly from a considerable height into a pool below; the said pool being used as a bathing-place with a simplicity worthy of the Garden of Eden. All round are trees, looking deliciously green and cool after the parched-up town. There is a small tea-house on the spot, and out flocked the damsels to capture the stranger. They addressed me in a hideous jargon which they dropped when they found I could speak a little Japanese. I had to answer the usual questions, "Where do you come from?" "How old are you?" "Have you got a wife?" "Would you like to have a wife?"—the answer to the latter question being in the negative. Having satisfied their thirst for information, and my own for refreshment, I passed on to the upper waterfall where the scene was much the same as lower down.

I had no intention of making a prolonged stay at Kobe, so on Wednesday

afternoon I took the train to Osaka, and after an hour's ride in scorching heat arrived at a yet more scorching station. At the Jintei Hotel I found I could get a room, and was also pleased to hear that M. was staying there. There seemed to be a great excitement in the hotel, everybody was in a hurry, and there were swarms of *nesan* (waiting-maids), many more than the size of the hotel seemed to require. "How many guests have you here to-day?" "Oh, about four hundred." "Four hundred?" thought I. "This must be a regular Hôtel Métropole, and yet I have got the last foreign room, and that is only No. 9." On further enquiry, however, it turned out that the four hundred guests were members of the Educational Society, and were having a periodical dinner there. That afternoon I spent in watching the guests arrive, in company with sundry contemplative Chinamen,—for the Chinese *Chargé d'Affaires* and his *suite* were staying in the hotel. The Educationalists seemed a jovial crowd, and there was a good deal of flirting with the attendant damsels, even to the extent of some hugging in corners. Just before dinner M. arrived, and then we had a real treat. The balcony of the hotel hangs over a broad shallow river. Just as we sat down to dinner a military band took its place on a raft in the middle of the stream, and all the jolly pedagogues embarked in boats, in parties of five or six; most of the boats, I noticed, carrying a considerable cargo of beer. When the sun went down the scene was lovely. A sultry, cloudless night, the subdued strains of music, the hundreds of boats crowding the river, all gay with red, blue, or white lanterns, combined to produce one of the prettiest sights possible.

There is not much to see in Osaka, though it is a busy place, the commercial centre of the country. It boasts an infinitude of small narrow streets, and countless bridges over the canals; so many are there that Osaka has been called the Venice of Japan,—not a very happy comparison. One temple

did I visit, Ikudama by name, but I blush to say that my attention was more engrossed by the charms of a young woman in a small tea-house there than by the temple. We became great friends, and when I left Osaka she made me a present of the little band of cloth which many Japanese women wear round their arms, containing some kind of spice. One afternoon M. and I visited Sakai, a largish fishing-town some seven miles from Osaka. During the stormy times of twenty years ago, this place gained notoriety from the slaughter of a French officer and a boat's crew by troops from Tosa. For this murder twenty of the perpetrators were sentenced to commit *hara-kiri*, but after eleven of them had slain themselves, the French officers present, horrified by the awful sight, interceded, and the remaining nine escaped. Now it is a dull, dark town. It possesses, however, a splendid beach, faced by a row of Japanese hotels, erected to accommodate the bathers from Osaka and Kobe. In one of these we took refuge, and, greatly desiring to go to sleep, had our heads nearly talked off by an exceedingly ugly old woman. We examined, with rather languid interest, some temples, but one temple is, it must be confessed, very much like another. The evening we spent strolling on the bridges near the hotel, and here it was lively enough. The sides of the bridge were lined with small ice-booths, and before every one stood an old or young woman (generally old, I regret to say), crying "*O kake yasui* (please sit down)." We did sit down near one, and ordered *kori* (ice). A glass was brought to each, filled with shavings of ice, planed off a block, mixed with sugar. This is a favourite refreshment in Japan, and far from a bad one. But our attendant!—she was the daintiest little damsel I had ever seen, with charming manners, and a sweet plaintive voice. Sadly was she thrown away upon the somewhat raffish crowd on the bridge, and great was the heart-ache she occasioned both of us. But these are sad remem-

branches of Osaka; let us go on to Kyoto.

It was with no particular feelings of regret that I left the Jintei Hotel at Osaka. It was one of the hottest places conceivable, and, in common with most Japanese hotels in European style, there was no one in authority to whom one could appeal. Certainly there were three "boys," but which was the head-boy it was impossible to make out. One of them had a hideous fascination for me. He was airily dressed in a single garment that looked like a very short night shirt, indescribably filthy. He seemed always on some sort of duty about the rooms, and I used to watch him with horror as he handled the plates, praying that I might not get the one his thumb was on. He also officiated as billiard-marker, for the hotel boasted a billiard-room, containing an English table of unknown make, and one of those American tables where the balls are like cannon-balls and the cues like telegraph-poles.

Early on Saturday afternoon M. and I started for Kyoto, arriving there after about an hour's journey. Our first destination was the great silk-store, the Takashima-ya, for M. had been commissioned to take sundry purchases back to Tokyo. Here we saw silks of the most lovely texture and colours; and here I first began to understand what a Japanese lady's wardrobe must cost, when I saw *obi* (girdles) at seventy or eighty dollars, or even rising into the hundreds. A delightful shop this—and much did we congratulate ourselves that we had no ladies with us to insist upon seeing every square yard in the place. As it was the temptation to spend money was very sore. Not only were there silks for wearing apparel, but also delightful embroideries for screens, silk pictures for framing and hanging up, and many other pretty things. But all things come to an end, and so, after two hours, had M.'s purchases, and now for the hotel—not the Yaami, the tourists' resort, but the Nakamura-ya.

Through the busy streets we go, past some fine new temples that are just being completed; then half way up a hill, we pass under a huge stone *torii* (two pillars with a cross bar on the top), and before us stands the entrance to a temple resplendent in gold and vermilion. But just before we reach it we turn under a more lowly doorway and are received by the boys of the Nakamura-ya.

After dinner, our party being increased by the arrival of two friends from Kobe, we set out for that part of Kyoto where the shows abound. A quarter of an hour's stroll brings us there. We find a street composed almost entirely of what might be called penny gaffs, with the difference that these are quite respectable. Shall we see a theatre, some dancing, a conjuror, or hear some story-telling? We choose the conjuror, and are just in time for a thrilling sight. A long board on trestles is put on the stage, and a fat little girl stretches herself on it. The conjuror takes a huge sword and drives it slowly through her, an attention she receives with a kick, and a vast effusion of blood carefully and economically caught in a pan. The corpse is then put into a large paper lantern, in which appears a gloomy red light, and behold! the shadow of a skeleton. When the light has faded, enter the girl from the side, her fat face as placid as ever! After this a peep-show has little attraction, while a three-legged calf and a snake with two heads are only tiresome; so we return to the hotel and make early for bed.

Next morning we are off in good time by the train to Otani, a place somewhat to the north of Kyoto. The journey lasts about an hour, most of it being up a very steep gradient. The country here is lovely, tea-plantations in the foreground, and in the background hills covered with groves of bamboo. At Otani we take *jinriksha* to Otsu, the place from which the steamers start to cross Lake Biwa. At Otsu we rest in a tea-house for a short time, and in a futile endeavour to take

some ice with us very nearly miss the boat. However we just get on board, and at 10.30 A.M. begin our voyage across the lake. A very pleasant voyage it is, as the breeze is delightfully cool and our little boat is not uncomfortably crowded. But the shores of the lake somewhat disappointed me. Perhaps I had expected too much; at all events they struck me as somewhat flat and uninteresting. About 2 P.M. we reached our destination, Hikone; and, after leaving our luggage at a tea-house, sallied out to view the castle, one of the few still left in the country. We climbed a steep hill, and soon arrived at the out-works, consisting of a massive wall pierced for two gates which looked capable of a very stubborn defence. The castle is quite a small building and might more properly be called a fort. It has a quaint appearance, with its many pointed gables and glaring white colour; but it must, or so we think, have been exceedingly uncomfortable to live in. It is pierced with loop-holes for arrows, and on the third story for small cannon. From the top is a lovely view of the lake and the surrounding country; a scene so peaceful that it is difficult to imagine the time when the fierce *samarai* fought their bloody battles round these shores, and when the quiet woods must have resounded with their savage yells. Hikone Castle is especially interesting as having belonged to Ti Kwannon no Kami, the first Japanese statesman who concluded a treaty with foreigners. He paid dearly for his enlightened policy. One snowy day he was returning from an audience with the Mikado in the castle of Yedo. His retinue took no heed of some twenty men who were lounging about a gate, dressed in the straw rain-cloaks of coolies. Suddenly the cloaks were cast off, and a body of men in full armour made a desperate attack on the minister. They reached his palanquin, and dragging him out, there and then decapitated him. The murderers were *rônin* (unattached *samarai*)

of the Mito clan, the uncompromising foes of everything foreign.

But it is time to return to the tea-house, for our friends have a long journey back to Kobe. This tea-house was once the villa of the *daimyo* of the Castle, and a very fine house it is. The garden is especially beautiful, with its quaint dwarf trees, old stone lanterns, and little bridges, though the effect is somewhat spoiled by a waterless pond. Here we make a very sufficient meal of fish and rice, and are presented with a more than sufficient bill. Great is the wrath of the old residents that we should have to pay tourists' prices; but there is no time to argue the point; as it is we nearly miss the train. A somewhat hot and tedious journey brings us back to Kyoto, where I leave my friends to continue theirs to Osaka and Kobe respectively.

For the next few days sight-seeing is my occupation. The chief buildings of interest in the city are temples; indeed it is the headquarters of most of the Buddhist sects. The sight of many temples necessarily leaves a somewhat confused impression on the mind; a vague sensation of massive roofs, gorgeous colouring, curious carving, with no clear recollection where and when one has seen them all. Perhaps the things that struck me most were the fine temple of Kyomidzu, built on the side of a hill and supported on piles; a colossal wooden head of a *Daibutsu* (Great Buddha); and a temple called Sanjusangendo, where there are some fifteen hundred images of Buddha standing in long rows. In another temple I was shown where the mighty hero Toyotomi Hideyoshi had lived, his sleeping-room, bath-room, &c. Very small and dark they were, but the terrible Hideyoshi was a small man. Interesting too was another kind of sight,—namely, the work-shops where the *shippo* (*cloisonné*) ware was being made. I saw all the stages of decoration and colouring, but unfortunately my knowledge of the

language could go no further than vague expressions of admiration.

A very popular evening resort in Kyoto is the bed of the river, the Kamogawa, which is almost entirely dry in summer. I made my way there one evening, passing through the ice-booths on each side in spite of the strenuous cries of their proprietors. I thought I had escaped, when suddenly on each side of me appeared a little damsel. They laid their hands on my arms, plaintively entreating, "*Eijin san o kake yasu* (Englishman, please sit down)." Who could resist such an appeal? I was compelled to sit down and order lemonade, though twenty little damsels could not have made me drink it. Kyoto is famous for its pretty girls, and, on the principle of seeing everything, the intelligent traveller will naturally devote part of his time to such very pleasant objects of interest.

On one afternoon, having nothing particular to do, I visited an *onnashibai*, a theatre where all the performers are women. There was nothing particular in the performance, but the closing scene was rather amusing to foreign eyes. A pair of guilty lovers had been sentenced to death. The executioner, apparently a coolie, sat down and calmly sharpened an enormous chopper, while the unhappy victims writhed on the ground. Finally, when the chopper was keen enough, up jumped the avenger, and, after much posturing to represent triumph, gave the "man" the fatal blow. Immediately from the back of the stage there rushed out a boy with a black cap on his head, the said black cap intimating that he had nothing to do with the action of the piece. This "super" held a cloth in front of the corpse, which scrambled off the stage, at the same time passing a grisly wooden head to the executioner who brandished it triumphantly. The same scene was gone through with the lady; and, in spite of the tragic nature of the scene, to say nothing of its sound

morality, I must own to have laughed consumedly.

This was one of the last sights I saw in Kyoto. All pleasant things must come to an end, and so did my visit there. One more night I spent in Osaka, in order to join M. We went together to a street full of shows, almost identical with that one in Kyoto which I have already described, and were well rewarded by seeing some extremely pretty dancing. Three little maids, the eldest about fifteen, were the performers; and to witness their graceful posturing and clever use of their fans, of which each held two, was certainly cheap at the two *sen* we paid for entrance, and went some way to compensate for the extreme heat of the theatre. But as a rule we found the crowds in the street outside more amusing than the inside of the close, ill-smelling buildings.

We had taken our tickets to go by the *Kobe Maru* to Yokohama, when we heard the pleasant intelligence that the weather-prophets predicted a typhoon. This was no joke, but we resolved to try our luck, especially as the *Kobe Maru* is one of the finest boats on the Nippon Yusen Kaisha line, and her captain one of the most popular of skippers. We started at noon and all went well till about six o'clock, when we heard that the weather-prophets had been right and that we were being chased by a typhoon. A very lively night followed, for though we were not caught, yet we felt the effects of the storm behind us, and very disastrous they were on some of the passengers.

Back once more in the dusty streets of Tokyo, there seemed a difference of atmosphere. People in the southern cities take life so much more merrily than in the capital; every one seems happier and freer, unharassed by ever-present officialdom. Perhaps, however, the difference existed a good deal in my imagination; I was coming back into harness, and my pleasant summer holiday was nearly at an end.

SCOTT'S HEROINES.

IV.

OF Scott's remaining heroines there are but two, we think, who help in any way to illustrate the particular contrast which it has been the object of these papers to represent, Lucy Bertram and Isabella Wardour. To begin with *Guy Mannering*,—though neither Julia Mannering nor Lucy Bertram belong to Scott's highest feminine creations they serve to exhibit this contrast in the clearest light, so much so that we should have been inclined to place Lucy in the same category with Alice Bridgforth, but for the fact that she is not a central figure in the story, and only shares the part of heroine with another young lady who to many readers may seem more worthy of it. Here again we can only say that the less impulsive and more sober-minded of the two is in our judgment the more interesting. Julia, the daughter of Colonel Mannering, an heiress and a beauty, spoiled it would appear by a rather foolish mother whom she can only just have lost, had formed a clandestine engagement with a soldier of fortune in India when she was a mere child, and appears upon the scene in Scotland when she is still only seventeen. Her lover appears, or rather re-appears, there at the same time, and turns out to be the missing heir of Ellangowan who had been spirited away by smugglers on his fifth birthday. This discovery, however, is only made very gradually, and down to the eleventh hour both the lady and gentleman are in complete ignorance of the truth. We have to consider therefore how Julia conducts herself towards a suitor whom she knows only as a successful soldier, probably of humble origin, who had

quarrelled with her father when the latter was his commanding officer, and whose addresses she receives in secret. He serenades her by moonlight from the waters of a Cumberland lake, and she of course appears at the balcony which overhangs it. "I hope the lady came after such a pretty song," says Henrietta Temple to Count Mirabel. "Of course she did," said the Count; "they always do." Probably no young lady, however well brought up, could altogether resist an appeal urged in such a romantic situation. Nor do we find any great fault with Julia for giving her handsome young adventurer this amount of encouragement. Whether she would have eloped with him or not, had circumstances been favourable to such a decisive step, we cannot undertake to say; but we should have been sorry to trust her with Brown kneeling at her feet and a postchaise round the corner. Here it will be said are all the materials for romance, and romance of a high order. Julia is no mere silly, sentimental schoolgirl, or wanton flirt, reckless of her honour like Lydia Bennet. Young, beautiful, high-spirited, and warm-hearted, she is a girl with mind, with a keen sense of the ridiculous, and with all the delicacy of a true lady. Why then is it that, much as we admire her, we are hardly conscious of sympathising with her; and that we cannot say honestly to ourselves that she interests us nearly so much as Lucy Bertram, with her quiet simplicity and self-possession, who has "never told her love," yet does not allow it to "prey on her damask cheek"? The answer, we think, is still the same. In Lucy we have a girl who combines singular sweetness and softness with equal force of character and

self-command; the result being that we witness in her that struggle between conflicting motives which we do not witness in Julia, and which is essential, as has often been repeated, to the highest kind of interest derivable from the study of character. Of course it may be said that our interest in Lucy is heightened by her misfortunes, by the ruin of an ancient house, and the spectacle of an only child, the daughter of a long line of illustrious ancestors, reduced to destitution. This is undeniable; but we must take our characters as we find them. It is by the action of adversity and domestic sorrow upon characters naturally gentle and affectionate that the result is produced which we find so attractive in Lucy Bertram. It may be that in similar circumstances Julia would have shown to the same advantage, and have kept Brown at a distance as Lucy kept young Hazlewood. That is nothing to the present purpose. The question is which of these two girls has Scott made the more interesting as heroines of fiction, and intended to please the readers of fiction; the lively, brilliant, self-willed girl who makes moonlight assignations with a forbidden lover, or the quiet, unassuming, but high principled and self-sacrificing maiden who, with equal depth of affection, is able to contain it within her own bosom and make it obedient to the dictates of duty? The question is not which of the two is the better entitled to our moral approbation, but which of them from a novel-reader's point of view, and as products of literary art, is actually the more *interesting*? We pronounce unhesitatingly for the latter.

Of Isabella Wardour very little need be said. She is certainly one of those heroines who, so to speak, keeps passion in its proper place, and thus far resembles those whom we have considered in a former chapter; but the devil of it is that she is not made interesting. We have many encomiums on her good sense, her filial piety, her beauty, and her courage. She is placed

in the most romantic situations, and exposed to domestic trials which, however ignoble, might certainly have been turned to good account. But with all these materials we cannot strike a spark of interest out of her. She does not therefore really add anything to the evidence we have produced in support of our favourite theory. We have mentioned her because she undoubtedly fulfils one of its principal conditions. But she does not fulfil the other, which is more essential still, and she may therefore be dismissed at once.

We must now, however, take our leave of the particular question with which we started, and wind up with a few more general remarks relating to some of the Waverley heroines who do not seem to point the moral which we have endeavoured to keep in view throughout. In one of the best known passages in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Sir Walter contrasts his own characters with those of Miss Austen in the following terms:

Read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's very finely written novel of *Pride and Prejudice*. That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary common-place things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiments, is denied to me.

We think it will be admitted that Scott knew his own strength and his own weakness. And several of his heroines may be named in which he is conspicuously inferior to the authoress of *Pride and Prejudice*. Edith Belenden, Isabel Vere, Rowena, Mary Avenel, Annot Lyle, Margaret Ramsay, Catherine Glover, are pretty creations in their way, especially the second named, who only just misses belonging to the first class; but we hardly see enough of her to stir our sympathies very deeply, and there is

no reason why on this occasion we should waste more words on any of them. There remain, however, five or six others who though they do not owe the deep interest they instil in us to the causes we have principally been considering and might be thought therefore to stand rather outside the scope of these speculations, possess an interest of another kind which makes it impossible to pass them over in silence in any account of the Waverley heroines. We could indeed hardly have refrained in any case from adding a few words on such popular favourites as Flora Mac Ivor and Rebecca, or two such sweet creatures as Rose Bradwardine and Evelyn Berenger, and on that incarnation of all that is bewitching, mischievous, and tantalising in woman, Catherine Seyton.

Flora Mac Ivor however, is no great favourite of ours. We rather agree with Colonel Talbot's opinion of her. She "gave herself airs," and that is enough to spoil any woman. We always feel inclined to address her in the words of Lord Tennyson, "Come down, oh maid, from yonder mountain height." As she herself says indeed, she is wedded to the Stuart cause, and has no room for the growth of other affections till that is either lost or won. At the same time we are permitted to see into her heart, and to understand, if she could have loved at all, what are the qualities that would have attracted her. Her test of a man is not what he is, but what he is likely to do in the world. When she half repents for a moment of her rejection of Waverley, it is when he shows himself for the first time "well fitted to fill a high place in the highest station of society," and perhaps to emulate his great ancestor Sir Nigel. Thus we think we see that her ideas of marriage were like those of her brother Fergus connected as much with ambition as with love. Whatever interest may be inspired in us by Flora Mac Ivor does not arise from the ordinary sources to which we usually look for it in the case of a young and beautiful woman. She

does not convey the impression that she was born either to love or to be loved in the ordinary sense of the term. Waverley's passion was very short-lived, and was due as much to surrounding circumstances which dazzled his judgment as to any genuine and heartfelt affection. We may perhaps do her injustice; but in his endeavour to depict a character who was to be won, if at all, only by the heroic, Scott has made her seem cold and hard. Her feelings toward Waverley, *mutatis mutandis*, were not unlike those with which Lily Dale regarded John Eames. But how soft and womanly and lovable was Lily Dale all the time! No—we confess there is something about Flora which repels us, and we cannot help thinking that she affords a good illustration of a remark which has been made previously, that by an interesting heroine people often mean, if they only knew it, nothing more than a heroine who is the centre of an interesting story. Edward Waverley is a very great favourite of ours, and we resent Flora's behaviour to him. She is impertinent. If Diana Vernon was contented with Francis Osbaldeston, surely Flora Mac Ivor might have been contented with one that was worth a dozen of him. Flora, however, is a general favourite. Probably nine out of ten of the first people you met would say that she was Scott's masterpiece. But we do not see any lights and shades in her character. It wants softness and richness; and even her loyalty to the Stuarts and her devotion to her brother fail to make her amiable in our sight. It may not have struck even critical readers of the Waverley Novels, that Flora Mac Ivor after all does nothing to distinguish her above her sisters. Rose Bradwardine, left to rely upon herself in circumstances of great difficulty and danger, acts with sense and courage. The part played by Rose in the rescue of Waverley from the Cameronians, and her letter to Charles Edward apprising him of Waverley's danger, are much more in keeping with the character of

a heroine of romance than any action of Flora Mac Ivor's. Flora has no opportunity given her of displaying the same qualities and we are not obliged to take them upon trust. We think then that she has been as much overrated as Rose has been underrated. The latter is always made to play second fiddle to Flora without anything in the actual facts of the story to justify this subordinate position.

Passing to a very different type of character, the Jewess Rebecca, we find Scott at the very summit of his art. There is not indeed in Rebecca either that particular kind of inward struggle which is the chief element of interest in the Waverley heroines to whom we have awarded the palm in these essays; nor yet the sacrifice of all other considerations to one absorbing emotion which distinguishes another class. Fenella, for instance, in Rebecca's place would have hesitated at nothing to detach Ivanhoe from Rowena, and might have been equal even to the dagger or the bowl had opportunity offered. The purity and unselfishness of Rebecca's love for Ivanhoe is in keeping with the powerful yet calm and elevated character which helps her to rise superior to all the terrors and temptations to which she is exposed, and to humble before her even the proud and determined man who had been accustomed to trample on opposition. Conscious that a curse rests upon her race, yet strong in the conviction of an overruling Providence, and content to place her destiny in the hands of the God of Jacob, she is indeed a figure at once so touching and so sublime, that she stands out above all Scott's other creations on a pinnacle of her own. Nor is this all; she is the heroine of a tragedy of which the catastrophe is developed with a degree of art not exceeded even by Sophocles, for which as well perhaps, as for the extraordinary power with which it is described, Scott has never received full credit. When the Templar falls dead from his horse without a blow, and Rebecca is borne in safety

from the lists; when the very passions which have consigned her to the stake become at one and the same moment the punishment of her oppressor and the instrument of her own deliverance, —we see poetic and divine justice united in a single picture of which we stand spellbound before the awful reality.

We have said this much of Rebecca lest it should be thought that the earlier papers were written in forgetfulness or depreciation of this noble character. It will be seen, we hope, that in those we had a distinct purpose in view to which such characters as Rebecca do not lend themselves. A few words will be all that it is necessary to devote to the remaining female figures which lend grace and life to some very interesting stories without exhibiting any marked characteristics of their own. Rowena it is hardly necessary to say is a mere walking lady who does not even stir the imagination. But Catherine Seyton, Edith Bellenden, Evelyn Berenger and the Countess Isabel, are all young ladies whom we feel that we should like to have known, and whose personal appearance we try to conjure up before ourselves. Catherine of course stands out far above the rest; but she is after all no more than a beautiful, quick-witted and very lively girl, such a one as we feel in real life would work havoc with hearts, but without any striking individual traits to attract the student of character. With Edith Bellenden we feel almost angry for not being in love with Lord Evandale, the pearl of chivalry and the most perfect gentleman whom even Scott has ever drawn, and so much more interesting than his successful rival Henry Morton. Scott, however, is no doubt true to human nature in giving to force of character precedence over all other qualities which are supposed to attract the female choice. That Morton was capable of as much self-sacrifice as Lord Evandale, Edith did not know; let us hope she found it out afterwards. She was what we should now call a

nice, sensible, amiable girl, and there's an end of her. Evelyn Berenger and Isabel of Croye are two soft, warm, nestling, cooing young creatures whom one would like to take up in one's arms and kiss. Both are placed in the most romantic situations, and both fall in love as they were bound to do with the squires appointed to attend them. But they cannot be called interesting in any of the various senses to which we have been limiting the word. They exhibit no conflict of emotions, no total abandonment of self to one master passion, no triumph over the terrors of death and torture, no picture of the ordinary passions and weaknesses of ordinary human beings such as we find in Justice Shallow, Miss Bates, or Solomon Macey. We felt, however, that we could not take leave of Scott's heroines without some mention of them; and can only hope that their admirers will not think we have said too little.

The difference between Scott himself and the novel-writers with whom he has compared himself is that in the *Waverley Novels* the characters are written for the story, whereas in Jane Austen or Miss Ferrier the story is written for the characters. In this respect Miss Austen rather resembled Richardson, of whom Johnson said that if you were to read his novels for the plot you would hang yourself. We do not mean to say that Miss Austen's plots are of that description, but simply that we do not read *Pride and Prejudice*, *Mansfield Park*, or *Emma*, for the sake of any curiosity or excitement with which the fortunes of Elizabeth Bennett and Mr. Darcy, of Fanny Price and Edward Bertram, of Emma Woodhouse and Mr. Knightly inspire us, but for the sake of the characters themselves, for the sake of Mr. Collins and Mr. Bennett, of Mrs. Norris and Lady Bertram, of Emma herself and Mr. Elton. The reverse is the case with Sir Walter Scott. Profoundly interesting as are many of his characters both male and female, nevertheless they are frequently forgotten in the stirring

and romantic incidents with which they are surrounded and the gorgeous panorama which the great magician unfolds before us. Sometimes the plot itself is so deeply absorbing that we feel as if almost any characters were good enough to carry it on. Thus even the most interesting of the female portraits which we have been contemplating are more or less indebted to the splendour of the framework from which they look out upon us; and so far it is true that not only Flora Mac Ivor, but even Alice Lee and Alice Bridgnorth do owe some portion of their fascinations to the striking circumstances which surround them; that is to say, are interesting in some sense as being the heroines of an interesting story. We might substitute for either of them the stupidest heroine ever limned in Grub Street, and the plots would still be enthralling. But take away the individuals we have named from Miss Austen's novels and the story is gone. Scott then, though not less skilful in discriminating motives and exhibiting the play of human character than any of his predecessors or followers, yet seems to have required the stimulus of what actors call a strong situation to call forth all his powers, and where this was wanting to have lavished his strength on those individual passions and eccentricities which delight us in Mr. Oldbuck, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, the Baron of Bradwardine, Dugald Dalgetty, Meg Merrilies, and Meg Dodds. There is I think only one character in the whole gallery who might have figured in Jane Austen's social circle, and that is Miss Grizzel Oldbuck, the Antiquary's sister, who certainly seems to show that Scott himself was not wholly deficient in the art which he admired so much in these ladies; and that, to use the words of Horace in a slightly different sense from the original, he too knew how *communia dicere*, and to invest with a distinct personality the common-place person not distinguishable at first from a thousand others. But on the whole the rule is as we say, and as Scott himself

admitted it to be; and after all even Grizzel Oldbuck is not exactly like other people.

A connection, we think, may be traced, though the link of association is a subtle one, between this characteristic of Scott, and that other one to which Lockhart calls such pointed attention, and which may almost be said to constitute his differential peculiarity, we mean his firm belief in the superiority of the Man of Action over the Man of Thought, and of great magistrates, administrators, lawgivers and soldiers over philosophers and men of letters. Macaulay asks who would prefer the fame of Chatham to the fame of Johnson? Scott, whose character it was not in Macaulay's nature to appreciate or understand, would soon have answered him. For himself he would rather have been Scott of Abbotsford, a feudal proprietor charged with the maintenance of law and order in his allotted district, and discharging and deserving all the duties and privileges of a territorial aristocracy than have won the fame of Dante or Shakespeare. He seems naturally therefore to have chosen for his heroines situations in which they might exhibit the same qualities which he most prized himself, and help to glorify the system to which he looked back with such fondness. He knew that in its full perfection it had passed away, and, in spite of the thousands spent on Abbotsford, may have been secretly conscious that it was not to be revived. At all events he has drawn no representatives of it from among his own contemporaries. But this was the life on which he loved to brood; this was the society with which he spent one half of his time; this was the world which he loved to people with the creatures of his own imagination; and to draw such characters only as the Bennets and the Bertrams and the Morlands would not have helped him in the realisation of his ideal. But he could not reproduce this state of society on the same terms as if he had sketched it like Jane Austen from the living model. He

could not trust exclusively to the private or domestic life of the period which he selected for description, and hence he could not take types of character whose peculiarities were observable only within this narrow range. Of music, we are told that he cared more for the sentiment than the harmony, of which he understood little. A song or a melody which was rich in associations would move him to tears; for scientific music alone he would not have crossed the threshold. So too with the characters in fiction. If he was really to sympathise with them they must waken associations, or touch some sentiment that was dear to him. He could render his homage to Miss Austen without a shade of envy. If her art was beyond his reach, it was also we suspect beyond his ambition. Such novels were pure literature, but the *Waverley Novels*, as between Scott and himself, were much more than this. They were a grand feudal temple to which the architect could withdraw himself at pleasure to worship his own deities in silence and solitude, or pace the long-drawn aisles in company with barons, knights and courtiers, whose spirits he could evoke at will. When we hear of the "sordid and mercenary motives" of Scott's labours, we know that we are listening to some one who has not the faintest insight into his real mind and character; nor the slightest perception that he could never have written these immortal works for the sake of money alone had they not also furnished him with another world wherein he could revel undisturbed in those waking dreams which represented his social religion.

In all this there was little to do with literature. And whether we are estimating Scott's career as a whole, or the characters and plots belonging to his poems and romances, we must never forget that they had not their origin in any thirst for literary distinction. Scott was a poet, but can hardly be called a genuine man of letters to whom pure literature was an end in itself and

the chief good of life. He was eminently a man of action, a sportsman and a woodman, and would doubtless have made an excellent soldier. All his heart was in the olden time, and in the class of human qualities which are required to mould society into a civilised shape, and to create and consolidate empire. His was the Roman not the Greek ideal of life :

Exudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmo-
re vultus,
Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatus
Describent radio et surgentia sidera
dicent :
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane,
memento ;
Hæ tibi erunt artes.

To the graces of art and literature, the flowers of poetry and rhetoric which might adorn the fabric when complete, he assigned a lower place. Thus, to repeat what we have said already, he seems as a general rule, to which there are doubtless exceptions, to have exerted his full strength only on those heroines who moved on some great scene of action, and that he did not care to employ himself on the delineation of character exclusively for its own sake, for love of the literary art required for it, or unless it was connected in some way with sentiments and associations far dearer to him than Parnassian laurels.

The publication of Scott's *Diary*, as

it has revived the old controversy respecting the mercenary nature of some of his literary work, has suggested some of these remarks. We may be allowed perhaps in conclusion to ask why an author may not devote the proceeds of literature to the furtherance of some great object which he has at heart, instead of either hoarding it, or squandering it on personal indulgence ? Scott's object was to found a family, to set up again in the land one of the branches of a great old feudal house ; a romantic, and, if any one likes, a foolish purpose, but certainly not a mean or ignoble one ; and there has always seemed to ourselves a peculiar fitness in the dedication of the *Waverley Novels* to the realisation, however imperfect, of the feudal idea. They were inspired by feudalism and owed four-fifths of their success to the "precious habit" in which Scott's genius apparelled it. Our interest in *Waverley* and *Rob Roy*, and even *Redgauntlet*, is as much due to the waning light of feudalism which tints their pages, as our interest in *Ivanhoe* or *The Talisman* is to its meridian splendour. We doubt if there are more than three from which this element is altogether absent. And what more natural, what less in need of forgiveness or excuse, than that the fortune yielded by the fiction should be spent in an endeavour to reanimate the interest represented by it ?

A STREET.

It is in the East-end. There is no need to say in the East-end of what. The East-end is a vast city, as famous in its way as any city men have built. But who knows the East-end? It is down through Cornhill and out beyond Leadenhall Street and Aldgate pump, one will say; a shocking place, where he went once with a curate. An evil growth of slums which hide human creeping things; where foul men and women live on penn'orths of gin, where collars and clean shirts are not yet invented, where every citizen wears a black eye, and no man combs his hair. Our street is not in a place like this. The East-end is a place, says another, populated by the unemployed. The unemployed are a race whose token is a clay pipe, and whose enemy is soap. Now and again they migrate bodily to Hyde Park with banners, and furnish surrounding police-courts with disorderly drunkards. Still another knows the East-end only as the place whence come begging letters; where coal and blanket funds are in a state of permanent insolvency, and somebody is always wanting a day in the country. Everybody has his own notion of the East-end,—usually nothing but a distorted conception of some incidental feature of the place. There are foul slums in the East-end of course, just as there are in the West-end; there is want and misery in the East-end, just as there is wherever men and women gather together to fight for food and a roof; but it is not always of a spectacular sort.

There is about one hundred and fifty yards of our street, all of the same pattern. It is not a picturesque street; a dingy little brick house twenty feet high with three square holes to carry the windows and an oblong hole to carry the door is not picturesque; and

two or three score of them in a row, with one front wall in common, represent either side of our street and suggest stables.

Round the corner there are a baker's, a chandler's, and a beer-shop, but these are not included in the view from any of the rectangular holes. They are well known, however, to every inhabitant, and the chandler goes to church on Sunday and pays for his seat.

They are not a very noisy or obtrusive lot in our street. They do not go to Hyde Park with banners, and they rarely fight. It is just possible that one or two among them, at some time in this life of ups and downs, may have been indebted to a coal and blanket fund; but the one or two, whoever they may be, would certainly rather die than admit the disgrace, and probably very nearly did so before submitting to it.

Some of these in our street are in the docks, some in the gasworks, some in one or other of the few remaining Thames shipbuilding yards. Two families in a house is the general rule, there being six rooms behind each set of four holes; unless "young men lodgers" are taken in, or grown up sons pay for their rooms and food.

At half-past five every morning a curious demonstration takes place. The street resounds with thunderous door-knocks, repeated at house after house, and every time responded to by a muffled shout from within. The knocks are the work of the night-watchman or the early policeman, or both, and they awaken the sleepers to go forth to the docks, the gasworks and the shipyards. To be awakened in this fashion costs fourpence a week, and for this fourpence a fierce rivalry rages between the fast disap-

pearing night-watchman and the policeman. The night-watchman is the real professional artist; but he goes to the wall, because, if the pursuit is to pay at all at fourpence a knocker, a large connection must be worked. Now it is not easy to bang at two knockers three-quarters of a mile apart, and a hundred others lying between, each punctually at half-past five. Wherefore the policeman, to whom the fourpence is but a perquisite, and who can do with a smaller connection, is rapidly supplanting the night-watchman, whose cry of "Past nine o'clock" as he collects orders in the evening is now seldom heard, and who predicts speedy national ruin under the present constabulary oligarchy.

The knocking and shouting passes and there comes an opening and shutting of doors and a hastening away to the docks, the gasworks, and the shipyards. Later are heard more door-shutting and the trotting of sorrow-laden little feet along the grim street to the grim Board-school three grim streets off. Then silence, save here and there for a subdued sound of scrubbing, and the ready squall of croupy infants. After this, more trotting of little feet to docks, gasworks and shipyards with father's dinner in a basin and a red handkerchief, and to the Board-school again. More muffled scrubbing and squalling, and perhaps a feeble attempt or two to ameliorate the blankness of one of the square holes by pouring water into a grimy flowerpot full of dirt. Again, the trot of little feet towards the oblong holes, heralding the slower tread of sooty artisans; a smell of bloater up and down; nightfall; the fighting of boys in the street, perhaps of men at the corner near the beer-shop; sleep. And this is the record of a day in our street,—of any day,—of every day.

Of every day excepting Sunday. On Sunday morning a smell of cooking floats round the corner from the half-shut baker's, and the little feet trot down the street under the burden of steaming beef, potatoes, and batter

pudding,—the lucky little feet these, with Sunday boots on them, when father has been in good work and brought home all the money; not the poor little feet in worn shoes, carrying little bodies in the threadbare clothes of all the week, when father is out of work, or ill, or drunk, and the Sunday cooking may be done very easily at home,—if any cooking there be.

On Sunday morning one or two heads of families in our street appear in wonderful black suits, with unnumbered creases and wrinklins at the seams. At their sides and about their heels trot the eternal little feet, and from under painful little velvet caps and straw hats stare solemn little faces towelled to a polish. Thus disposed and arranged they proceed gravely through the grim little streets to a grim Little Bethel where are gathered together others in like garb and attendance; and are driven to the Throne of Love with brands of hell-fire.

Most, however, lie, in shirt and trousers upon their beds and read the Sunday paper; while one or two are driven forth from hindering house-work to loaf, and await the opening of the beer-shop round the corner. This is Sunday in our street, and every Sunday is the same as every other Sunday, making an agreeable break in the week, which would otherwise grow monotonous. For the women, however, Sunday is much as other days, beyond that there is a little more work on the Day of Rest. The break in the regular round of the women's week is washing day.

No event of the outer world makes any impression on this street. Nations may rise, totter, and fall in ruins, but the colourless day will work through its twenty-four hours just as it did yesterday and will do to-morrow. Without there may be party strife, wars and rumours of wars, public rejoicings, but the trotting of the little feet will neither be quickened nor checked. Those quaint little women, the girl-children of our street, who use

a motherly management and patronage of all under their own age and of boys as old or older, with "Bless the child!" or "Drat the children,"—these quaint little women will still market with big baskets and regard the price of bacon as the chief of human considerations. Nothing disturbs this street,—nothing but a strike.

Nobody laughs in our street,—life is too serious a thing—nobody sings. There was a woman who sang once,—a young wife from the country. But she bore children, and her voice cracked; then her man died, and she sang no more. They took away her home, and with her children about her skirts the woman left our street for ever. The other women did not think much of her. She was "helpless."

One of the square holes in this street,—one of the single, ground-floor holes—is seen, on individual examination, to differ from the others. There has been an attempt to make it into a shop-window. Half-a-dozen candles, a few sickly sugarsticks, certain shrivelled bloaters, some bootlaces, and a bundle or two of firewood compose the stock, which at night is lighted sometimes by a little paraffin lamp in a tin sconce, and sometimes by a candle. A widow lives here,—a gaunt, bony widow with sunken red eyes. She has other sources of income besides the candles and bootlaces; she washes and chars at daytime, and sews cheap shirts at night. Two "young men lodgers," moreover, sleep up stairs, and the children sleep in the back room; the widow is supposed not to sleep at all. The policeman does not knock here in the morning—the widow wakes the lodgers herself; and nobody in the street behind ever looks out of window before going to bed, no matter how late, without seeing a light in the widow's room where she plies her needle. She is a quiet woman who speaks little with her neighbours,—having other things to do; a woman of pronounced character, to whom it would be inadvisable to offer coals or blankets—even dangerous. Hers was

the greatest contempt for the helpless woman who sang, a contempt with an added bitterness which might be traced to its source, could a man read hearts. Twice, when the singing woman marketed, which door of the pawnshop had she met the widow coming from?

This is not a dirty street, taken as a whole. The widow's house is one of the cleanest, and the widow's children match the house. The only cleaner house than the widow's is kept in order by a despotic Scotchwoman, who makes her husband take off his boots on the front step, and rubs the door handle after any hand has rested upon it. The Scotchwoman has made several attempts to accommodate "young men lodgers," which have ended in shrill disturbances.

There is no house without children in this street, and their number is added to unceasingly. Nine-tenths of the doctor's visits are on this account alone, and the constant recruiting of the street's population is the chief matter of the little conversation of the women across back-yard fences. One after another the little strangers come, to live through identical lives, as flat and colourless as the life of a day in our street. Life dawns, and the doctor-watchman's door-knock resounds along the row of rectangular holes. Then a muffled cry announces that the small life is awake, ready to trudge and sweat along the appointed groove. Later, the trotting of little feet and the school; the midday play hour, when love peeps even into our street; after that more trotting of little feet,—strange little feet, new little feet—and the scrubbing, and the squalling, and the barren flower-pot. The end of the sooty day's work; the last return home; nightfall; sleep.

In the brightest hour of this mean life, when love's light falls into some corner of our street, it is but a dusty ray. It comes early, because it is the only bright thing the street sees, and is looked and longed for. Lads and lasses walk awkwardly arm-linked down our street, before interest in

marbles and doll-houses would have quite left them in a brighter place, "keeping company." The manner of this proceeding is unknown elsewhere; it might be a betrothal custom of a foreign country. The young people first "walk out" in pairs. There is no exchange of promises, no troth-plight, no engagement, no love-talk. They patrol the streets side by side, usually in silence, sometimes with vacuous chatter. There are no dances, no tennis or water-parties, no picnics to bring them together, so they must walk out. If two who walk out become dissatisfied with each other's company, nothing is easier than to separate and walk out with others. When by these means each has found a fit mate, or thinks so, a keeper-ring is bought and the odd association becomes a regular engagement; but usually not until the walking out has lasted for many months. The two stages of courtship are spoken of indiscriminately as "keeping company," but a very careful distinction is drawn between them by the parties. Nevertheless it would be almost as great a breach of faith for either, in the walking out period, to walk out with more than one, as if the actual engagement had been made. The love-making of our street is a dreary thing, when one thinks of the love-making in other places. It begins too soon, and ends too soon.

Nobody from this street goes to the theatre. That would involve a long journey, and cost money which might buy bread and beer and boots. For those who wear black Sunday suits it would also be sinful. Nobody reads poetry or romance. Nobody knows who Fielding, Thackeray, or Byron were, and no man need fear contradic-

tion if he announce Titus Oates as author of the *Waverley Novels*. A Sunday paper in a house or two provides all the reading our street is disposed for. Now and again a penny novel has been found among the private treasures of a growing daughter and has been wrathfully confiscated. The air of our street is not favourable to the ideal.

Yet there seem to be aspirations. There has lately come into the street a young man lodger who belongs to a Mutual Improvement Society. Membership in this Society is regarded as a sort of learned degree, and at its meetings debates are held and papers smugly read by lamentably self-satisfied young men lodgers, whose only preparation for debating and writing is fathomless ignorance. How should it be otherwise with the life they have led, seeing nothing, reading nothing, learning nothing?

Where in the East-end lies this street? Everywhere; our hundred and fifty yards is only a fragment, only a turn in the maze. The street with the square holes is hundreds of miles long. That it is planned in short lengths is true, but there is no other street in the world more rightfully to be called a single street because of its dismal sameness, its sordid uniformity. A Palace of Delight was once set in the midst of this street, but Commissioners brandished their pens over it and it became a Polytechnic Institution, whereat all the young men lodgers might crowd to carry into evening the dock and shipyard work of the day, and learn the more efficiently to fight with each other for the eternally desired bread and beer and boots. There is no delight in this street.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

HIS PRIVATE HONOUR.

THE autumn batch of recruits for the Old Regiment had just been uncartered. As usual they were said to be the worst draft that had ever come from the Depot. Mulvaney looked them over, grunted scornfully, and immediately reported himself very sick.

"Is it the regular autumn fever?" said the doctor, who knew something of Terence's ways. "Your temperature's normal."

"'Tis a hundred and thirty-seven rookies to the bad, sorr. I'm not very sick now, but I will be dead if these boys are thrown at me in my rejuiced condition. Doctor, dear, supposin' you was in charge of three cholera camps an'——"

"Go to hospital then, you old contriver," said the doctor laughing.

Terence bundled himself into a blue bedgown,—Dinah Shadd was away attending to a major's lady, who preferred Dinah without a diploma to anybody else with a hundred—put a pipe in his teeth, and paraded the hospital balcony exhorting Ortheris to be a father to the new recruits.

"They're mostly your own sort, little man," he said with a grin; "the top-spit av Whitechapel. I'll interogue them when they're more like something they never will be,—an' that's a good honest soldier like me."

Ortheris yapped indignantly. He knew as well as Terence what the coming work meant, and he thought Terence's conduct mean. Then he strolled off to look at the new cattle, who were staring at the unfamiliar landscape with large eyes, and asking if the kites were eagles and the pariah-dogs jackals.

"Well, you are a holy set of bean-faced beggars, *you* are," he said genially to a knot in the barrack square. Then running his eye over

them,—*"Fried fish an' whelks is about your sort. Blimy if they haven't sent some pink-eyed Jews too. You chap with the greasy 'ed, which o' the Solomons was your father, Moses?"*

"My name's Anderson," said a voice sullenly.

"Oh, Samuelson! All right, Samuelson! An' how many o' the likes o' you Sheenies are comin' to spoil B. Company?"

There is no scorn so complete as that of the old soldier for the new. It is right that this should be so. A recruit must learn first that he is not a man but a thing, which in time, and the mercy of heaven, may develope into a soldier of the Queen if it takes care and attends to good advice. Ortheris's tunic was open, his cap over-lopped one eye, and his hands were behind his back as he walked round, growing more contemptuous at each step. The recruits did not dare to answer, for they were new boys in a strange school, who had called themselves soldiers at the Depot in comfortable England.

"Not a single pair o' shoulders in the whole lot. I've seen some bad drafts in my time,—some bloomin' bad drafts; but this 'ere draft beats any draft I've ever known. Jock, come an' look at these squidgy, ham-shanked beggars."

Learoyd was walking across the square. He arrived slowly, circled round the knot as a whale circles round a shoal of small fry, said nothing, and went away whistling.

"Yes, you may well look sheepy," Ortheris squeaked to the boys. "It's the likes of you breaks the 'earts of the likes of us. We've got to lick you into shape, and never a ha'penny extr'y do we get for so doin', and you ain't never grateful neither. Don't you go

thinkin' it's the Colonel nor yet the company ort'er that makes you. It's me, you Johnny Raws—you Johnnie *bloomin' Raws!*"

A company officer had come up unperceived behind Ortheris at the end o' this oration. "You may be right, Ortheris," he said quietly, "but I shouldn't shout it." The recruits grinned as Ortheris saluted and collapsed.

Some days afterwards I was privileged to look over the new batch, and they were everything that Ortheris had said, and more. B. Company had been devastated by forty or fifty of them; and B. Company's drill on parade was a sight to shudder at. Ortheris asked them lovingly whether they had not been sent out by mistake, and whether they had not better post themselves back to their friends. Learoyd thrashed them methodically one by one, without haste but without slovenliness; and the older soldiers took the remnants from Learoyd and went over them in their own fashion. Mulvaney stayed in hospital, and grinned from the balcony when Ortheris called him a shirker and other worse names.

"By the grace av God we'll brew men av them yet," Terence said one day. "Be vartuous an' parsevere, me son. There's the makin's av colonels in that mob if we only go deep enough --wid a belt."

"We!" Ortheris replied, dancing with rage. "I just like you and your 'we's.' 'Ere's B. Company drillin' like a drunk Militia reg'ment."

"So I've been officially acquent," was the answer from on high; "but I'm too sick this tide to make certain."

"An' you, you fat H'irishman, shiftn' an' shirkin' up there among the arrerroot an' the sago."

"An' the port wine,—you've forgot the port wine, Orth'ris; it's none so bad." Terence smacked his lips provokingly.

"And we're wore off our feet with these 'ere,—kangaroos. Come out o' No. 384.—VOL. LXIV.

that, an' earn your pay. Come on down outer that, an' *do* somethin' 'stead o' grinnin' up there like a Jew monkey, you frowsy-headed Fenian."

"When I'm better av my various complaints I'll have a little private talkin' wid you. In the meanwhile,—duck!"

Terence flung an empty medicine bottle at Ortheris's head and dropped into a long chair, and Ortheris came to tell me his opinion of Mulvaney three times over,—each time entirely varying all the words.

"There'll be a smash one o' these days," he concluded. "Well, it's none o' my fault, but it's 'ard on B. Company."

It was very hard on B. Company, for twenty seasoned men cannot push twice that number of fools into their places and keep their own places at the same time. The recruits should have been more evenly distributed through the regiment, but it seemed good to the Colonel to mass them in a company where there was a large proportion of old soldiers. He found his reward early one morning when the battalion was advancing by companies in echelon from the right. The order was given to form company squares, which are compact little bricks of men very unpleasant for a line of charging cavalry to deal with. B. Company was on the left flank, and had ample time to know what was going on. For that reason presumably it gathered itself into a thing like a decayed aloë-clump, the bayonets pointing anywhere in general and nowhere in particular, and in that clump, roundel, or mob, it stayed till the dust had gone down and the Colonel could see and speak. He did both, and the speaking part was admitted by the regiment to be the finest thing that the "old man" had ever risen to since one delightful day at a sham-fight, when a cavalry division had occasion to walk over his line of skirmishers. He said, almost weeping, that he had given no order for rallying groups, and that he preferred to see a little dressing among the men

occasionally. He then apologised for having mistaken B. Company for men. He said that they were but weak little children, and that since he could not offer them each a perambulator and a nursemaid (this may sound comic to read, but B. Company heard it by word of mouth and winced) perhaps the best thing for them to do would be to go back to squad drill. To that end he proposed sending them, out of their turn, to garrison duty in Fort Amara, five miles away,—D. Company were next for this detestable duty and nearly cheered the Colonel. There he devoutly hoped that their own subalterns would drill them to death, as they were no use in their present life.

It was an exceedingly painful scene, and I made haste to be near B. Company barracks when parade was dismissed and the men were free to talk. There was no talking at first because each old soldier took a new draft and kicked him very severely. The non-commissioned officers had neither eyes nor ears for these accidents. They left the barracks to themselves, and Ortheris improved the occasion by a speech. I did not hear that speech, but fragments of it were quoted for weeks afterwards. It covered the birth, parentage, and education of every man in the company by name: it gave a complete account of Fort Amara from a sanitary and social point of view; and it wound up with an abstract of the whole duty of a soldier, each recruit his use in life, and Ortheris's views on the use and fate of the recruits of B. Company.

"You can't drill, you can't walk, you can't shoot,—you,—you awful rookies! Wot's the good of you? You eats and you sleeps, and you eats, and you goes to the doctor for medicine when your innards is out o' order for all the world as if you was bloomin' generals. An' now you've topped it all, you bats'-eyed beggars, with getting us druv out to that stinkin' Fort 'Ammerer. We'll fort you when we get out there; yes, an' we'll 'ammer you too. Don't you think you've come

into the H'army to drink Heno, an' clot your comp'ny, an' lie on your cots an' scratch your fat heads. You can do that at 'ome sellin' matches, which is all you're fit for, you keb-huntin', penny-toy, bootlace, baggage-tout, 'orse-'oldin' sandwich-backed se-werss, you.¹ I've spoke you as fair as I know 'ow, and you give good 'eed, 'cause if Mulvaney stops skrimshanking—gets out o' 'orspital—when we're in the Fort, I lay your lives will be trouble to you."

That was Ortheris's peroration, and it caused B. Company to be christened the Boot-black Brigade. With this disgrace on their slack shoulders they went to garrison duty at Fort Amara under three officers who were under instructions to twist their little tails. The army, unlike every other profession, cannot be taught through shilling books. First a man must suffer, then he must learn his work, and the self-respect that that knowledge brings. The learning is hard, in a land where our army is not a red thing that walks down the street to be looked at, but a living, tramping reality liable to be needed at the shortest notice, when there is no time to say, "Hadn't you better?" and "Won't you please?"

The company officers divided themselves into three. When Brander the captain was wearied, he gave over to Maydew, and when Maydew was hoarse he ordered the junior subaltern Oules to bucket the men through squad and company drill, till Brander could go on again. Out of parade hours the old soldiers spoke to the recruits as old soldiers will, and between the four forces at work on them, the new draft began to stand on their feet and feel that they belonged to a good and honourable service. This was proved by their once or twice resenting Ortheris's technical lectures.

"Drop it now, lad," said Learoyd coming to the rescue. "Th' pups are biting back. They're none so rotten as we looked for."

¹ Ortheris meant *soors*—which means pigs.

"Ho! Yes You think yourself soldiers now, 'cause you don't fall over each other on p'rade, don't you? You think 'cause the dirt don't cake off you week's end to week's end that you're clean men. You think 'cause you can fire your rifle without more nor shuttin' both eyes, you're something to fight, don't you? You'll know later on," said Ortheris to the barrack-room generally. "Not but what you're a little better than you was," he added, with a gracious wave of his cutty.

It was in this transition-stage that I came across the new draft once more. Their officers, in the zeal of youth forgetting that the old soldiers who stiffened the sections must suffer equally with the raw material under hammering, had made all a little stale and unhandy with continuous drill in the square, instead of marching the men into the open and supplying them with skirmishing drill. The month of garrison-duty in the Fort was nearly at an end, and B. Company were quite fit for a self-respecting regiment to drill with. They had no style or spring,—that would come in time—but so far as they went they were passable. I met Maydow one day and inquired after their health. He told me that young Ouless was putting a polish on a half-company of them in the great square by the east bastion of the Fort that afternoon. Because the day was Saturday I went off to taste the full beauty of leisure in watching another man hard at work.

The fat forty-pound muzzle-loaders on the east bastion made a very comfortable resting-place. You could sprawl full length on the iron warmed by the afternoon sun to blood heat, and command an easy view of the parade ground which lay between the powder-magazine and the curtain of the bastion.

I saw a half-company called over and told off for drill, saw Ouless come from his quarters, lugging at his gloves, and heard the first 'shun! that locks the ranks and shows that work has begun. Then I went off on my own thoughts, the squeaking of the

boots and the rattle of the rifles making a good accompaniment, and the line of red coats and black trousers a suitable background to them all. They concerned the formation of a territorial army for India,—an army of specially paid men enlisted for twelve years' service in her Majesty's Indian possessions, with the option of extending on medical certificates for another five and the certainty of a pension at the end. They would be such an army as the world had never seen,—one hundred thousand trained men drawing annually five, no, fifteen thousand men from England, making India their home, and allowed to marry in reason. Yes, I thought, watching the line shift to and fro, break and re-form, we would buy back Cashmere from the drunken imbecile who was turning it into a hell, and there we would plant our much-married regiments,—the men who had served ten years of their time,—and there they should breed us white soldiers, and perhaps a second fighting-line of Eurasians. At all events Cashmere was the only place in India that the Englishman could colonise, and if we had foot-hold there we could . . . Oh, it was a beautiful dream! I left that territorial army swelled to a quarter of a million men far behind and swept on as far as an independent India, hiring warships from the mother country, guarding Aden on the one side and Singapore on the other, paying interest on her loans with beautiful regularity, but borrowing no men from beyond her own borders—a colonised, manufacturing India with a permanent surplus and her own flag. I had just installed myself as Viceroy, and by virtue of my office had shipped four million sturdy, thrifty natives to the Malayan Archipelago, where labour is always wanted and the Chinese pour in too quickly, when I became aware that things were not going smoothly with the half-company. There was a great deal too much shuffling and shifting and "as you were-ing." The non-commissioned officers were snapping at the men, and I fancied Ouless backed

one of his orders with an oath. He was in no position to do this, because he was a junior who had not yet learned to pitch his word of command in the same key twice running. Sometimes he squeaked, and sometimes he grunted, and a clear full voice with a ring in it has more to do with drill than people think. He was nervous both on parade and in mess, because he was unproven and knew it. One of his majors had said in his hearing, "Oules has a skin or two to slough yet, and he hasn't the sense to be aware of it." That remark had stayed in Oules's mind and caused him to think about himself in little things, which is not the best training for a young man. He tried to be cordial at mess, and became over-effusive. Then he tried to stand on his dignity, and appeared sulky and boorish. He was only hunting for the just medium and the proper note, and had found neither because he had never faced himself in a big thing. With his men he was as ill at ease as he was with his mess, and his voice betrayed him. I heard two orders and then:—"Sergeant, what *is* that rear-rank man doing, damn him?" That was sufficiently bad. A company officer ought not to ask sergeants for information. He commands, and commands are not held by syndicates.

It was too dusty to see the drill accurately, but I could hear the excited little voice pitching from octave to octave, and the uneasy ripple of badgered or bad-tempered files running down the ranks. Oules had come on parade as sick of his duty as were the men of theirs. The hot sun had told on everybody's temper, but most of all on the youngest man's. He had evidently lost his self-control, and not possessing the nerve or the knowledge to break off till he had recovered it again, was making bad worse by ill-language.

The men shifted their ground and came close under the gun I was lying on. They were wheeling quarter-right and they did it very badly, in the natural hope of hearing Oules swear again. He could have taught them

nothing new, but they enjoyed the exhibition. Instead of swearing Oules lost his head completely, and struck out nervously at the wheeling flank-man with a little Malacca riding-cane that he held in his hand for a pointer. The cane was topped with thin silver over lacquer, and the silver had worn through in one place, leaving a triangular flap sticking up. I had just time to see that Oules had thrown away his commission by striking a soldier, when I heard the rip of cloth and a piece of grey shirt showed under the torn scarlet on the man's shoulder. It had been the merest nervous flick of an exasperated boy, but quite enough to forfeit his commission, since it had been dealt in anger to a volunteer and no pressed man, who could not under the rules of the service reply. The result of it, thanks to the natural depravity of things, was as though Oules had cut the man's coat off his back. Knowing the new draft by reputation, I was fairly certain that every one of them would swear with many oaths that Oules had actually thrashed the man. In that case Oules would do well to pack his trunk. His career as a servant of the Queen in any capacity was ended. The wheel continued, and the men halted and dressed immediately opposite my resting-place. Oules's face was perfectly bloodless. The flanking man was a dark red, and I could see his lips moving in wicked words. He was Ortheris! After seven years' service and three medals, he had been struck by a boy younger than himself! Further, he was my friend and a good man, a proved man, and an Englishman. The shame of the thing made me as hot as it made Oules cold, and if Ortheris had slipped in a cartridge and cleared the account at once I should have rejoiced. The fact that Ortheris, of all men, had been struck, proved that the boy could not have known whom he was hitting; but he should have remembered that he was no longer a boy. And then I was sorry for him, and then I was angry

again, and Ortheris stared in front of him and grew redder and redder.

The drill halted for a moment. No one knew why, for not three men could have seen the insult, the wheel being end-on to Oules at the time. Then, led I conceived by the hand of Fate, Brander, the captain, crossed the drill-ground, and his eye was caught by not more than a square foot of grey shirt over a shoulder-blade that should have been covered by well-fitting tunic.

"Heavens and earth!" he said, crossing in three strides. "Do you let your men come on parade in rags, sir? What's that scare-crow doing here? Fall out that flank, man. What do you mean by——You, Ortheris! of all men. What the deuce do you mean?"

"Beg y' pardon, sir," said Ortheris. "I scratched it against the guard-gate running up to parade."

"Scratched it! Ripped it up, you mean. It's half off your back."

"It was a little tear at first, sir, but in portin' arms it got stretched, sir, an'—an' I can't look behind me. I felt it givin', sir."

"Hm!" said Brander. "I should think you did feel it give. I thought it was one of the new draft. You've a good pair of shoulders. Go on!"

He turned to go. Oules stepped after him, very white, and said something in a low voice.

"Hey, what? What! Ortheris," the voice dropped. I saw Ortheris salute; say something, and stand at attention.

"Dismiss," said Brander curtly. The men were dismissed. "I can't make this out. You say——?" he nodded at Oules, who said something again. Ortheris stood still, the torn flap of his tunic falling nearly to his waist-belt. He had, as Brander said, a good pair of shoulders, and prided himself on the fit of his tunic.

"Beg y' pardon, sir," I heard him say, "but I think Lieutenant Oules has been in the sun too long. He

don't quite remember things, sir. I come on p'rade with a bit of a rip, and it spread, sir, through portin' arms, as I have said, sir."

Brander looked from one face to the other and I suppose drew his own conclusions, for he told Ortheris to go with the other men who were flocking back to barracks. Then he spoke to Oules and went away, leaving the boy in the middle of the parade-ground fumbling with his sword-knot.

He looked up, saw me lying on the gun, and came to me biting the back of his gloved forefinger, so completely thrown off his balance that he had not sense enough to keep his trouble to himself.

"I say, you saw that, I suppose?" He jerked his head back to the square, where the dust left by the departing men was settling down in white circles.

"I did," I answered, for I was not feeling polite.

"What the devil ought I to do?" He bit his finger again. "I told Brander what I had done. I hit him."

"I'm perfectly aware of that," I said, "and I don't suppose Ortheris has forgotten it already."

"Ye—es; but I'm dashed if I know what I ought to do. Exchange into another company, I suppose. I can't ask the man to exchange, I suppose. Hey?"

The suggestion showed the glimmerings of proper sense, but he should not have come to me or any one else for help. It was his own affair, and I told him so. He seem unconvinced, and began to talk of the possibilities of being cashiered. At this point the spirit moved me, on behalf of the un-avenged Ortheris, to paint him a beautiful picture of his insignificance in the scheme of creation. He had a papa and a mamma seven thousand miles away, and perhaps some friends. They would feel his disgrace, but no one else would care a penny. He would be only Lieutenant Oules of the Old Regiment dismissed the

Queen's service for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. The Commander-in-Chief, who would confirm the orders of the court-martial, would not know who he was; his mess would not speak of him; he would return to Bombay, if he had money enough to go home, more alone than when he had come out. Finally, —I rounded the sketch with precision—he was only one tiny dab of red in the vast grey field of the Indian Empire. He must work this crisis out alone, and no one could help him and no one cared,—(this was untrue, because I cared immensely; he had spoken the truth to Brander on the spot)—whether he pulled through it or did not pull through it. At last his face set and his figure stiffened.

"Thanks, that's quite enough. I don't want to hear any more," he said in a dry, grating voice, and went to his own quarters.

Brander spoke to me afterwards and asked me some absurd questions as to whether I had seen Oulesse cut the coat off Ortheris's back. I knew that jagged sliver of silver would do its work well, but I contrived to impress on Brander the completeness, the wonderful completeness of my disassociation from that drill. I began to tell him all about my dreams for the new territorial army in India, and he left me.

I could not see Ortheris for some days, but was told that when he returned to his fellows, he had told the story of the blow in vivid language. Samuelson, the Jew, then asserted that it was not good enough to live in a regiment where you were drilled off your feet and knocked about like a dog. The remark was a perfectly innocent one, and exactly tallied with Ortheris's expressed opinions. Yet Ortheris had called Samuelson an unmentionable Jew, had accused him of kicking women on the head in London, and howling under the cat, had hustled him, as a bantam hustles a barn-door cock, from one end of the barrack-room to the other and finally

had heaved every single article in Samuelson's valise and bedding-roll into the verandah and the outer dirt, kicking Samuelson every time that the bewildered creature stooped to pick anything up. My informant could not account for this inconsistency, but it seemed to me that Ortheris was working off his temper.

Mulvaney had heard the story in hospital. First his face clouded, then he spat, and then he laughed. I suggested that he had better return to active duty, but he saw it in another light, and told me that Ortheris was quite capable of looking after himself and his own affairs. "An' if I did come out," said Terence, "like as not I would be catchin' young Oulesse by the scruff av his trousers an' makin' an example av him before the men. Whin Dinah came back I would be under court-martial, an' all for the sake av a little bit av a bhoys that'll make an orf'cer yet. What's he goin' to do, sorr, do ye know?"

"Which?" said I.

"Oulesse, av course. I've no fear for the *man*. Begad, tho', if ut had come to me—but it could not have so come—I'd ha' made him cut his wisdom-teeth on his own sword-hilt."

"I don't think he knows himself what he means to do," I said.

"I should not wonder," said Terence. "There's a dale av thinkin' before a young man whin he's done wrong an' knows ut, an' is studyin' how to put ut right. Give the word from me to our little man there, that if he had ha' told on his shuperior orf'cer I'd ha' come out to Fort Amara to kick him into the Fort ditch, an' that's a forty-fut drop."

Ortheris was not in good condition to talk to. He wandered up and down with Learoyd brooding, so far as I could see, over his lost honour, and using, as I could hear, incendiary language. Learoyd would nod and spit and smoke and nod again, and he must have been a great comfort to Ortheris—almost as great a comfort as Samuelson, whom Ortheris bullied

disgracefully. If the Jew opened his mouth in the most casual remark Ortheris would plunge down it with all arms and accoutrements, while the barrack-room stared and wondered.

Oules had retired into himself to meditate. I saw him now and again, and he avoided me because I had witnessed his shame and spoken my mind on it. He seemed dull and moody, and found his half-company anything but pleasant to drill. The men did their work and gave him very little trouble, but just when they should have been feeling their feet, and showing that they felt them by spring and swing and snap, the elasticity died out, and it was like drilling with war-game blocks. There is a beautiful little ripple in a well-made line of men exactly like the play of a perfectly-tempered sword. Oules's half-company moved like a broomstick, and would have broken as easily.

I was speculating whether Oules had sent money to Ortheris, which would have been bad, or had apologised to him in private, which would have been worse, or had decided to let the whole affair slide, which would have been worst of all, when orders came to me to leave the station for a while. I had not spoken directly to Ortheris, for his honour was not my honour, and he was its only guardian, and he would not say anything except bad words.

I went away, and from time to time thought a great deal of that subaltern and that private in Fort Amara, and wondered what would be the upshot of everything.

When I returned it was early spring. B. Company had been shifted from the Fort to regular duty in cantonments, the roses were getting ready to bud on the Mall, and the regiment, which had been at a camp of exercise among other things, was going through its spring musketry-course under an adjutant who had a notion that its shooting average was low. He had stirred up the company officers and they had brought extra ammunition for their men—the Government allow-

ance is just sufficient to force the rifling—and E. Company, which counted many marksmen, was vapouring and offering to challenge all the other companies, and the third-class shots were very sorry that they had ever been born, and all the subalterns were a rich ripe saddle-colour from sitting at the butts six or eight hours a day.

I went off to the butts after breakfast very full of curiosity to see how the new draft had come forward. Oules was there with his men by the bald hillock that marks the six hundred yards range, and the men were in gray-green *khaki*, that shows the best points of a soldier and shades off into every background he may stand against. Before I was in hearing distance I could see, as they sprawled on the dusty grass, or stood up and shook themselves, that they were men made over again—wearing their helmets with the cock of self-possession, swinging easily, and jumping to the word of command. Coming nearer, I heard Oules whistling *Ballyhooley* between his teeth as he looked down the range with his binoculars, and the back of Lieutenant Oules was the back of a free man and an officer. He nodded as I came up, and I heard him fling an order to a non-commissioned officer in a sure and certain voice. The flag ran up from the target, and Ortheris flung himself down on his stomach to put in his ten shots. He winked at me over the breech-block as he settled himself, with the air of a man who has to go through tricks for the benefit of children.

"Watch, you men," said Oules to the squad behind. "He's half your weight, Brannigan, but he isn't afraid of his rifle."

Ortheris had his little affectations and pet ways as the rest of us have. He weighed his rifle, gave it a little kick-up, cuddled down again, and fired across the ground that was beginning to dance in the sun-heat.

"Miss!" said a man behind.

"Too much bloomin' back-ground in front," Ortheris muttered.

"I should give two feet for refraction," said Oulless.

Ortheris fired again, made his outer, crept in, found the bull and stayed there, the non-commissioned officer pricking off the shots.

"Can't make out 'ow I missed that first," he said, rising, and stepping back to my side, as Learoyd took his place.

"Is it company practice?" I asked.

"No. Only just knockin' about. Oulless, 'e's givin' ten rupees for second-class shots. I'm outer it, of course, but I come on to show 'em the proper style o' doin' things. Jock looks like a sea-lion at the Brighton Aquarium sprawlin' an' crawlin' down there, don't 'e? Gawd, what a butt this end of 'im would make."

"B. Company has come up very well," I said.

"They 'ad to. They're none so dusty now, are they? Samuelson even, 'e can shoot sometimes. We're gettin' on as well as can be expected, thank you."

"How do you get on with——?"

"Oh, 'im! First-rate! There's nothin' wrong with 'im."

"Was it all settled then?"

"'Asn't Terence told you? I should say it was. 'E's a gentleman, 'e is."

"Let's hear," I said.

Ortheris twinkled all over, tucked his rifle across his knees and repeated, "'E's a gentleman. 'E's an officer too. You saw all that mess in Fort 'ammerer. 'Twasn't none o' *my* fault, as you can guess. Only some goat in the drill judged it was behaviour or something to play the fool on p'rade. That's why we drilled so bad. When 'e 'it me, I was so took aback I couldn't do nothing, an' when I wished for to knock 'im down the wheel 'ad gone on, an' I was facin' you there lyin' on the guns. After the captain had come up an' was raggin' me about my tunic bein' tore, I saw the young beggar's eye, an' 'fore I could 'elp myself I begun to lie like a good 'un. You 'eard that? It was quite instin-

kive, but, my! I was in a lather. Then *he* said to the captain, 'I struck 'im!' sez 'e, an' I 'eard Brander whistle, an' then I come out with a new set o' lies all about portin' arms an' 'ow the rip growed, such as you 'eard. I done that too before I knew where I was. Then I give Samuelson what-for in barracks when he was dismissed. You should ha' seen 'is kit by the time I'd finished with it. It was all over the bloomin' Fort! Then me an' Jock went off to Mulvaney in 'orspital, five-mile walk, an' I was hoppin' mad. Oulless, 'e knowed it was court-martial for me if I 'it 'im back—'e *must* ha' knowed. Well, I sez to Terence, whisperin' under the 'orspital balcony—'Terence,' sez I, 'what in 'ell am I to do?' I told 'im all about the row same as you saw. Terence 'e whistles like a bloomin' old bullfinch up there in 'orspital, an' 'e sez, 'You ain't to blame,' sez 'e. 'Strewth,' sez I, 'd'you suppose I've come 'ere five mile in the sun to take blame?' I sez, 'I want that young beggar's hide took off. I ain't a bloomin' conscript,' I sez. 'I'm a private servin' of the Queen, an' as good a man as 'e is,' I sez, 'for all 'is commission an' 'is airs an' 'is money,' sez I."

"What a fool you were," I interrupted. Ortheris, being neither a menial nor an American, but a free man, had no excuse for yelping.

"That's exactly what Terence said. I wonder you sot it the same way so pat if 'e 'asn't been talkin' to you. 'E sez to me—'You ought to have more sense,' 'e sez, 'at your time of life. What differ do it make to you,' 'e sez, 'whether 'e 'as a commission or no commission? That's none o' your affair. It's between man an' man,' 'e sez, 'if 'e 'eld a general's commission. Moreover,' 'e sez, 'you don't look 'andsome 'oppin' about on your 'ind legs like that. Take him away Jock.' Then 'e went inside, an' that's all I got outer Terence. Jock, 'e sez as slow as a march in slow time,—'Stanley,' 'e sez, 'that young beggar didn't go for to 'it you.' 'I don't give

a dam whether 'e did or 'e didn't. 'It me 'e did,' I sez. 'Then you've only got to report to Brander,' sez Jock. 'What d'yer take me for?' I sez, as I was so mad I nearly 'it Jock. An' he got me by the neck an' shoved my 'ead into a bucket o' water in the cook-'ouse an' then we went back to the Fort, an' I give Samuelson a little more trouble with 'is kit. 'E sez to me, 'I haven't been strook without littin' back.' 'Well, you're goin' to be now,' I sez, an' I give 'im one or two for 'isself, an' arxed 'im very polite to 'it back, but he didn't. I'd a killed 'im if 'e 'ad. That did me a lot o' good.

"Oulless 'e didn't make no show for some days,—not till after you was gone; an' I was feelin' sick an' miserable, an' didn't know what I wanted, 'cept to black his little eyes good. I 'oped 'e might send me some money for my tunic. Then I'd ha' had it out with him on p'rade and took my chance. 'Terence was in 'orspital still, you see, an' 'e wouldn't give me no advice.

"The day after you left, Oulless come across me carrying a bucket on fatigue, an' 'e sez to me very quietly, 'Ortheris, you've got to come out shootin' with me,' 'e sez. I felt like to bunging the bucket in 'is eye, but I didn't. I got ready to go instead. Oh, 'e's a gentleman! We went out together, neither sayin' nothin' to the other till we was well out into the jungle beyond the river with 'igh grass all round,—pretty near that place where I went off my 'ead with you. Then 'e puts his gun down an' sez very quietly: 'Ortheris, I struck you on p'rade,' 'e sez. 'Yes, sir,' sez I, 'you did.' 'I've been studying it out by myself,' 'e sez. 'Oh, you 'ave you?' sez I to myself, 'an' a nice time you've been about it, you bun-faced little beggar.' 'Yes, sir?' sez I. 'What made you screen me?' 'e sez. 'I don't know,' I sez, an' no more I did, nor do. 'I can't ask you to exchange,' 'e sez. 'An' I don't want to exchange myself,' sez 'e. 'What's comin' now?' I thinks to myself.

'Yes, sir,' sez I. He looked round at the 'igh grass all about, an' 'e sez to himself more than to me,—'I've got to go through it alone, by myself!' 'E looked so queer for a minute that, s'elp me, I thought the little beggar was going to pray. Then he turned round again an' 'e sez, 'What do you think yourself?' 'e sez. 'I don't quite see what you mean, sir,' I sez. 'What would you like?' 'e sez. An' I thought for a minute 'e was goin' to give me money, but 'e run 'is and up to the top-button of 'is shootin' coat an' loosed it. 'Thank you, sir,' I sez. 'I'd like that very well,' I sez, an' both our coats was off an' put down."

"Hooray!" I shouted incautiously. "Don't make a noise on the butts," said Oulless from the shooting-place. "It puts the men off."

I apologised, and Ortheris went on. "Our coats was off, an' 'e sez, 'Are you ready?' sez 'e. 'Come on then.' I come on, a bit uncertain at first, but he took me one under the chin that warmed me up. I wanted to mark the little beggar an' I hit high, but he went an' jabbed me over the heart like a good one. He wasn't so strong as me, but he knew more, an' in about two minutes I calls 'Time.' 'E steps back,—it was in-fightin' then: 'Come on when you're ready,' 'e sez; and when I had my wind I come on again, an' I got 'im one on the nose that painted 'is little aristocratic white shirt for 'im. That fetched 'im, an' I knew it quicker nor light. He come all round me, close fightin', goin' steady for my heart. I held on all I could an' split 'is ear, but then I began to hiccup, an' the game was up. I come in to feel if I could throw 'im, an' 'e got me one on the mouth that downed me an'—look 'ere!"

Ortheris raised the left corner of his upper lip. An eye-tooth was wanting.

"'E stood over me an' 'e sez, 'Have you 'ad enough?' 'e sez. 'Thank you, I 'ave,' sez I. He took my 'and an' pulled me up, an' I was pretty shook. 'Now,' 'e sez, 'I'll apologise for 'ittin'

you. It was all my fault,' 'e sez, 'an' it wasn't meant for you.' 'I knowed that, sir,' I sez, 'an' there's no need for no apology.' 'Then it's an accident,' 'e sez; 'an' you must let me pay for the coat. Else it'll be stopped out o' your pay.' I wouldn't ha' took the money before, but I did then. 'E give me ten rupees,—enough to pay for a coat twice over, an' we went down to the river to wash our faces, which was well marked. His was special. Then he sez to himself, sputterin' the water out of 'is mouth, 'I wonder if I done right,' 'e sez. 'Yes, sir,' sez I. 'There's no fear about that.' 'It's all well for you,' 'e sez, 'but what about the comp'ny?' 'Beggin' your pardon, sir,' I sez, 'I don't think the comp'ny will give no trouble.' Then we went shootin', an' when we come back I was feelin' as chirpy as a cricket, an' I took an' rolled Samuelson up an' down the verandah, an' give out to the comp'ny that the difficulty between me an' Lieutenant Oulless was satisfactory put a stop to. I told Jock, o' course, an' Terence. Jock didn't say nothing, but Terence 'e sez: 'You're a pair, you two. An', begad, I don't know which was the better man.' There ain't nothin' wrong with Oulless. 'E's a gentleman all over, an' 'e's come on as much as B. Comp'ny. I lay 'e'd lose 'is commission, tho', if it come out that 'e'd been fightin' with a private. Ho! Ho! fightin' all

an afternoon with a bloomin' private like me! What do you think?" he added, brushing the breech of his rifle.

"I think what the umpires said at the sham fight; both sides deserve great credit. But I wish you'd tell me what made you save him in the first place."

"I was pretty sure that 'e 'adn't meant it for me, though that wouldn't ha' made no difference if 'e'd been copped for it. An' 'e was that young too that it wouldn't ha' been fair. Besides, if I had ha' done that I'd ha' missed the fight, and I'd ha' felt bad all my time. Don't you see it that way, sir?"

"It was your right to get him cashiered if you chose," I insisted.

"My right!" Otheris answered with deep scorn. "My right! I ain't a recruity to go whinin' about my rights to this an' my rights to that, just as if I couldn't look after myself. My rights! 'Strewth A'mighty! I'm a man."

The last squad were finishing their shots in a storm of low-voiced chaff. Oulless withdrew to a little distance in order to leave the men at ease, and I saw his face in the full sunlight for a moment, before he hitched up his sword, got his men together, and marched them back to barracks. The boy was proven.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

SOME people have a peculiar dislike to manuscripts. I do not mean such manuscripts as Editors are mostly familiar with, for in that dislike there might be nothing peculiar; but such as we, or some of us at least, survey with reverent though bounded vision beneath glass cases in the British Museum or in the Forster Gallery at South Kensington, such as are occasionally sold in auction-rooms—the manuscripts of famous novels and poems, the *primæ curæ* of great writers generally. The dislike is certainly not common, to judge by the prices paid for these treasures when they come into the market. Of letters I do not speak. The present age will stick at nothing to gratify its insatiable curiosity about its neighbours' concerns, and the value set upon invitations to dinner, confessions of love or poverty, of mutual admiration or antipathy—

Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half-Guinea; Miss Bunyan's for an autograph—

this value, I say, clearly expresses no more than the whim of the moment, like the value set on a certain style of painting or furniture which to-day is and to-morrow gives place to a different style. But for the other class of manuscripts the admiration is genuine, legitimate, and on no account to be derided. It seems to grow; at least the cost grows at which it is willing to be gratified. When the manuscripts of the Waverley Novels were sold in 1831 for the benefit of Constable's creditors—Sir Walter having presented most of them to his publisher on the morning after a merry dinner of the Bannatyne Club—only one, the manuscript of *Rob Roy*, realised so much as £50; *The Antiquary* and *Peveril of the Peak* were bought for £42 apiece, *Old Mortality* for £33, *Guy Mannering* for £27 10s., while no one could be tempted to give more than £12

for the sixty leaves or so of *Ivanhoe*, which are all that remain, if not all that were ever written by the author's hand, of that superb romance. The sale was held late in the season, towards the end of August, when most of those who own long purses are out of London, if not out of England. This may partly account for the small prices; at all events, the thirteen manuscripts sold (of which six were complete) only realised a total of £317, giving the meagre average of less than £25 apiece. Six-and-thirty years later, in 1867, there was another sale in Christie's rooms, when the manuscripts in Cadell's possession were sold on his death. These were mostly manuscripts of the poems, and the prices show a great advance. *The Lady of the Lake* was bought for 264 gs., *Marmion* for 191 gs. (for an American, it is believed, though Mr. Harvey of St. James' Street, the nominal buyer, has always kept his own counsel on that score), *Rokeby* for 130 gs.; among the prose were *The Tales of a Grandfather*, 145 gs.; *Anne of Geierstein*, 121 gs.; and fragments of *Waverley* and *Ivanhoe* in one volume, 130 gs. Another sale was held in the same rooms in the following year, when *Quentin Durward* was bought for £142, *Woodstock* and *St. Ronan's Well* for £120 each, *The Betrothed* for £77, *The Talisman* for £70, the first and second series of the *Chronicles of the Canongate* (including *The Fair Maid of Perth*, *The Two Drovers*, *The Highland Widow*, and *The Surgeon's Daughter*) for £51, *The Abbot* for £50; while *The Vision of Don Roderick*, which had been sold in the previous year for £37, now changed hands at £57. Of late the prices have risen still higher. In 1889 a single leaf of *The Abbot* was sold for £18 (a price which even the staunchest admirer of Sir Walter will allow to be something

fanciful); and last year the first canto of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* found a purchaser at upwards of £80. For a long while no part of the original manuscript of this poem was believed to have survived the perils of the printer's office. In a note on the manuscript of *Rokeby* Constable has recorded that "such things were not thought important till the publication of *Marmion*." Not long ago an obliging bookseller showed me the manuscript of *The Fair Maid of Perth*, and the other tales that make up the two series of the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, and told me that for £200 I might call it mine. Not happening to have that sum about me, and seeing no immediate prospect of procuring it, I was content to leave it in my friend's possession, especially as he allowed me to examine it as closely and for so long a time as I pleased; and in his possession it remains, for aught I know, to this day.

Lamb has somewhere expressed his dislike to seeing great works in manuscript; though I cannot remember where, nor the particular grounds of his dislike. Among my friends is one who shares Lamb's antipathy. He objects to the dirty and dishevelled condition in which its passage through the printer's hands generally leaves a manuscript. No doubt the printer's thumb, like the blacksmith's brow, is often "wet with honest sweat" and with ink, a combination apt to leave traces on the paper not designed by the author; moreover strange marks, and hieroglyphs of more than cuniform perplexity to all but the printer's eyes, are scrawled over the pages. Let it be granted that these do not improve its appearance. Yet if the manuscript be considered worth preservation, they can always be in some measure removed. For my own part I confess to a great fondness for examining these sacred relics. Would that I could flatter myself this were the only point whereon I differed from Elia! Among the treasures so profusely heaped in the long galleries

at South Kensington, nothing, to my fancy, is comparable to the manuscripts of Charles Dickens' novels—those priceless sheets whereon may be traced fresh from the master-mind the inimitable fancies that have lightened the heavy and the weary weight of human kind for so many years. It is true that a cruel, albeit necessary, precaution compels me to survey these treasures through a glass darkly. A solitary page of each of these precious volumes is all that has ever been vouchsafed to me. So many times have I hung over this envious glass that every turn of the pen, every change of the thought, on these pages are familiar to me, from the free, bold hand of *Oliver Twist* or *Barnaby Rudge*—written in the days

———When wits were fresh and clear
And Life ran gaily as the sparkling
Thames—

down to the blue filagree-work—hand-writing it scarcely seems—of *Edwin Drood*, wrought painfully out in that last hour

When prayers, and gifts, and tears are
fruitless all,
And the night waxes, and the shadows fall.

I fare better at the British Museum, where a gracious librarian has given me access to the Manuscript Room, and at my bidding the locked cases yield up treasures yet more precious to me than those of South Kensington,—though I may hardly, I fear, call myself student in the sense imagined by the composer of that placard barring the way for the unstudious herd to this paradise of autographs, this presence-chamber, as it were, of the illustrious dead. For there we may learn how the spells were woven of a yet mightier magician than Charles Dickens. There one may see how the pen of Walter Scott like Homer's coursers "devoured up the ground," as day by day, as time could be snatched amid the innumerable distractions of that crowded life, the tale of Amy Robsart flowed from that wondrous brain. There one may

look upon the great sprawling school-boy's hand, legible enough then, but soon to grow into very Sanscrit, in which Byron wrote the notes for the fair copy made of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* by Robert Dallas' son. There one may read the rough draft of that "pretty poem which must not be called Homer," as it was jotted down on the backs of letters and envelopes by "paper-sparing" Pope. There one may decipher from Macaulay's chaotic scrawl how Spencer Cowper, despite a stupid judge and a malignant prosecution, was acquitted of the death of the fair Quaker who drowned herself for love of him, of the fatal duel between Beau Seymour and Kirke of the Blues, of Captain Kidd and the Adventure Galley, of the viperous tongue of Howe and the calm integrity of Somers.

It is of course essential that the manuscript, whether prose or verse, notes or text, should be the original draft, the genuine *prima cura*. A fair copy made for the printer is naught. For this reason the manuscripts of George Eliot's novels, that have lately been deposited among these sacred archives, leave me cold; her works, indeed, in any shape, have never made me warm. With perfect equanimity I can turn over these smooth, clean pages (of the size and quality known, I believe, as sermon-paper) where the fine steel pen has moved with ordered pace along the ruled lines. Some parts of the two manuscripts I looked through (*Adam Bede* and *Romola*) remain as they were first written, but there seems little difference between them and the revised parts. One can hardly imagine, probably even her admirers do not imagine, George Eliot as ever rapt, caught up, hurried along in the full torrent of inspiration. Sir Francis Doyle was fond of quoting a passage from Pindar to show how (in his rather free paraphrase)

That word all deeds shall over-live,
That word to which the Graces give
Their charm with happy chance combined,

Just as, through spirit-depths out-flung,
It rushes to the poet's tongue
Forth from the poet's mind.

There was little rushing, one fancies, about George Eliot's words. One thinks of her composing as Gibbon composed, constructing each sentence carefully in her mind before putting it on paper. The most remarkable thing to me about these trim little volumes, in their neat morocco binding, was, I will confess it, the dedications. *Romola* is thus inscribed: "*To the husband* whose perfect Love has been the best source of her insight and strength this manuscript is given *by his devoted wife* the writer." *Adam Bede* is also dedicated to "*my dear husband*, George Henry Lewes, &c., &c." The italics are my own. And yet they say the writer of this amazing travesty of the English language was gifted with the most abundant sense of humour ever vouchsafed to her sex! At least it cannot have been accompanied by a corresponding sense of the ridiculous.

* * * *

From *Kenilworth* to Cumnor is an easy step in our mental pilgrimage. I was in the pretty village one day this summer,—on one of the very few days in this melancholy year when it was possible to realise the existence of summer. And in truth it was a glorious day. We had walked out from Oxford—my companions including, of course, the faithful M., who is always ready to play the Scholar to my Gipsy on those "warm green muffled hills," and without whom I should feel as lonely as their poet felt when Thyrsis had crossed "the unpermitted ferry's flow." And warm indeed were those hills that day! In the Wytham woods there was some shade—and, by Baal, some flies too; a terrible place for flies are those beautiful woods; but the tramp along the water-meadows to Bablock-hythe and up that white, blinding, breathless bridle-road, was the hottest I can remember since the Jubilee year. The cool parlour of The Bear was more

than common welcome, nor were its cool tankards forgotten. But mine host has wrought a cruel deed here. The old signboard of the Bear and Ragged Staff, weather-stained enough to have swung over Mike Lambourne's buzzing head, used to bear the venerable name of Giles Gosling, a pretty conceit, for which all true pilgrims were bound to call for an extra cup. It has been taken down now, and replaced by a staring new daub of a showman's bear, a mangy, meek-faced beast, pawing a little sapling. Dick Tinto never wrought a worse caricature! And beneath this unworthy scion of the Bonny Black Bear is written not the familiar old legend of Giles Gosling, but the new legend (albeit familiar too) of Morrell's Entire. It would ill become me to breathe a word against the beer brewed by that worthy firm, who have so often had occasion to bless it on these Berkshire hills; but it tasted no worse under the old sign. Our hostess told us this act of vandalism had been wrought three years ago. It is not meet to contradict a landlady in her own parlour; but that parlour has sheltered me from the heats (and alas, from the rains) of many consecutive summers, and never before have I noticed this wanton piece of restoration. My own impression is that—but there the beast swings, creaks rather, and there is no more to be said.

Some of our company (Oxford men too!) had never seen the inside of Cumnor Church, with its marvellous legend of Tony Forster's many virtues and accomplishments. It was Sunday, and the time of afternoon service; but there was no service till the evening. The keys were kept at the post-office—how much, one wonders, does the post-office at Cumnor contribute to Her Majesty's revenue?—and we had ample leisure to explore the treasures of the pretty old building, which in truth are not numerous. But there was a new one since my last visit,—a stone statue of Elizabeth, flounced and furbelowed, crowned,

globed, and sceptred in right royal fashion. It has something of a history, being supposed to have been made by order of Leicester, or Robert Dudley as he was then, to adorn the gardens of Cumnor Place. But it first appears on authentic record at Dean Court in the same parish, where Mary Forster, the last of Tony's kindred, died in 1643. In 1779 it stood somewhere on the slope above Ferry Hincksey. Its next resting-place seems to have been Wytham Abbey, and in an outhouse there it was discovered, sadly broken and defaced, a few years ago by Mr. Griffiths, the present Vicar of Cumnor. By his pious care it has been restored to its pristine splendour, and now stands, a stately if not very graceful figure, in the north aisle of his little church.

But there is a monument here that has more attraction for me than the stone tribute to Queen Bess, or the brazen tribute (brazen maybe in more senses than one) to Tony Fire-the-Fag-got. On the southern wall is a tablet recording the birth and death of Norris Hodgson, shipwright and mariner. He was born on June 14, 1714, "in this town" (the good Cumnor folk would have none of your villages!), died on his birthday seven and twenty years later on board H.M.S. *Gloucester* in Anson's squadron, and "was buried in the great South Sea in hope of a joyful resurrection when the sea shall give up her dead." There is something peculiarly grand and impressive about those words, *he was buried in the great South Sea*, an imperial ring in them befitting so imperial a tomb. *And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.*

* * * *

It is not always that Lord Grimthorpe allows a plain man to agree with him so cordially as it is possible to agree with him in his controversy with Mr. Tallack—*Si rixa est*, as poor Mr. Tallack seems to think, *ubi tu*

pulsas, ego vapulo tantum; and it must be owned that his lordship, as his custom is, has given his adversary rather rough handling, though he has in his turn received severer, because more delicate, castigation from Mr. John Bright, who can write English as well to the purpose as his father could speak it. Mr. Tallack would abolish capital punishment ostensibly on the ground that we can seldom be absolutely certain that we have hanged the right man. Men can only, save in very exceptional cases, be convicted of murder on any but circumstantial evidence, and circumstantial evidence must always leave a possibility of doubt,—for those, Mr. Tallack might have added but did not, who are determined to doubt. Lord Grimthorpe demolishes this argument and shows, perhaps with some unnecessary heat, its real motive. It is only another version of the old outcry against all capital punishment whatever on the score that “hanging a man is the worst use we can put him to.” This his lordship quotes as “one of Dickens’s silly bits of sentimental cant.” Dickens happens not to have written those words, though they are not unlike him. Since Lord Grimthorpe quoted them they have been credited to many people, to Bulwer, to John Wilkes, to Sir Henry Wotton, and doubtless they will be traced in time to St. Augustine or Tertullian, who appear to be the fathers of most wandering quotations. But whoever first used the words, if for *man* he had written *murderer*, which is the true word, as his lordship pertinently observes, he would never have dared to use them. How the sentence looks then we may learn from Alphonse Karr, who closed an article on Capital Punishment with the following pregnant comment: “*Effaçons la peine de mort. Je le veux bien; mais que M.M. les assassins commencent.*”

* * * *

Too much has been already written on the subject of Free Education, and

I know too little of it, for me to attempt to add anything to the wondrous tale. But when I read, as I read the other day in *The Times*, such a “financial statement” as this following, one may be pardoned, as a humble subject of Her Majesty and a taxpayer (also in a humble way) to Her Majesty’s Government, for wondering what manner of return we get for it all. The article in *The Times* was headed *The Last Year of Payment of Results*, and the statement was to this effect:

“The cost of elementary education is growing faster and faster. In 1884 the whole expenditure averaged £1 17s. 4½d. a head; last year it was £2 0s. 6d. a head, averaging in Board schools for all England £2 5s. 11½d.; and in London £3 2s. 7½d. The indebtedness of the School Boards of England and Wales is over 18½ millions. The yearly charge on this account alone is £1,114,064, or nearly equal to a rate of 3d. in the pound on the rateable value of all the Board school districts put together, whilst the gross outlay of the School Boards (which educate but 39 per cent. of all the children under elementary instruction) last year exceeded six millions.”

Surely from such payment there should be some great results!

Early in this year I happened to be passing a few days at the house of a friend, when this question of education cropped up. My host is an inspector of Her Majesty’s Schools, and does not, I am sorry to find, think very nobly of the system it is his business to uphold. I asked him a few questions on this score, and for reply he placed a paper in my hand which had arrived that morning in an envelope marked *On Her Majesty’s Service*. The paper contained, among much other valuable information, the answers of a pupil-teacher, a girl of sixteen, completing the second year of her apprenticeship, to questions set in a specially prepared subject of study, the geography, to wit, of Europe and British India. I give them as I copied them *verbatim*, with my friend’s per-

mission, from the paper in the girl's handwriting.

Q.	A.
Where is Colombo .	In Spain.
Florence .	France.
Munich .	Belgium.
Cadiz .	Spain.
Delhi .	{ Germany
	{ or
	{ Italy.
Adrianople .	Portugal.
Kurrachee .	Denmark.

If these answers are in any degree typical of the results of our Educational System (on a teacher, mark, not a pupil), surely the payment should be something less. Even Miss Wirt could have made better play than this, though she did give a smiling answer in the affirmative to Mr. Snob's waggish question whether Dante Algiery was so called because he was born in Algiers.

THE MASTER-ART.

(SUGGESTED BY THE POEM "CROSSING THE BAR.")

THE old-world builder reared his mount of stone
 With soaring arch and vaulted vastness blent,
 A firmament within the firmament.
 The melodist, inweaving tone with tone,
 Breathes through the organ's peal his music blown
 And through the choir, till the high roof be rent,
 And o'er the stars, without impediment,
 Dawn some dim vision of the sovran Throne.
 Thence we go forth, haply to watch forlorn
 Through some drear night, where no pure anthems roll.
 Then come, O mightiest master of them all,
 Poet, at whose divine deep-breathing call
 Night melts to golden glow, and homeward borne
 We rest in the Eternal, soul in soul.

ERNEST MYERS.

END OF VOL. LXIV.

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